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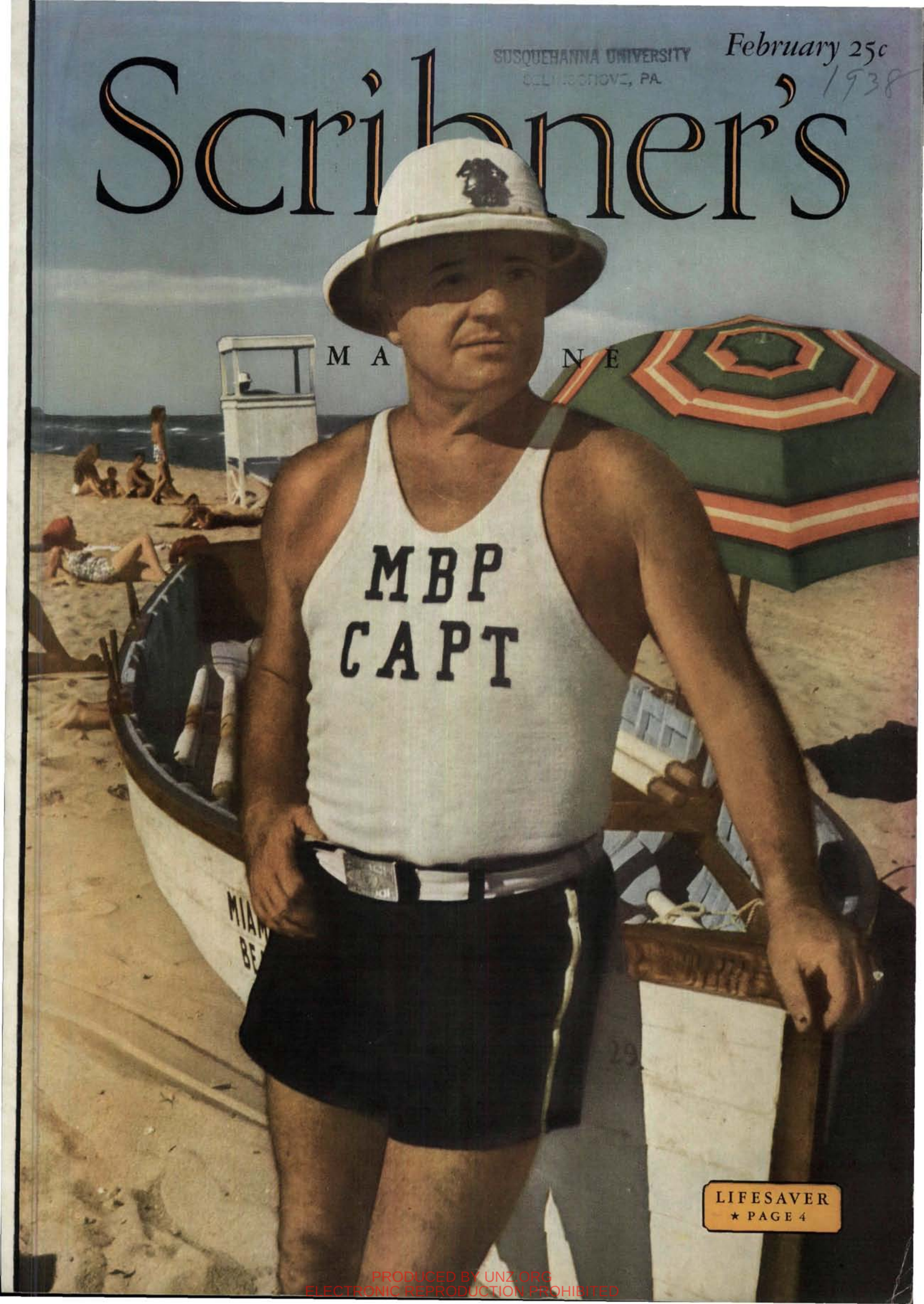

LIFESAVER
★ PAGE 4

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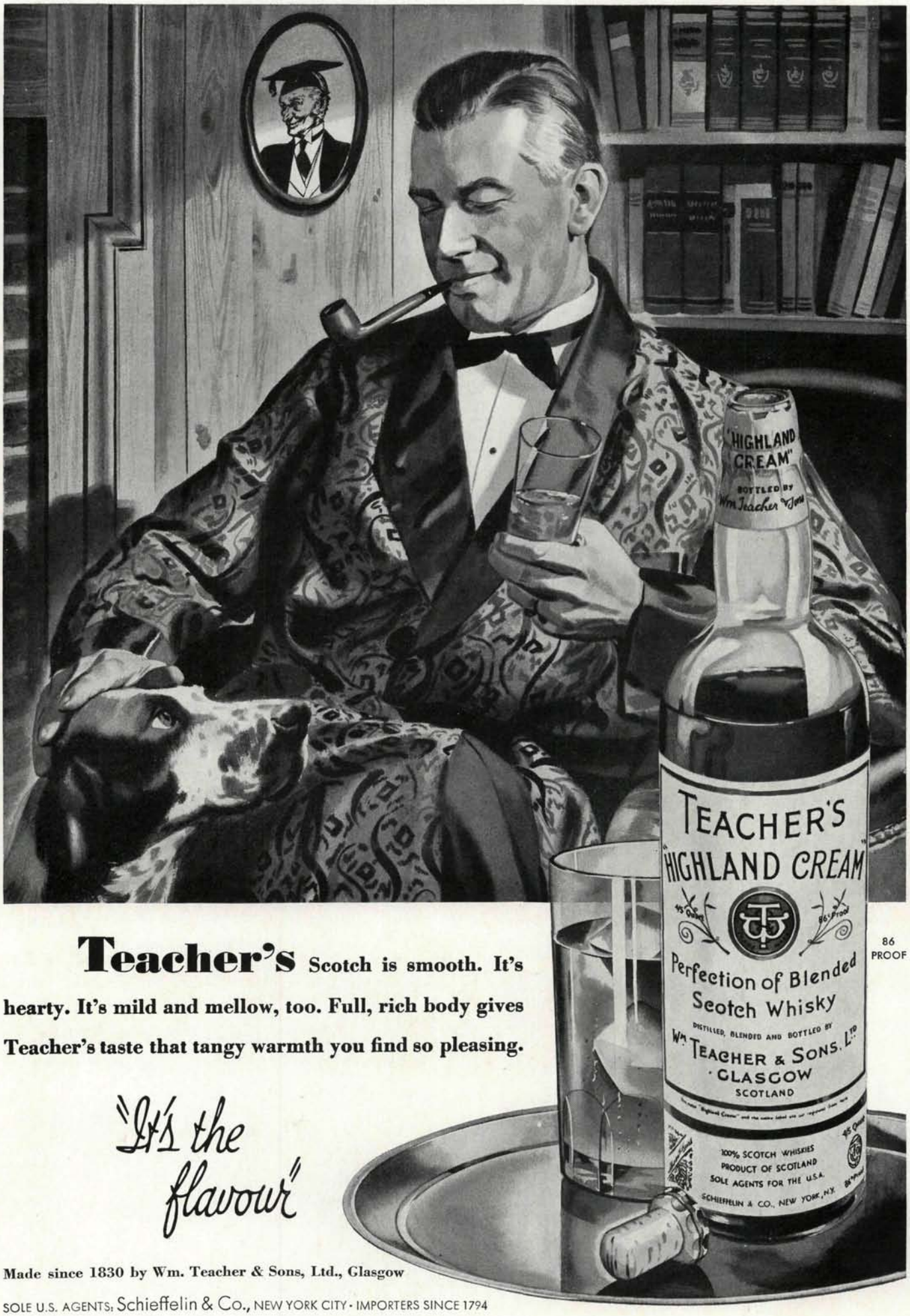

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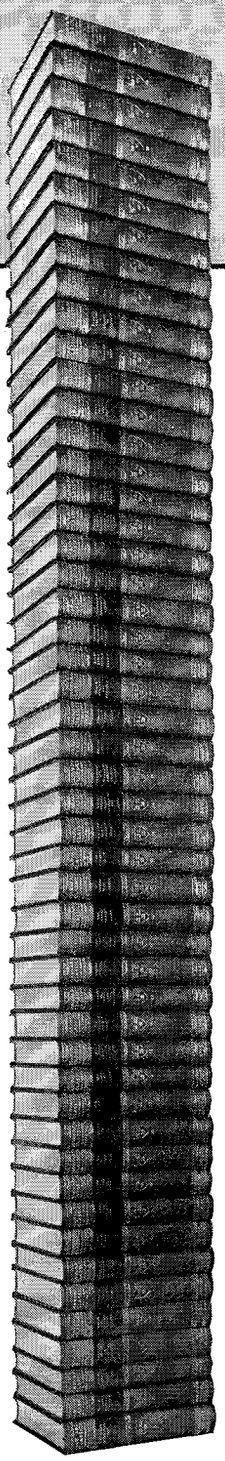

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Scribner's

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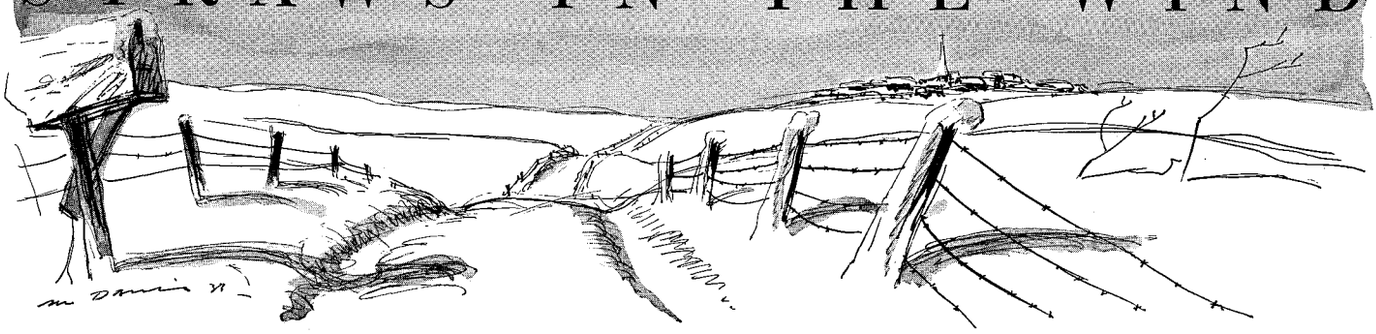
STRAWS IN THE WIND



Lifesaver (*See Cover*)

Twenty-seven years ago Ernest Wiese was a court reporter in Brooklyn. His health was bad, however, and doctors prescribed more time out-of-doors. Being a careful man, Wiese accepted the suggestion and got a job as lifeguard at Manhattan Beach. He's been in the lifesaving business ever since.

Wiese liked his new work and when the season at Manhattan Beach closed, he migrated south to Florida, where swimming is a year-round sport. He got a job as guard at the Royal Palm Hotel in Miami, and there he stayed for fourteen years. Then, in 1926, he left the hotel to organize a lifesaving patrol for Miami Beach.

Since this expert crew has been working, 3000 swimmers have been rescued at Miami Beach. As Head Lifeguard, Captain Wiese keeps a careful graph of this record. The 3000 are listed as "potential casualties" and are further divided into "good rescues" and "bad rescues." A "good rescue" is synonymous with a quick rescue and means that the swimmer did not require artificial respiration.

Wiese's efficiency is communicated to the corps of guards under him. He spends half an hour each morning brushing them up on their work. The men operate in pairs and are stationed at twelve points along the seven-mile beach. The stations are connected with one another by two-way radio telephones. It would be difficult for even the worst landlubber to drown himself under the Wiese system.

A calm, genial man, Wiese is not susceptible to excitement. Rescues are important to him, but they are still routine. He has long since become accustomed to the ungracious and ungrateful behavior of most persons who are rescued. People, he has learned, are usually embarrassed to discover that they have to be rescued. Many give fictitious names. Some give no names at all, and a few get tough when asked for this information. Sometimes, though, a rescued swimmer will return to the beach—after recovering his breath and poise—and express belated gratitude. The exciting and exasperating are just part of the day's work of a lifeguard. Among other things, he is expected to mind lost babies, treat sunburned backs, and blow up water wings.

However, Captain Wiese is extremely serious about his profession. In 1935 he organized the National Lifeguard Association, which he hopes will lift the level of efficiency in the field.

The Captain is married and lives in a cottage one block from the beach. In his spare time, he reads a great deal. He especially likes the fantastic stories of H. G. Wells and he owns two complete sets of *The World's Best Literature*. He likes to sketch, to fish, to golf, but he doesn't particularly like to swim.

What They Say

Genevieve Chandler's December short story, "De Wind an' De Tide," has caused much favorable comment on the part of our readers. "Exquisite," says Samuel H. Hay of Morristown, Tennessee.

Several people have asked lately when we were going to publish a really good mystery story or serial. We thought we were doing pretty well with "The Amazing Mystery at Storick, Dorschi, Pflaumer, Inc." in the present issue, but we are prepared to offer something of a more blood-chilling character. We expect to begin in March or April the first part of a mystery serial which is one of the most powerful narratives we have ever read. It's really deadly.

The only criticism thus far on the new "Life in the U. S. . . Photographic" section has been received from photographic fans who don't see why we can't run practically all photos in the magazine and cut out the text! Russell J. Burt, President of the Canton, Ohio, Photographic Society says, "I would rather have one of my pictures reproduced among the grade-A works reproduced in the magazine than hung in any salon that I know of." Or are we boasting?

Mr. Cuppy's recent piece on budgets has met a responsive chord. An anonymous Miss from San Francisco writes with a fine scorn: "Did you ever stand on the rear platform of a car and wait impatiently while some careful soul pulled out a little coin purse and searched among bits for an exact nickel? That's my idea of a budgeteer.

"No delicious bypaths for him—where a three-dollar bunch of violets lurks among the green leaves in a florist's shop. No hidden mysteries in a five-pound box of chocolates. No wild, riotous shopping in the store on a Saturday night! Not for him—the budget wouldn't let him.

"He wouldn't even see that magnificent lump of crystal that masquerades as a mundane vase. And as for that silly little pin, fashioned like a crown, why buy a bit of trash like that? You can't eat it, it won't pay rent—and even if it does make that little $3.98 dress look like a Schiaparelli—you *mustn't* upset the budget!"

Anne Grimaldi of New York says that heretofore she felt that her "budgetless existence was a sign of mental stagnation and utter stupidity." She feels better now. "More power," says she, "to the budgetless spenders. I am sure they get more out of life for their money."

One or two writers did defend the budget. Said it made for great ingenuity in juggling the figures, for fortitude, and for character of the kind that can walk through twenty aisles of Woolworth's and never spend a dime.

Things to Come

Next month the feature article will be a "Scribner's Examines" on the National Labor Relations Board, by Ernest K. Lindley, distinguished Washington

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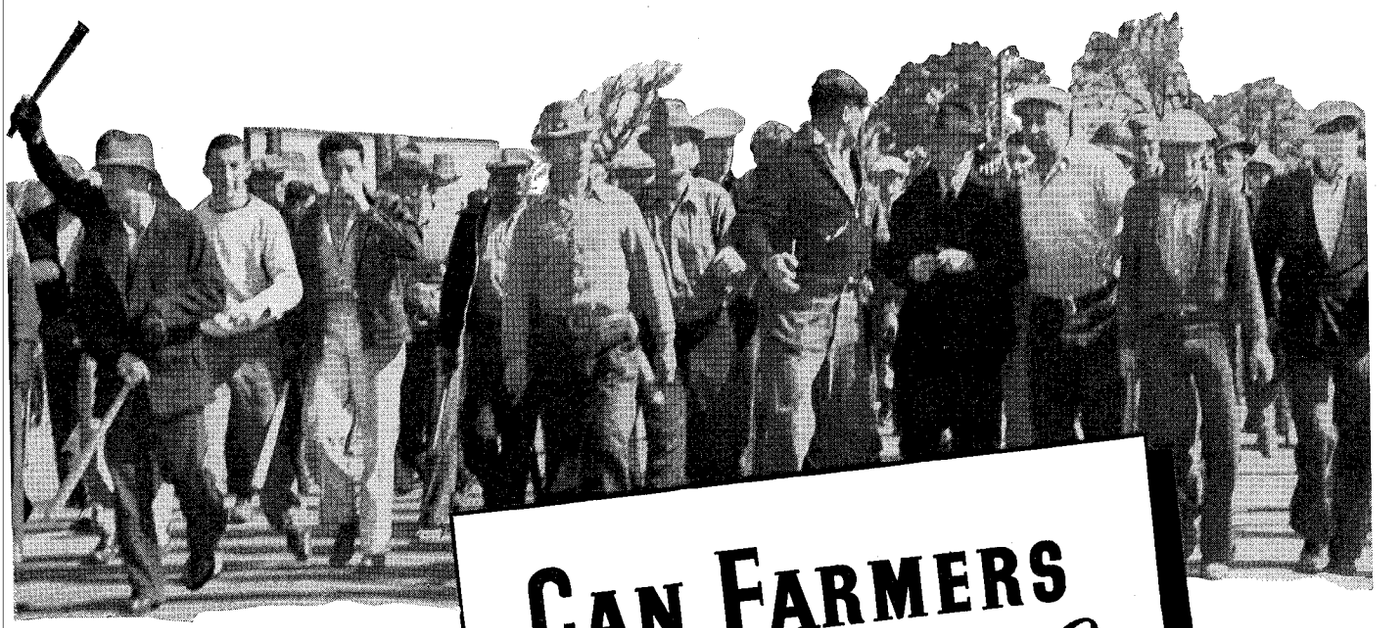

CAN FARMERS MEET *Labor?*

UNION butchers in San Francisco refused to handle turkeys that lacked a union stamp. To you that may mean little or nothing. But it brought a thousand angry farmers together at San Jose, California, on December 6th . . . thousands of other farmers took up the fight. It was the first real show-down between the farmer and organized labor.

Within a few days . . . thanks to Farm Journal's 4-Day Writer-to-Reader service . . . farmers everywhere were reading how they could protect themselves against unjust union demands affecting their interests.

The *rural significance* of the news. That sums up the difference in Farm Journal's new editorial approach. It has brought amazing response from rural America . . . circulation has leaped to over 1,350,000 and goes up with each succeeding issue . . . the kind of circulation that produces results for advertisers.

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To People who want to write

but can't get started

Do you have the constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what Fulton Oursler, editor of Liberty, has to say on the subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today—and especially in Liberty Magazine—than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling, and many others whose work we have published? It is also true that more people are trying to write than ever before, but talent is still rare and the writer still must learn his craft, as few of the newcomers nowadays seem willing to do. Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."

"I am able to live on the money I earn by writing, and it is not yet ten months since I began the course! Until a few months after beginning study with you I had never had a line published. What more can I say for a course which has enabled me to earn a livelihood by the most congenial work I have ever done?" John N. Ottum, Jr., Box 95, Lisbon, N. D.

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correspondent. There will be a short article on the Grand National Steeplechase in England. George Gallup, Director of the American Institute of Public Opinion, is at work on an analysis of a national survey of what America is reading and what are its favorite books. The results are quite different from what one might expect. Sinclair Lewis's article, "What Becomes of Our Writers?," has been postponed until the April issue, the pressure of other work being too great for this distinguished novelist to finish his manuscript earlier.

During the months to come, Thomas Hart Benton will "examine" a boom oil town and furnish us with original color sketches. Robert M. Hutchins, President of the University of Chicago, will write on higher education. George M. Cohan will do a story on the heyday of vaudeville. There will also be a distinguished series of articles on American magazines—who edits them, who reads them, and what makes them go.

In this Issue

"What the Workers Want" is the crystallization of twenty years of contact with the labor problem from almost every angle. After the War, WHITING WILLIAMS left social work to take charge of personnel work for a steel company, and has been engaged in improving worker-employer relations ever since. He has worked in steel plants, coal mines, roundhouses, and shipyards, here and abroad—not for a few days at a time, but for months on end. He speaks German, French, Italian, and Spanish. For the past few years he has been an independent consultant on labor relations, trying to help avoid disputes or to end them in the manner which gives both sides the desired peace with honor. "In all these experiences the effort has been to keep from becoming as partisan, as hot and bothered about it all as the other participants are likely to be."

NELSON BOND says that laziness and an inability to adapt himself to routine working hours are responsible for his conversion to the writing trade. After what he calls "successive and convincing" failures as clerk, surveyor, and schoolteacher, he drifted into newspaper work, started writing fiction, and in the space of two and a half years had sold fifty stories. After turning to writing to avoid the monotony of a forty-hour-a-week routine, he now works just about twenty-four hours a day.

For seven years, DANIEL FUCHS led a quiet life teaching school in Brooklyn and writing novels on the side. There was *Summer in Williamsburg, Homage to Blenholt,* and the recent and much-discussed *Low Company.* Last summer he spent in Hollywood and when he got back, he set himself to writing short stories—which he had never done before.

KAREN ALLEN hails from Ames, Iowa. (Try saying that fast.) Like many another, she found after graduating from college in 1934 that the job market was definitely on the thin side. Hence "I Was Madame, the Palmist" (winner of a $100 prize in the Life in the U. S. contest). She is now Madame, the wife of Professor Allen of the Department of Economics, Iowa State College.

In a barren little village in North Dakota, six miles from the Canadian border, ISOBEL EVENSEN was brought up. There were no trees or flowers, and forty-below-zero weather, blizzards, and prairie fires were dismissed as necessary evils. On holidays, small trees were brought down from Canada, and for years she associated trees with the Fourth of July. After college at the University of North Dakota, and dramatic school in Minneapolis, she worked in the research department of a large publishing company in St. Paul. She was married in 1922 and is now engaged in the business of raising three children. "Pilgrim's Pride," winner of one of the $100 prizes in the contest, is part of that business.

TOM WHITECLOUD is a Chippewa Indian from the Lac Du Flambeau tribe in Wisconsin. His father was a Yale

graduate who "went back" in search of peace; his mother is a half-Irish girl from Pennsylvania. He has been educated in public and Indian schools and is a senior at the University of Redlands, which has several Indian students. He started out to study medicine because he is interested in trying to help a sick race recover its physical health, but the length and expense of training may be too much, and he has thought of having to switch to education. His "Blue Winds Dancing" was awarded a $100 prize.

ROLAND H. BERG, author of "Are You Allergic?," knows whereof he speaks when he discusses the million and one substances to which one may be allergic. Formerly associated with the Rockefeller Institute, he is now a medical technician in the allergy laboratory of a large New York hospital. He has been engaged in easing the woes of allergics for the past several years.

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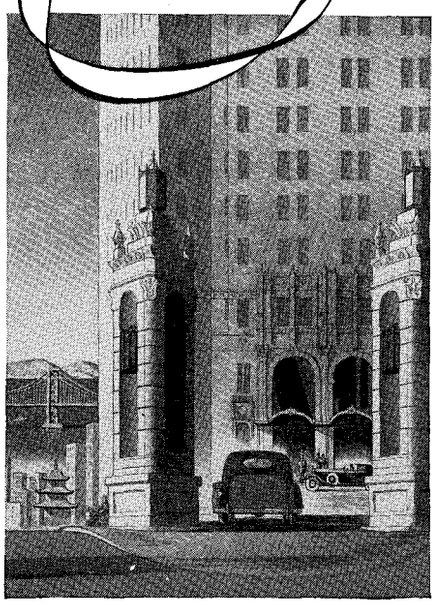

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Mr. Kallet Replies

[In the November issue appeared an article by Don Wharton on Arthur Kallet, head of Consumers Union of the United States. Mr. Kallet requested the opportunity to state his case and the Editors gladly complied. His letter follows.]

Those who are active in the consumer movement, especially in organizations which publish criticisms of advertised products, are quite accustomed to being subjected to criticism themselves. It did not surprise me, therefore, to read Mr. Wharton's statement about me in your November issue.

While I am not concerned with Mr. Wharton's estimate of my technical abilities or my economic views, I fear that his article has injured Consumers Union by giving an incorrect impression of the functioning of a technical organization for consumers. May I ask, therefore, for space to clear up any misconception which your readers may have gained?

The work of reporting on consumer goods and consumer problems is by no means a one-man job, or the work of only a few. More than 200 consultants, all of them specialists in their fields—whether the field be textiles or electric refrigerators—conduct the tests and provide information upon which Consumers Union bases reports to its members. Although the technical staff of Consumers Union does some testing, its main job, as well as my own, is that of putting laboratory data into understandable and usable form for the layman.

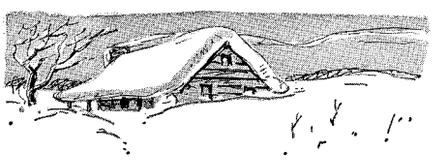
In medical matters we would not presume to present our own opinions. Our work is done in consultation with physicians; where necessary, with qualified specialists. The fact that we publish the views of these specialists, and present them at hearings—which Mr. Wharton seemed to find so objectionable—does not mean that we consider ourselves as authorities in all fields.

Exception might, of course, be taken to our interpretation of information provided by experts. The record of Consumers Union should, however, be sufficient answer. Consumers Union has never been sued for libel; its total expenditures for legal services to date have been ten dollars.

This record is not the result of the indifference of those whose products we find it necessary to condemn. It arises from the extreme care with which reports are checked. To take a single example: Mr. Wharton states that we found a rum contaminated with manganese and free sulphuric acid. Whereupon Mr. Wharton proves our incompetence by pointing out that the liquor commissioner of the State of New Jersey had the rum analyzed and found no trace of sulphuric acid in it. Whether the liquor commissioner of the State of New Jersey employed the curious method of analysis used by the liquor concern's own chemists we do not know; nor can we judge the competence of the commissioner's chemists. But the following facts need to be considered by one wishing to judge whether Consumers Union or the New Jersey State liquor commissioner was right:

Consumers Union purchased 17 bottles of the rum in question, from retail liquor shops in New York City and Chicago. The contents of some bottles were analyzed by staff chemists; other samples were sent to three independent laboratories. All three laboratories reported the presence of free sulphuric acid. Additional bottles of the rum, purchased at the same time, and still sealed, were retained by Consumers Union and are available for check tests.

It is perfectly true that our accuracy is frequently questioned. In the summer of 1936 we tested a number of samples of ice cream and soft drinks purchased at Coney Island and found extensive contamination by colon bacilli. A New York newspaper of wide circulation published this information and at once received protests from Coney Island concessionaires and other businessmen. The newspaper made an independent investi-



gation with the aid of a private laboratory and found that its samples revealed conditions even worse than those Consumers Union had reported. The New York City Health Department also took issue with our findings, but only a few days later departmental inspectors issued 16 summonses to Coney Island concessionaires for unsanitary conditions.

All reports made by Consumers Union are checked with extreme care. As every scientist knows, occasional errors are bound to occur in even the most carefully controlled technical work. But whenever Consumers Union discovers an error, a correction is promptly published.

ARTHUR KALLET
New York City

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HURRAY FOR WHAT?

The war is over?

Is it over, Mother?—No, your son was killed.

Is it over, little girl with the big blue eyes?—No, your daddy was killed.

Is it over, soldier?—No, you lost a leg.

Is it over, laborer with the horny hands?—No. You, and your children, and *their* children and THEIR children must lay out their hard-earned dollars in taxes to pay for it!

So why do we cheer?

Only the fighting is over. Hearts will go on aching. And men will walk on crutches. And laborers will work and work, and pay and pay—for years. For years, and years, and years.

Let's not have another war.

What to do about it

Hysterical protests won't avert another war, any more than will "preparedness."

Civilization must build its own defense out of human reason and intelligence, properly organized and applied.

To every reasonable and intelligent man and woman in America goes the responsibility of doing his or her share to avert the coming war.

World Peaceways offers a practical plan of how you *can* help. Write for it. There is no obligation involved in your inquiry, except the obligation to your conscience and to your conviction that *there must be* no more wars. World Peaceways, Inc., 103 Park Ave., New York City.

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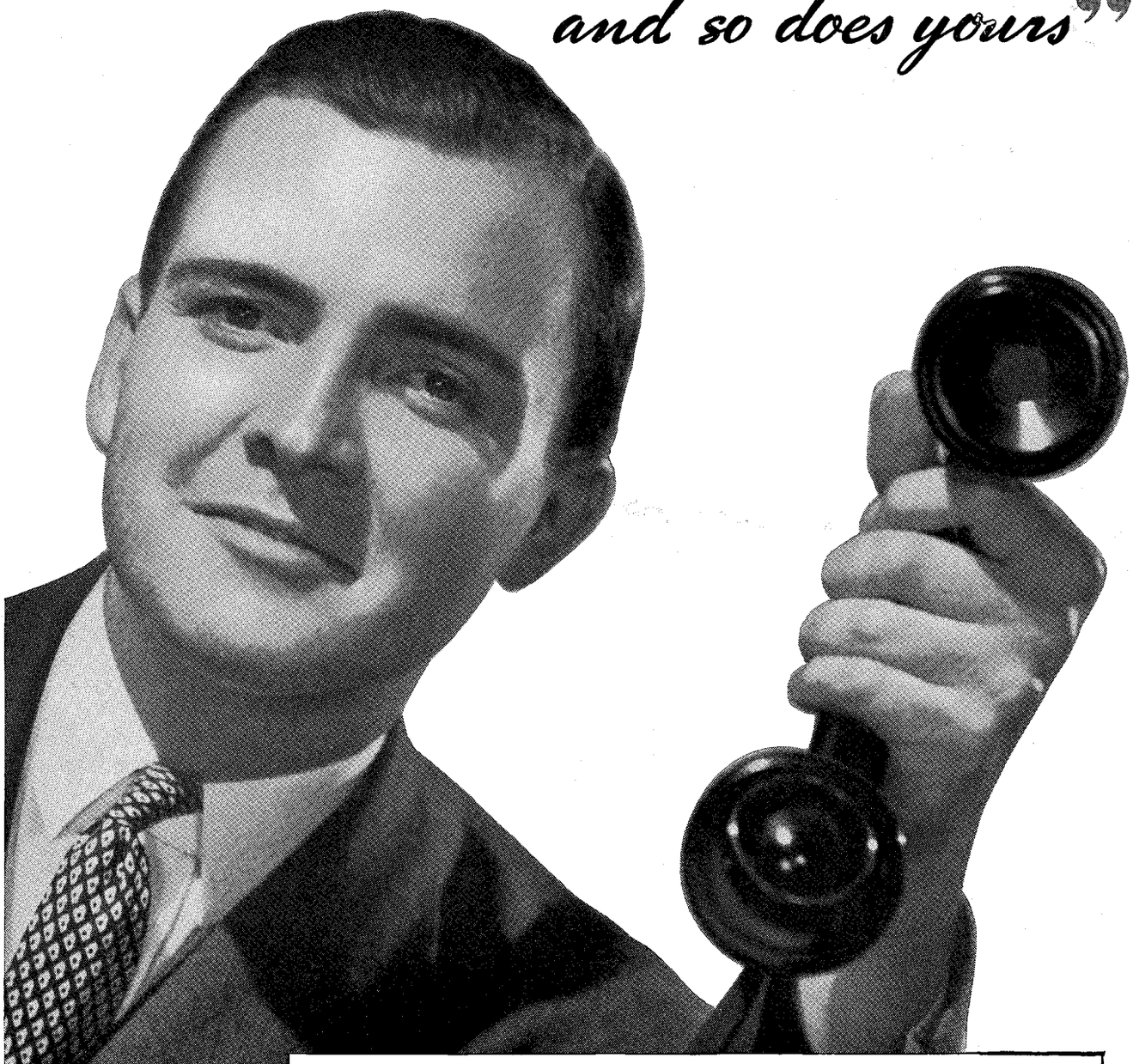
"MY TELEPHONE CONNECTS WITH 19,000,000* OTHERS . . . . . and so does yours"



You buy contacts with many people when you buy Bell Telephone service. Your own particular telephone can be connected to practically any other telephone in the United States and to 93% of all the telephones in the whole world. You can use as much or as little of this service as you want, any time and at low cost.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

*The figure 19,000,000 is for the United States only. The total becomes 35,000,000 when you add the overseas telephone connections of the Bell System.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

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Scribner's
MAGAZINE
Volume CIII, Number 2 February, 1938

Billion-Dollar Service Station

DON WHARTON

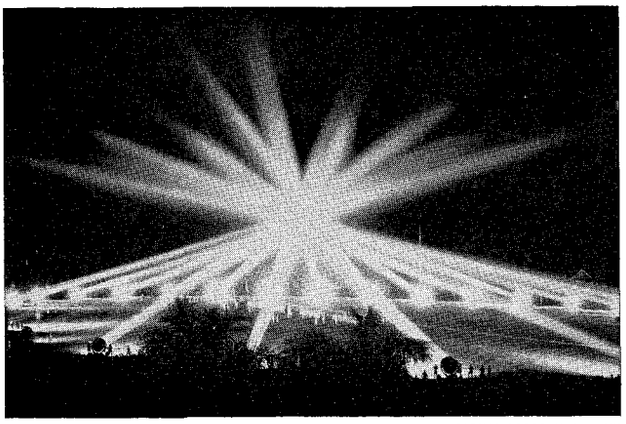
SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES *the Hawaiian Islands as a wartime asset . . . Pearl Harbor and America's greatest concentration of troops . . . the Japanese menace*

On the third Monday of May forty years ago, a ship out of San Francisco rounded black Diamond Head and turned into Honolulu, port and capital of the Republic of Hawaii. The ship carried a nondescript cargo and a passenger list as undistinguished as that of a Hudson River excursion boat. But in her mailbags and on the tongues of her crew she carried a commodity which cable and telegraph lines had already rushed to less isolated portions of the world. She carried news that Dewey had fought and won the battle of Manila Bay, and as she came around Diamond Head and stood off Waikiki she wigwagged this news ashore. It spread quickly through Honolulu, and by the time it was published in next morning's *Commercial Advertiser* the news was news no more. But in that Tuesday-morning issue there was news, real news in the shape of a dispatch the like of which has seldom been sent from the capital of one republic to the capital of another. The dispatch read:

NEW YORK, May 9—*The Herald's Washington correspondent telegraphs: Every ton of coal at the Hawaiian Islands suitable for steamer use has been bought for the Navy of the United States. Orders have been issued from the Navy Department to dispatch at once colliers to Honolulu loaded with more coal, and that point is to be made the most important coaling station in the entire Pacific Ocean.*

Thus, with Congress still unwilling to vote annexation, the United States Navy began taking advantage of the geographical position of the Hawaiian Islands. On June 1, 1898, three American transports arrived at Honolulu with 2500 American soldiers on their way to the Philippines. On June 4 the transports weighed anchor and sailed westward under the escort of the U.S.S. *Charleston,* the men replenished with flowers and sweets and a touch of the ground, the ships with coal. Thirty-three days passed before Congress voted annexation of the Hawaiians and thirty-six more before the formal and tearful change of flags on the old palace in Honolulu. The islands came in willingly—they had been knocking at our door for years—but this does not alter the essential fact: they added to our military strength before they were added to our union. They were an American asset before they were even on the American ledger.

And now, after four decades which have seen coal replaced by oil and ships augmented by planes, these islands are, next to the Panama Canal, our greatest overseas asset. From a military viewpoint, and again with the exception of the Canal, they are the most important offshore territory of any nation anywhere. They are important because they lie in the heart of the Pacific and because out of one of them, the island of Oahu, patient nature and feverish man have together carved a great harbor. In and around this harbor—Pearl Harbor—the United States has built one of the great naval bases of all times. And to protect that base the United States has converted the lovely island



SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. ARMY

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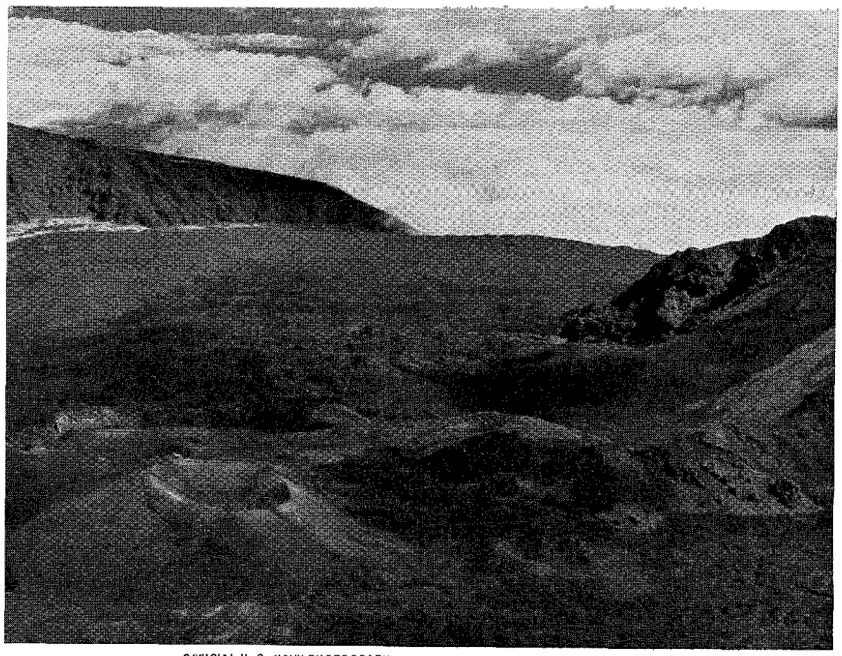

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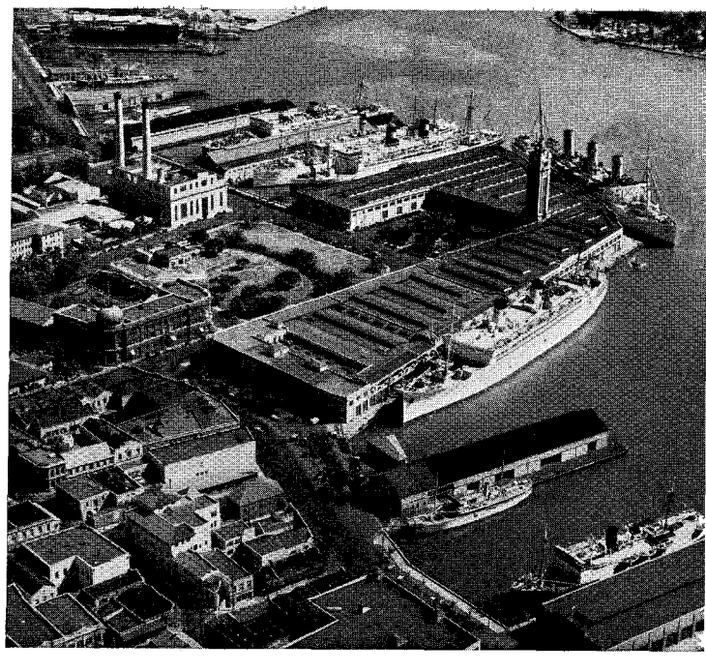

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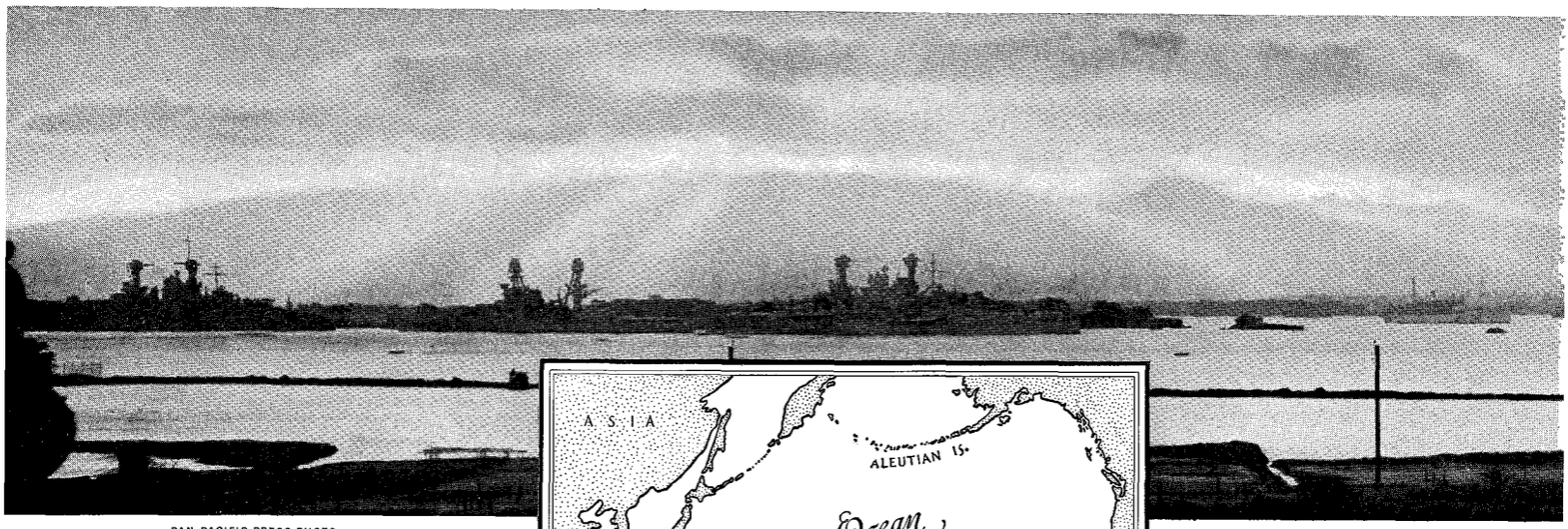
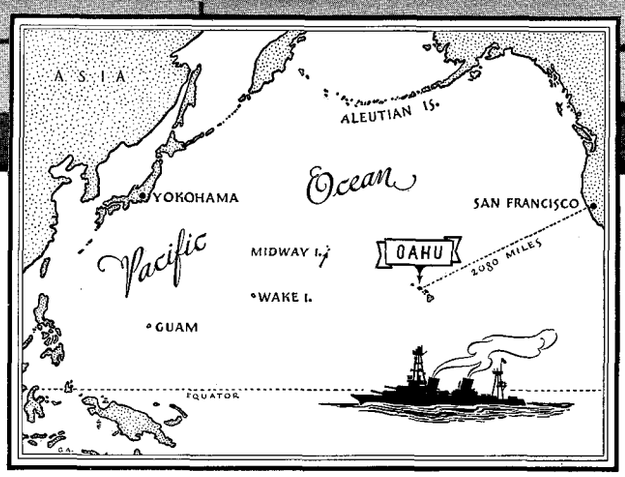


PAN-PACIFIC PRESS PHOTO



ABOVE LEFT: *The dormant crater of Haleakala on the Island of Maui, which is larger than Oahu but only a fifth the size of Hawaii.* ABOVE RIGHT: *Honolulu Harbor, commercial and not to be confused with the Navy's Pearl Harbor* (ABOVE)

of Oahu into a 598-square-mile fortress.

This writer has traveled more than 12,000 miles over land and sea to examine that base and its defenses. He has covered another 2000 miles by car and interisland boat. Alone, in the company of newspaper- and business-men, and under the escort of officers, he has driven over practically every foot of the roads of Oahu: all of those open to the public and virtually all of those which the military has built, locked, and marked KAPU, meaning keep out. He has had the co-operation of the Army and Navy on the condition that he would not reveal so-called military secrets. He has heard things which should not be repeated and he has enjoyed being ordered not to publish things already in the public prints of the United States Government. He has been through the Army's $2,000,000 ammunition depot—great galleries drilled and blasted out of solid rock and filled with $20,000,000 worth of bombs, shells, and cartridges. He has driven through the Navy's depot, sheltered only by mesquite and as poorly located as the Empire State. He has visited Pearl Harbor under official escort, wandered through its great expanses on his own hook, and learned no little from a private of engineers who wanted a lift back to Schofield Barracks. He has seen what the Army puts on review for visiting Congressmen and observed some items it keeps off the parade grounds, including equipment whose very existence is denied. And, after all his thousands of questions, he has come back to the mainland knowing perhaps one-tenth as much about the place as is known in Tokyo and thinking perhaps exactly what is thought in the Japanese War Office: namely, that at no time in American history have we defended any spot the way we defend Pearl Harbor. And that never were defenses more justified.

II

THERE is nothing mysterious about a naval base. In practice it is comparable to a service station. Its value to

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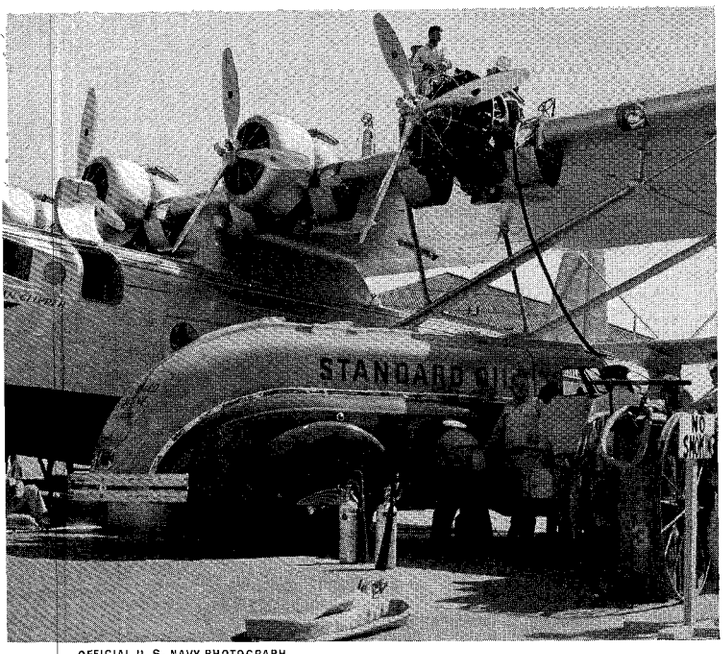

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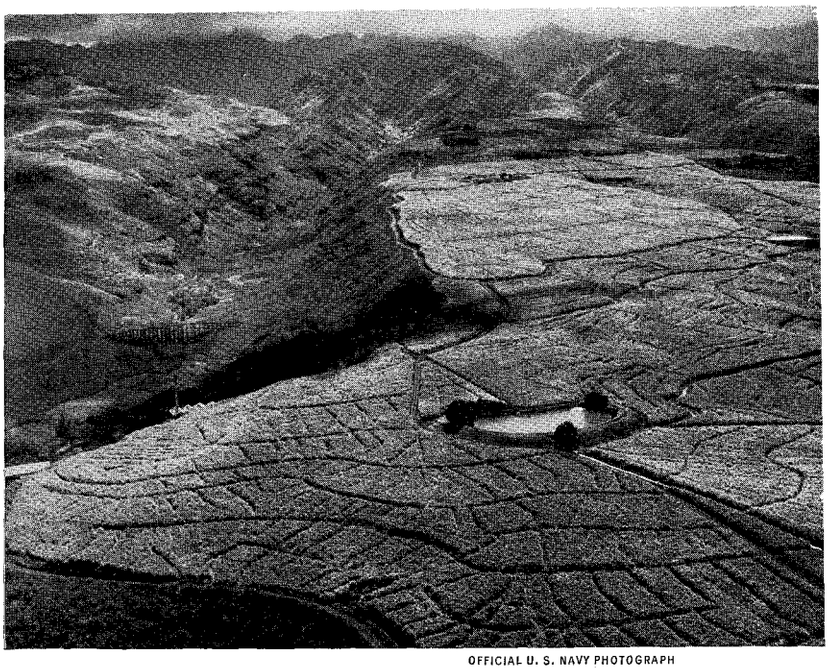

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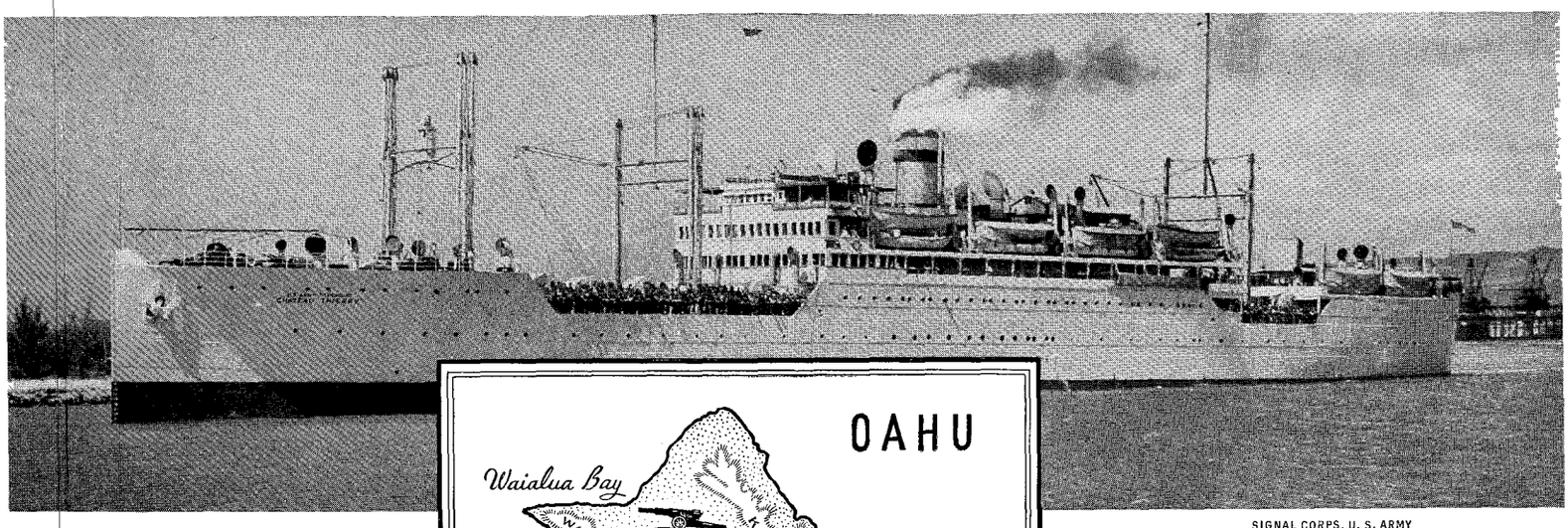
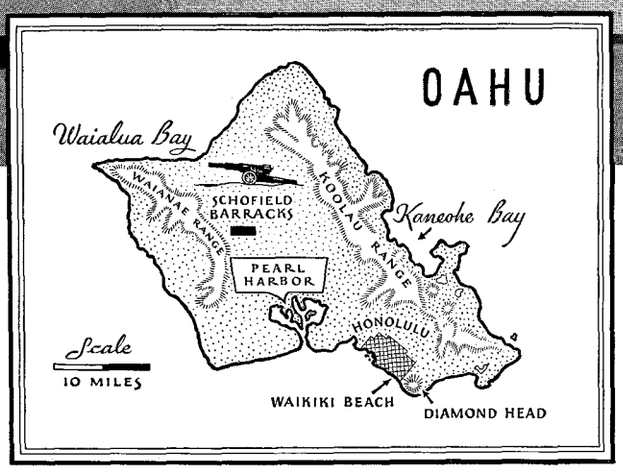


SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. ARMY



ABOVE LEFT: *A Pan-American plane refueling at Pearl Harbor's fleet air base after the regular overnight flight from San Francisco.* ABOVE RIGHT: *A sugar field on Oahu.* ABOVE: *Army transport* Chateau Thierry, *which runs doughboys to Oahu*

a navy, like a service station's value to a motorist, depends upon location, equipment and personnel, and fuel. Location comes first, and the test of location boils down to a simple statement of function: to increase the mobility of the fleet in a region likely to be a theater of wartime operations. There is, for instance, little likelihood of the American fleet having to operate in the Indian Ocean; hence, it would be as foolish for us to desire a base on Madagascar as for a New York taxi driver to cache gas and spare parts in the Mojave Desert. On the other hand, there is always the possibility of the American fleet having to operate on the European side of the Atlantic. But here we are up against the fact that European powers have not been giving away locations for naval bases; hence, if we are ever forced to send our fleet into European waters, we can only hope it will be in concert with a power providing bases—as Great Britain did in the World War.

The Pacific is different. It is the most likely theater of America's next war. Under one name or another, we have had our Battle Force there since 1919; our Scouting Force there for more than a decade; our great naval maneuvers since the early 1920's. We have put fleet air bases along the West Coast, developed naval shore establishments from San Diego to Bremerton, and placed our tremendous ammunition dump in Nevada, easily accessible to the Pacific ports. Stripped of all the details, our naval strategy has been to concentrate in the Pacific every ounce of strength permitted by budgets—budgets that were skimpy until Roosevelt took charge.

This naval strategy is doubly significant in that it has accompanied a foreign policy of retreating from Asia. We began backing out when, at the Washington Arms Conference, we allowed Japan to bring her naval strength closer to ours than we had planned and then, turning the other American cheek, agreed not to build up our naval bases in Guam, the Philippines, and the Aleutians. Later, we arranged to let the Philippines go, closed our eyes to

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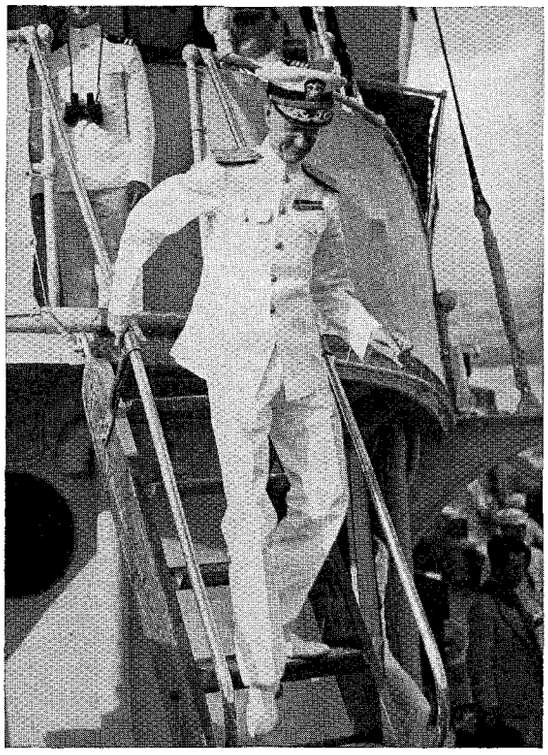
Japanese activities in her mandated islands, and year after year allowed the Tokyo militarists to slam every open door along the Asiatic coast. Whatever happens between the writing and publishing of these lines, this much is certain: the past few months have not reduced the probability of our next war being fought in the Pacific.

It is a tremendous ocean, covering a third of the surface of the globe, occupying more space than all the continents put together. Even when we limit our view to the North Pacific we are confronted by staggering stretches of blue water. Manila is as far to the west of the Panama Canal as the Bay of Bengal is to the east. Japanese and Russian fleets, American and Spanish squadrons, British and German cruisers—they have all fought along the fringes of this ocean. But no war has been waged across its broad bosom. No fleet has cruising range sufficient for extensive wartime operations over such distances. Hence, if we must fight across the Pacific, our Navy must have additional mobility. That is exactly what Pearl Harbor provides.



PAN-PACIFIC PRESS PHOTO

Rear Admiral Orin G. Murfin, commander of the American Naval forces in Hawaii

It increases the reach of our fleet by 2000 miles. No other base, American or foreign, provides a fleet with such a long reach into so many directions. Pearl Harbor is the only base around which one can draw a circle 4000 miles in diameter without anywhere touching continental soil. In that circle are 12,500,000 square miles of open water—more than four times the total area of our forty-eight states. Based on Pearl Harbor, an American fleet with an operating radius of 2000 miles has a measure of mobility over a tremendous area. No other power has a naval base within this circle, and Japan's important bases are all at least a thousand miles from its perimeter. Thus, so long as proximity to bases is an asset, the American fleet has an advantage over any other fleet in all but the very eastern reaches of this gigantic circle. That is the theory, but when we stack it up against hard realities (as we shall in the last part of this article), we are apt to conclude that the reach toward Asia is more important than the reaches in all other directions. For these realities are such that they may compel us to strike a blow in the direction of Japan rather than ward one off in our part of the Pacific.

Aviation has impaired the value of some great naval bases. It has caused distances to shrink, and in European waters, for instance, the distances were already so short that bases such as the British have at Malta ceased to be defensible. They were brought within the bombing range of land-based planes. Not so Pearl Harbor. Until bombing planes are given tremendous ranges, air attacks on this base must be launched from the decks of aircraft carriers. The development of aviation has increased the importance of the Hawaiians. They have become the crossroads of commercial air routes over the Pacific and a valuable outpost for Army and Navy aviation. From the fleet air base at Pearl Harbor patrol planes can sweep the seas and provide the fleet with valuable reconnaissance. From the Army air bases (primarily there to defend Pearl Harbor) the fleet can get additional assistance. With each new motor, new plane, new speed, new cruising range, the Hawaiian Islands become more important. As General Hugh A. Drum has testified, "We could not have built them at a better place than right there."

III

From 1789 through 1936, the United States spent on its Navy a sum which accountants have added up to $18,832,043,903.85. Expenditures last year and in the fiscal year ending this June run the total up to approximately twenty billions, and of these twenty billions a little more than a penny out of each dollar has been spent at Pearl Harbor. Two hundred and fifteen million dollars is the Pearl Harbor total. It is more than the entire Navy cost from 1789 through 1850, but when we begin breaking the figure down, comparing it with contemporary Naval expenditures—then we are apt to marvel not at how much, but at how little we have spent developing our strategic location. For of the two hundred and fifteen millions only sixty-seven have been put into plant and equipment. Pearl Harbor itself has cost only a few millions more than we'll spend on the battleship *North Carolina,* now building at Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Viewed from the air, or from such near-by peaks as Tantalus and Red Hill, Pearl Harbor resembles a great hand of water reaching into the sugar fields of Oahu. The wrist of this great hand forms the harbor's channel to the sea, the palm and outstretched fingers the harbor itself. The wrist is seven miles up the coast from Honolulu's own little harbor, and the fingers are two, three, and four miles long. Here, at this place, on one of the 30,000 islands washed by the Pacific, between mountains thrown up by volcanoes and behind reefs laid down by countless animals, are some six square miles of protected water. Here man has spent some $16,000,000 for dredging alone. And here the entire United States Fleet can lie at anchor

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and tie to moorings, as it did after the naval maneuvers of 1935.

But Pearl Harbor is more than a great expanse of still water. It looks, as they say, like an open hand, hospitable and harmless. Actually it is a clenched fist: the Navy Yard itself; its 15,000 linear feet of berthing; its fifteen miles of railroads; its dry dock that will take the largest battleship we've launched; its marine railway, cranes, shops, machines, stores, spare parts, oil tanks and, off in one corner, a relic of another naval era, its tremendous bunkers of steamer coal.

The Navy Yard is only one of many Pearl Harbor establishments. It can do about everything for warships except build them. It can refuel them, repair, refit and, in some cases, reman them. But in addition to the Navy Yard, and aside from barracks, a hydrographic office, and a hospital, Pearl Harbor has four vital establishments: an ammunition depot, a radio center, a submarine base, and a fleet air base. The Navy has plans for developing a really great air base in Kaneohe Bay, across the island, but here we are rounding out the picture of Pearl Harbor and putting in a few statistics: its 175 buildings have a floor area of some 1,400,000 square feet, considerably more than a third the rentable area on all the floors of Rockefeller Center; it operates at a cost of about $1,000,000 a month; and its personnel, including 2100 civilians, annually makes some $2,500,000 worth of repairs and alterations to ships and ships' equipage.

IV

The base is at Pearl Harbor to aid the Navy, and the Army is in Oahu to protect the base. Since annexation, the Army has spent $480,000,000 which is more than two dollars for the Navy's one and actually $100,000,000 more than we spent digging the Panama Canal. The location of these islands, the natural defenses of Oahu itself, and the character of our military forces suggest that Pearl Harbor is the best defended base in the world.

PAN-PACIFIC PRESS PHOTO

Major General Andrew Moses, commander of the Hawaiian Department of the U. S. Army

Japan is the nearest neighbor, and from Tokyo to Honolulu is 3000 miles. Among militarists there is a saying that any place can be taken if the attacking power is willing and able to pay the price. The Army is trying to make the price of taking Pearl Harbor so high no enemy would want to pay it. With our fleet afloat and in the Pacific, the price is prohibitive; a hostile power would have to possess a fleet capable of pushing the American fleet back to our West Coast bases and pinning it there. No power has such a fleet, and the United States is not permitting any power to build such a fleet. Hence, a power seeking Pearl Harbor must wait until the American fleet is either crippled in battle or engaged in the Atlantic. The Army's job is to be able to defend Pearl Harbor in such circumstances and even then to make the enemy pay an extremely high price.

Look at the map and you will see that just as the Hawaiians are near the center of the North Pacific so Oahu is near the center of the main Hawaiian group. The Army's job is to hold it; Army planes will naturally resist parties attempting to land on Hawaii, Maui, and so on; after the enemy has landed, the Army will harass him with bombers; but if he is unable to land on these outlying islands, to dig in there, and to prepare to assault Oahu—then he is hardly the type of enemy the Army is preparing for. The Army would like to hold him off these outlying islands, but military literature is full of lessons about the danger of dividing one's forces. Oahu is the keep, the place to be held at all costs, and on Oahu the Army has concentrated all the military strength allocated the islands. Here every outfit has lately been pulled up to peacetime strength, and here today are between nineteen and twenty thousand men. This is approximately one-eighth our entire standing army. It is the largest concentration of American troops in any area, and Schofield Barracks, which houses two-thirds of them, is the largest of all American army posts. To cover the forty-eight states with as many troops per square mile as in Oahu would require 100,000,000 men; to guard our Mexican border on the same scale for a depth of twenty miles (the width of Oahu) would alone take an army of more than a million.

Look again at the map, narrowing your view to Oahu itself, and you will see how nature has befriended our military forces. For the Navy she left a harbor; for the Army, mountains and two promontories called Barber's Point and Diamond Head. Between the two mountain ranges runs a gulch-broken plain which the Army calls "the inner keep." Honolulu and Pearl Harbor are at one end, the Waialua beaches at the other, Schofield in the middle. The island is in essence a great corridor, walled in on its sides and open at its two ends. The walls shoot up abruptly from the sea to elevations of two, three, four thousand feet; their seaward slopes are in most places sheer cliffs; their crests are so sharp they can be straddled like a horse; they have but two passes, one put there by the Army, the other with the Army's approval. For an enemy to land outside these two walls would seem to be playing into American hands;

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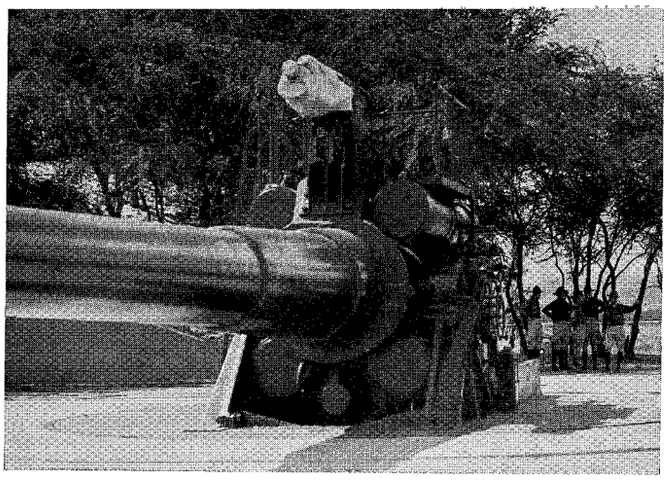

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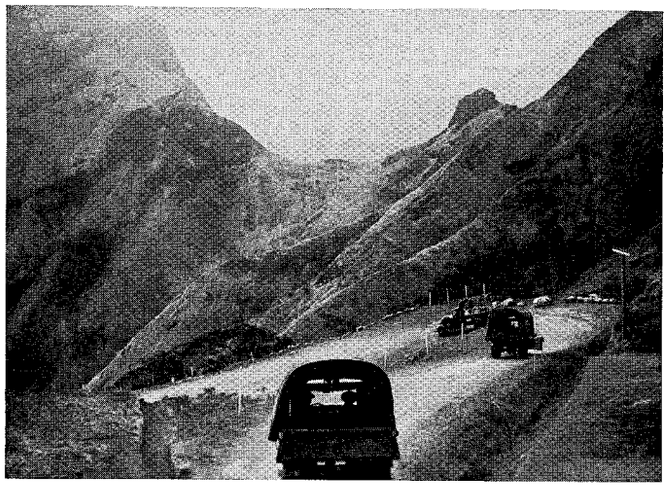

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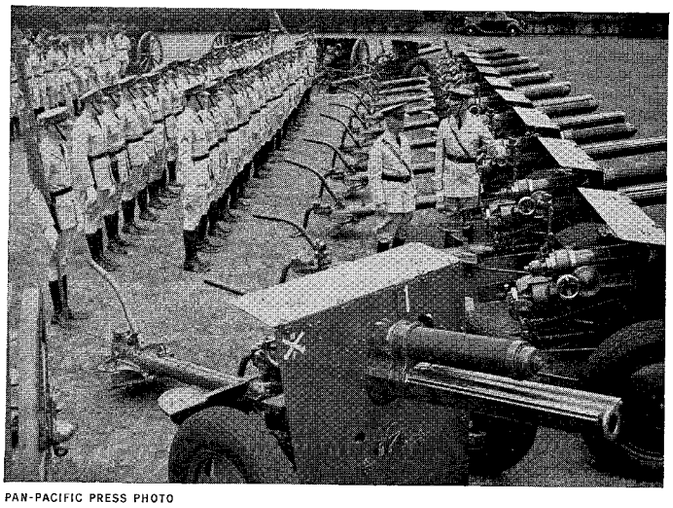


PAN-PACIFIC PRESS PHOTO

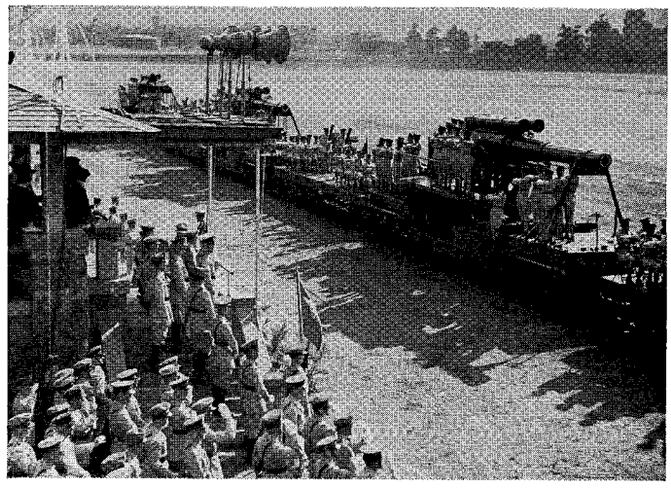
SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. ARMY

our troops could probably pin him to the narrow beaches the way the German-led Turks did the British at Gallipoli.

Thus we are left with the corridor's two open ends. And just as all our military strength in the Hawaiians is concentrated on Oahu so all our coast artillery is concentrated at Pearl Harbor's end of the corridor. Here, around Barber's Point and Diamond Head, are great batteries of 16-inch, 14-inch, and 12-inch guns—exactly how many the Army doesn't want this writer to say. But recalling Napoleon's maxim that *"un canon à terre vaut un vaisseau à la mer"* and remembering the British fleet's unhappy experience in the Dardanelles, any writer could see that there are enough to stand off a lot of ships. These land fortifications have the advantage of gun platforms more stable and range-finding more accurate than can possibly be secured on shipboard; on the hills back of our batteries are concrete-and-steel observation posts; along the shores are railroads and highways over which railway and motor-drawn guns can be brought up; and all about are anti-aircraft guns, searchlights, and sound-locators. No enemy would care to waste his capital ships against these fortifications. If determined to attack here, he would probably seek to reduce the long-range batteries before bringing his fleet in to support a landing. It would be logical for him to attempt this reduction with planes. Hence the superiority produced by our forts would probably last only as long as we prevented the enemy from gaining a marked superiority in the air.

How long could we prevent that? There is no answer. It all depends upon the amount of aircraft an enemy turned upon Oahu—the price he was willing to pay. Our anti-aircraft guns could give and take a lot of punishment while our own planes were striking the enemy's aircraft carriers or the airfields he had set up on some near-by island. Instead of grappling with him in the air, we would probably try to destroy his nests. At Luke and Wheeler Fields the Army has more than a hundred bombardment,

A glimpse of Oahu's military might: coast artillery near Pearl Harbor; army trucks on a military road; field guns under inspection and on the range; railway guns on parade at Schofield



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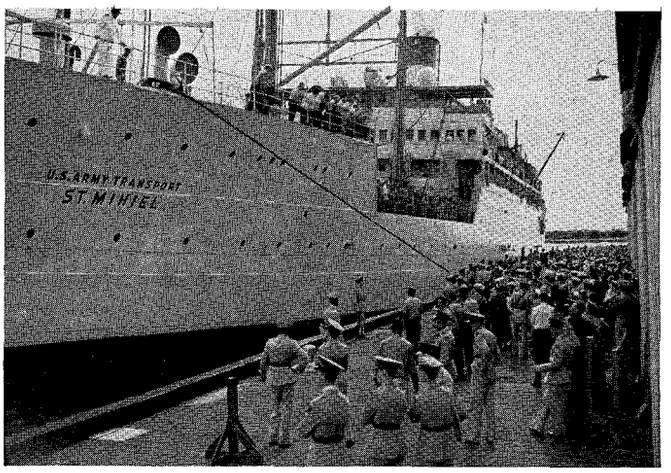
reconnaissance, pursuit, and attack planes. And alongside Pearl Harbor we are completing Hickam Field, the largest air base of the entire Army. It will cost between eighteen and twenty million dollars, and will alone house an entire bombardment wing. Last fall there were only half as many planes in Hawaii as the Chief of the Air Corps had reported necessary, but that is not a permanent situation.

The Waialua end of the corridor has neither mountain walls nor big guns. Here are good landing beaches, here the Army has repeatedly practiced against landing maneuvers put on by the Navy, and here, apparently, is the most logical point for an enemy attack. He might feint at other places and throw his major effort here. To meet him, our Army has a defense plan quite unlike the one considered a decade ago, when certain officers wanted to rim Oahu with a system of concrete pillboxes such as the French have thrown across their German frontier. This cordon, or stonewall, defense has been discarded for the mobile, or elastic, defense. Instead of spreading out thin around the coast, the Army concentrates at the hub—Schofield. Then, when the enemy has committed himself at some beach, the Army can pounce upon him, hit him a tremendous blow, and drive him back into the water.

To accomplish this, the commanding officers have sought the utmost mobility. They have motorized their entire command and secured a highway system over which they can speed men and guns. On an island twenty miles by thirty they have 250 miles of roads, of which 58 are purely military. They have wrapped roads around gullies, shot them back into mountain recesses, blasted them out of coral shorelines. They have constructed gun emplacements in the woods, studded the mountains with observation posts and fire-control stations, and carved the interior hillsides with machine-gun trails.

The division at Schofield is the largest in the Army. It is also the most mobile. It has the greatest fire-power.

Troops leaving Honolulu; aircraft carriers off Diamond Head; the U.S.S. Pennsylvania; *part of the fleet in Maui's Lahaina Roads; and a submarine in Pearl Harbor's channel to the sea*



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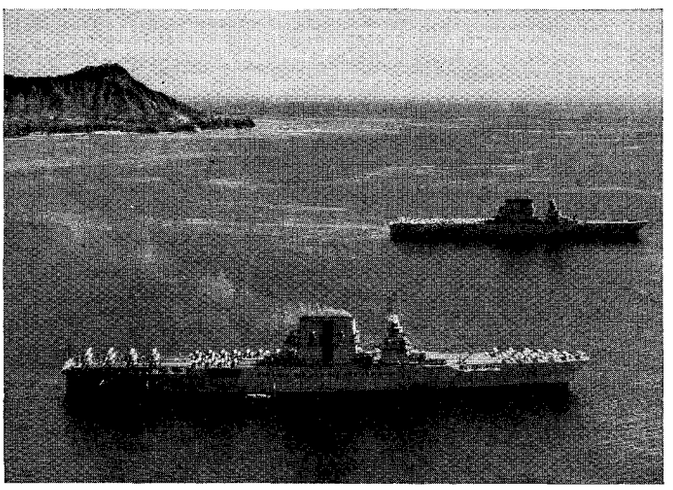

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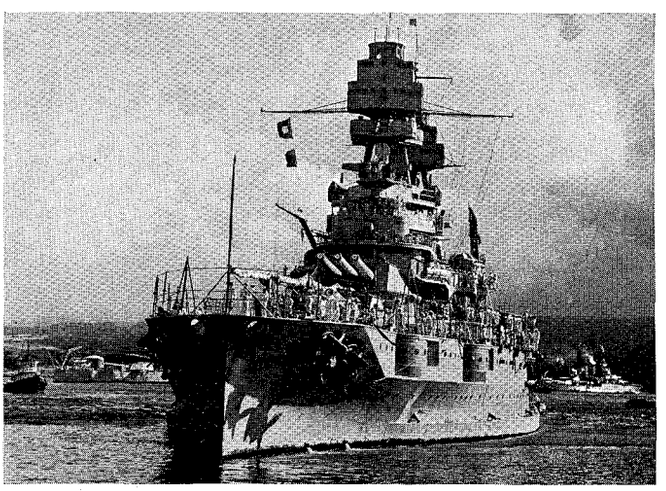

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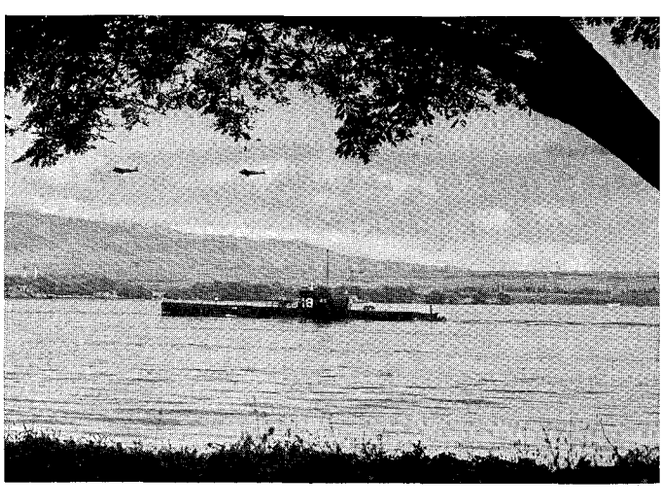

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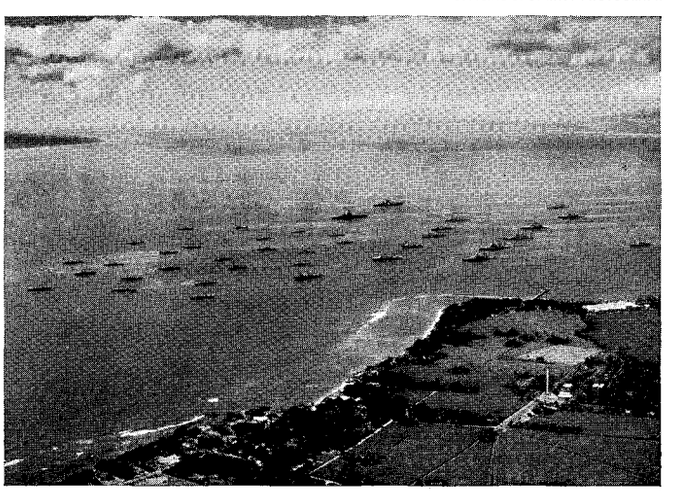

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It includes every element except cavalry, and conducts maneuvers impossible at other posts. It lives on virtually a wartime basis, uses live ammunition, and is ready to take the field at any moment. Every officer must cover every foot of road and trail during his first four months "on the rock." Every unit has an assigned area in which it trains twelve times a year. On a single day last fall this writer found the following activities at Schofield: the 21st Infantry going into camp for firing practice at water-borne targets; the 2nd Battalion hiking out to the combat range for a machine-gun firing problem; the 1st Battalion of the 19th Infantry going into camp for firing at aerial-towed sleeve targets; the 3rd Battalion hiking out along the North Shore to make camp for their quarterly efficiency tests; the 8th Field Artillery going into the mountains for a regimental maneuver; the 27th Infantry engaging in combat fire; and the 2nd Battalion of the 11th Field Artillery taking their big guns into the artillery range for service practice.

Our troops live at this pace 365 days a year, and no enemy in his right mind would think of tackling them with less than 100,000 men. In addition to geographical location, natural defenses, mobility, fire-power, and intensive all-year training, they have a morale of which anyone but a pacifist would be proud. They also have two problems: the Japanese and food.

V

No one knows how Hawaii's Japanese would behave in event of war with Japan. There are theories—one in every office and one at every bar—but all anyone knows is a set of statistics: that, of the 360,000 civilians, 150,000 are Japanese, in contrast to 53,000 Filipinos, 27,000 Chinese, 60,000 Hawaiians and part-Hawaiians, 45,000 Portuguese, Spanish, etc., etc., and 27,000 "other Caucasians." Of the 150,000 Japanese, 113,000 are American citizens, and of these, about three-quarters are babes and children, going to American schools, waving our flag, playing football, eating ice-cream cones, and worrying no one. The adult quarter may be as good American citizens as you and I; under Japanese law they are also subjects of the Emperor until they renounce it; only a small fraction have taken this step, possibly because of red tape, parental disapproval, and human inertia.

The group giving the real concern consists of 37,000 Japanese aliens. They are all adults, brought over in the 1890's when Hawaii was a republic needing laborers and admitting whom she pleased; they talk with the 140 consular agents Japan has placed in the islands; subscribe to Japanese war funds; read their local Japanese papers, which refer to the Japanese Army as "our army." But their average age is so high that their number is decreasing by more than a thousand a year. Thus, time is on our side, and both the Army and the Navy have exceedingly active intelligence officers backed by civilian informers in every section of the islands. They should know who the Japanese leaders are and, by controlling the leaders, they can probably control the mass. That shouldn't be difficult considering that war will bring military rule, concentration camps and, if necessary, firing squads.

Fact is, the handling of the Japanese in wartime (assuming they will need any handling) may be facilitated by plans to handle the food problem. Charged with defending the base when the Navy is out of the picture, the Army faces the prospect of having to defend when the islands are under blockade. And these islands are an agricultural paradox; they grow rich, raising things to eat, and yet they do not feed themselves. Our sugar tariff and their pineapple-growing facilities have produced a two-crop economy which makes them as vulnerable in war as they are prosperous in peace. Oahu raises only 15 per cent of the food consumed by her civilians. Under blockade her food stores would last only fifty days. The Army, of course, has food to last longer than that, but the Army cannot fight with a starving population at its back, and islanders under blockade cannot be evacuated.

That is the Army's big problem. It is trying to introduce new food crops, a long-time proposition which may never succeed; it is experimenting with quick-growing crops that could be put into the ground the day of mobilization and has found some which can be harvested in eighty days; it has plotted the 25,000 acres necessary to sustain life on Oahu, determined what seed and farm implements will be required, and sought funds for purchase and storage of seed and implements.

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Formation over island of Kauai

This is part of the elaborate organization the Army has created and primed for action beginning M-day. The Army will be in command, but civilians, automatically mobilized, will operate the economic machine. These men have been selected; their commissions are ready for signatures; each knows what he is to do, how he is to do it, who will assist him. One will direct food, others transportation, communications, utilities, finance. Everything is on paper, down to the place where the onions will be planted. Everybody will be mobilized, on rations, under control. During the past few years, the Army has (*continued on page* 94)

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The Amazing Mystery

AT STORICK, DORSCHI, PFLAUMER, INC.

by Daniel Fuchs

Far below them in the airplane, under the floating gauzy radiance that rose from its streetlights, lay the city of Cleveland. It was a wonderful, poetic sight, and the girl in seat three glanced swiftly at George Pattinger in front of her, and sighed.

"Isn't it gorgeous?" she said, talking to the four walls of the plane cabin. "It's a fairy city."

Pattinger paid no attention, his mind intent on the advertising brochure. *All Daylight Flights circle the stupendous Boulder Dam project, with stopovers allowed on all three trips and flights over and boat trips through the Grand Canyon.* Not very important, but the girl needn't know it. Across the aisle, Mrs. Brussels, the lady who was traveling with her twins, held Earnest in her arms and placed Bob in the basket on the floor. Bob didn't like the basket. He was always getting out, and Mrs. Brussels had to sit up, juggle Earnest on her lap, and restrain the other twin.

The girl recognized that her words had had no effect. "Nobody understands me," she lamented softly. "I'm all alone. I am in a desert."

Pattinger did not unbend. *See footnotes beneath Table 13. Nonstop mileage between Mills Field, San Francisco and Los Angeles is 328 miles.* Home in New York there were eighteen girls in the collection department of Storick, Dorschi, Pflaumer, Inc. Baldy, they called him. He might have been an article of furniture for all they noticed him. And cold-heartedly ignoring the lonely girl in seat three, Pattinger thought especially of Mildred Mosser, to whom that afternoon he had declared his love. All the other girls had gone home, and the desks were spaced forlornly in the empty office. Mildred had held her cigarette so that wisps of smoke strayed over her eyes. She slanted her head in exaggerated disgust and said, "Baldy, don't be a dumb dope. I can't stand it when people act dopey on me all of a sudden." Then when she had exhaled, the smoke all came out of one nostril, since she had a nose cold. It had been very funny and humiliating somehow. Baldy. All right, okay. There was a telegraph office in Chicago, and they would be hearing from him soon.

"If you would be so kind," said Mrs. Brussels helplessly.

"Ah?" asked Pattinger, stirred from his preoccupation. Bob had escaped the basket, was crawling down the aisle. He smiled benevolently, grabbed the kid on his fingertips, and returned him to the basket.

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"Thank you kindly," said Mrs. Brussels. "Are you going to Los Angeles or San Francisco?"

Pattinger paused judiciously. "Really," he said in a rich English accent, "I really can't say. Up to the moment I haven't thought of it one way or the other."

"Oh," said Mrs. Brussels. The heavy drone of the airplane made it difficult to hear the words, and possibly she had misunderstood. "I am going to San Francisco to catch the boat for China. My husband is a tobacconist in Shanghai. We've been visiting. You see, my family in the States had never seen the twins."

"Shanghai indeed," said Pattinger. "I remember it very well. Was there in thirty-three, no, thirty-two, I believe it was."

"Really?" asked Mrs. Brussels. "Well, then, you know the White Russian girls there. Poor things, they have no way to make a living, but naturally that makes it very hard for the wives. Do you think the plane will reach San Francisco on time? I must catch the boat. My husband is a tobacconist."

"That was a revolution indeed," Pattinger said, still in the English accent. "You should have seen the streets of Petrograd in 1917. I was there covering the disturbances for my paper, the London *Times*."

"You are a newspaper reporter?" Mrs. Brussels asked, a little suspicious.

"Foreign correspondent. Been all over the world, in the thick of everything the moment it starts. My name is Walter Duranty. You have heard of me perhaps?"

Mrs. Brussels grew resentful with him. What sort of fool did he think she was? Pattinger could sense her displeasure but felt it was worth displeasing her if, as he hoped, the girl who was all alone had caught an earful. When Bob crawled out of the basket again, Mrs. Brussels was so distracted that she jabbed him back with more of a push than she meant.

"You look very young for the Russian Revolution," she noted severely. "Let me see, that was fifteen, twenty years ago, I was a little girl at the time."

"I am fifty-one years of age," Pattinger said calmly. "Would you believe it?"

The light in the cabin was dim, but Mrs. Brussels had enough of it to know how impossible this statement was. She did not like to be kidded by any young man.

"Fifty-one," Pattinger repeated sadly. "Yes, indeed."

He was only a boy of twenty-five, even though a good deal of his hair was gone. Without another word, Mrs. Brussels turned away from him and busied herself with the twin on her lap, who now began crying hopelessly. The hostess came up with a bottle of warm milk. "Thank you kindly," Mrs. Brussels snapped at the poor girl, and she gave her attention to Earnest.

Returning his eyes to the brochure, Pattinger noticed a hand sticking out from the seat of the girl who was all alone. He reached over and took the piece of paper she was holding out to him. Overwhelmed with shame, she broke out furiously into activity, snapping and unsnapping the clasp on her bag. She kept her head down.

Dear Mr. X:

(May I call you that?)

What would you like?

Pattinger took out his pencil and wrote on the paper:

My dear Madame:

Obviously you have the advantage of me. Would you kindly amplify your sentiments? I thank you.

When she took the note from him, she almost cringed with shyness. Then there followed many minutes in which nothing happened, while Pattinger waited and his disappointment grew. Mrs. Brussels dozed or pretended to doze, unwilling to begin with him again. Bob slept in the basket, the twin brother in her arms. Sitting on her stool at the door far back, the hostess was busy filling out her forms, and in the darkness it was hard to distinguish the faces of the other passengers. Pattinger waited.

"After all," a man's voice suddenly protested somewhere behind him, "after all, I am only flesh and blood. What could a man do? We had lovely times together, and I am only human too."

"Why don't you get a megaphone and broadcast it over the ether?" his companion asked. Then Pattinger couldn't hear them again.

Finally the hand squeezed behind the seat. Pattinger leaned over to it delicately and took the reply:

I can hardly wonder at your astonishment. In many respects I realize I am an unconventional person. However, I believe you will not misunderstand. Have I glimpsed your character aright? Are you going to Chicago? I am modern enough to tell you at once that I find something interesting about you. I should like to see more of you. Do you reciprocate?

Tanya

There were eighteen girls in the collection department of Storick, Dorschi, Pflaumer, Inc., and Pattinger wished every one of them were here that moment to be reading over his shoulder. Especially Mildred Mosser. Baldy. Okay. Those days and the eighteen girls in the department were behind him, and Pattinger applied himself to his answer:

My dear, dear Tanya:

Is this love or is it infatuation? Are you sure? You

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are young and will find it easy to forget me. I think the less said at this point, the less painful in the end for all concerned. In a word: your interest in me would be disastrous. I cannot go into detail here, but I am a man who always brings only calamity into the lives of those I meet. But my sincerest thanks for creating a happy moment in my life. I shall treasure it always.

Yours in gratitude,
Nicholas

Pattinger re-read the note, wondering whether he was ready to send it. And as he held on to it, the girl behind him worried that she had been too forward and had ruined everything. As the minutes passed while Pattinger deliberated, her feelings were becoming more and more hurt. And then it was too late, for the plane had softly bumped the ground and was speedily running up to the gate of the Chicago airport. The girl bustled, looking neither way, to be the first at the door. She ran down the steps of the platform.

"If you would be so kind," said Mrs. Brussels helplessly. She couldn't manage the twins, since they were both asleep, and she had only two arms.

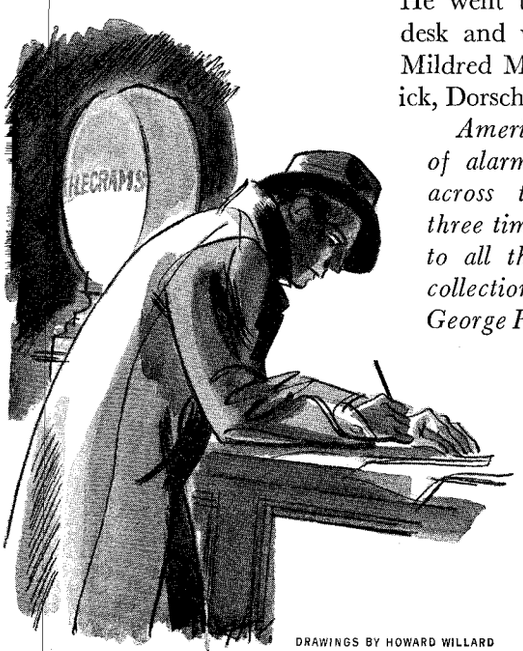
"I should be most happy to oblige," Pattinger said, remembering his English accent.

"Thank you kindly," she said civilly.

Outside, a number of spectators fringed the gates, and for their benefit the management provided a spotlight which revealed the faces of the passengers as they stepped out of the plane. When Mrs. Brussels appeared with one twin and Pattinger followed with his, the spotlight shrewdly stayed with them, shining down upon them as they went down the path to the fence. The babies traveling by plane appealed, as calculated, to everyone, and a little cheer went up. It embarrassed Pattinger, but Mrs. Brussels smiled proudly. Then three newspapermen approached with their cameras and made the couple pose with the babies in their arms.

Pattinger was glad to leave them at the lunchroom. He went to the telegraph desk and wrote a wire to Mildred Mosser, care Storick, Dorschi, Pflaumer, Inc.

America is a country of alarm clocks ringing across the country in three time belts. Regards to all the slaves in the collection department.
George Pattinger (Baldy, the Office Boy.)



DRAWINGS BY HOWARD WILLARD

Soon the announcer's voice came through the amplifiers, warning them that all were to be aboard for

Flight 29–3 which would reach Salt Lake City at 5:29 A.M. Making his way to the plane, Pattinger avoided the lunchroom and the twins. At the door the hostess smiled professionally and handed him a note from the girl who had been in seat three:

Dear Mr. X:

You will never see me again. Good-by. This is forever.

Tanya

Pattinger crumpled the paper, grew lost in reverie for the hostess' appreciation, asked for some stationery, and walked to a seat, this time picking one well away from Mrs. Brussels.

Now the plane held fewer passengers, only eight or nine. It would be a seven-hour flight to Salt Lake, and the people in the cabin showed their familiarity with air transportation by fussing with their chairs, pulling the blankets about them, resigning themselves.

Pattinger was busy on his letter:

Mrs. Marion Dixie
The Friendly Counselor to Those Perplexed
New York Globe
Dear Marion Dixie:

At the moment I am contemplating suicide. However, before going ahead with my plans, I should like to state my problems to you so that I can feel, so to say, that I am giving society a fair chance with me. I am forty-seven (is this too old?), a multimillionaire, and I have lived a full life, having tasted all the pleasures the world can offer. I have lost all appetite for food, liquors, beautiful women. No doubt this will seem a ridiculous complaint to many of your more humble readers, but believe me, dear Marion Dixie, my present state of existence is serious enough to me. I think you will understand where the others cannot. I feel that Death is preferable to this life which is, in reality, no life at all. I should like to request a quick response, and indeed, it is altogether possible I shall not wait to hear from you but shall do away with myself forthwith.

Baron H——

Pattinger called the hostess for an airmail stamp and gave her the letter.

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"The New York *Globe,*" said the hostess, Flora Edwards, R. N., according to the sign on the pilot's door. "Do you write, Mr. Pattinger?"

Pattinger smiled patronizingly. "A little," he said.

"What sort of work do you do, Mr. Pattinger? I have a younger brother who is starting out in the writing game. He is very ambitious. Do you write for the newspapers?"

"I do novels," he said.

"I see. Under what name do you write?"

"James Joyce."

"Oh," she said. "I have heard of you. I even think I must have read one of your books."

"It is quite possible," Pattinger said, very superior and cool in his superiority. "I am not unknown."

"Well," said Miss Edwards, "forgive me for disturbing you, Mr. Pattinger, or do people call you Mr. Joyce?"

"It hardly matters, don't you agree?"

The hostess excused herself and left, holding the letter to her bosom. She went back to her place in the rear of the cabin but returned in another minute with a little book.

"If it is no trouble," she said, "would you be good enough to sign your autograph?"

"Not at all," Pattinger said, sitting up indulgently.

"This is my autograph book. I ask famous people, when they come aboard my flights, to sign their names here. See, your name comes just below Carole Lombard's. She was very gracious."

The girl thanked him for a minute before she felt she was trespassing, and abruptly went away. Pattinger sighed loudly enough for her to hear him. After all, he was always being troubled by autograph hounds, and a man needed his rest.

"The wind doth blow with fury unabated. The wind doth blow with fury unabated." It was the man across the aisle, smoking a cigar and lost in philosophy this starry night. He leaned over to Pattinger. "Beg pardon. I always talk to myself. My wife can't stand it. You know what I mean. You do little things, little habits, mean nothing. But the missus, sometimes she don't like it and registers a complaint."

Pattinger smiled sympathetically, a man who kept his distance.

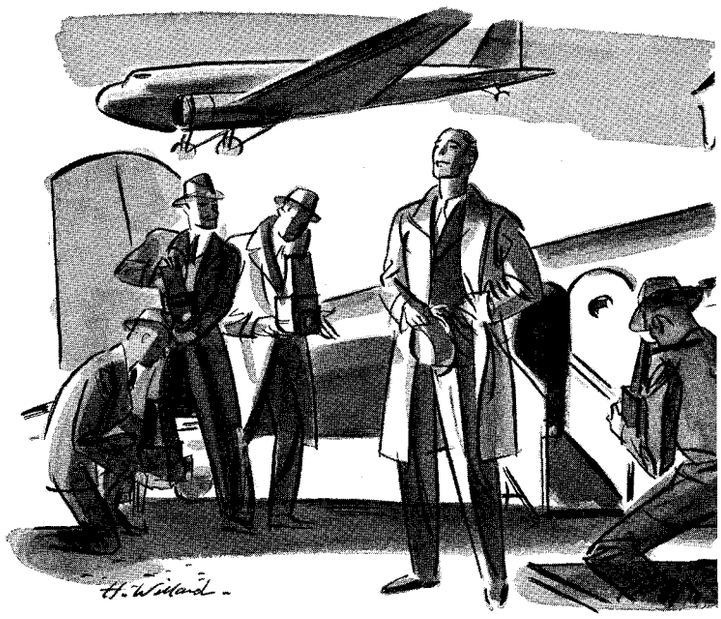
"Well," the cigar smoker said expansively, "it's only human nature. You've got to make allowances for all kinds of people, you see. You come from New York or Chicago?"

"My residence is in New York, where I stay, however, only three or four months of the year. I am generally abroad during the wintertime and other seasons find me in South America, China, the Pacific Islands, as my fancy dictates."

"Of course," the man said, crestfallen. "Myself, I'm from Buffalo."

"Buffalo, Buffalo," Pattinger said. "Oh, yes, of course. In upper New York State."

"That's correct," the man said miserably. "This is a business trip. . . . See, we have a little trouble in our San



Francisco office, and now I must fly to San Francisco. Whenever there is trouble, I am always the one to go. My partner never takes things serious. In a way it's a gift, his temperament. You can't count a disposition like that in dollars and cents. It's worth a fortune. Well, whither art thou bound, as the poet says? And what mission brings thou forth? Not, of course, that it's any of my business."

"I am on my way to Hollywood," Pattinger said, a fine disdain in his voice.

"I see. You work in the picture line?"

"In a manner of speaking, I suppose. Perhaps this will be difficult to understand. My ambition all my life is to have the New York Philharmonic Orchestra play 'Lookie, lookie, lookie, here comes Cookie.' Are you at all familiar with the tune?"

"So yes?" said the man from Buffalo, drawing away.

"I am interested in the nation's folk tunes and I think these songs have more significance than we commonly credit them with. I know there is a certain contempt for jazz and I myself have been severely regarded as a dilettante for my concern with it. But you must admit that it expresses the mass sentiment along those lines, and therefore, jazz deserves, at the least, careful study for the sociological light it throws. Do you concur?"

"Okay, I concur," the man said. "So what, my contention is, are you doing about it, this business?"

"I have offered the Philharmonic Orchestra fifteen thousand dollars to play 'Lookie, lookie, lookie, here comes Cookie.' They refused, as you possibly noticed in the press. At the moment I am on my way to propose a jazz recital for me by Fritz Kreisler."

The man from Buffalo held his cigar before him, at a loss with anger.

"You've heard of Fritz Kreisler?" Pattinger asked politely. "World-famous violin artist?"

"Never mind, I heard of Fritz Kreisler." He waved his cigar. "Let me tell you, my fine friend, this is no way. All this hocus-pocus, I assure you, is entirely wasted on

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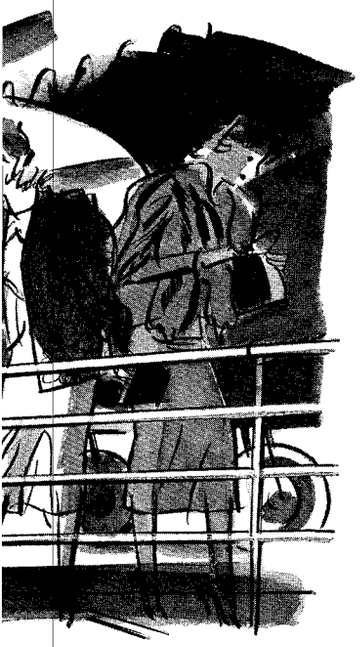

me. I have no use for it, and if you'll excuse me I'll see you again in the far distant future."

He wrapped himself in his blanket, squeezed over on his side in the chair, presenting his back to Pattinger and leaving the field victorious.

"I am sorry," Pattinger said cheerfully, after the fashion of Robert Montgomery in the motion picture called *Night Must Fall.*

In time, the sun came up, and they saw they were flying over billows and billows of clouds which reminded Pattinger of the cotton candy he used to eat as a boy at Coney Island. And thinking of himself as a boy on the crowded beaches, when he used to wear his bathing suit under his knickers to avoid the locker charge, he wondered for a moment how strange and wonderful it was for him now to be somewhere over Utah, in an airplane, a man of affairs, rushing across the continent in such a great hurry. Today it was Thursday and in another few minutes with the difference in time everybody at the office would be wondering what had happened to Baldy, the Office Boy, and they would be perplexed by the telegram from Chicago. He hoped sincerely that the eighteen girls, including Mildred Mosser, would be so puzzled that they busted. This would give them a new conception of Baldy, the Office Boy, all right.

At the Salt Lake City airport, Pattinger strode briskly into the telegraph room and sent another wire to the girls:

A cloud is a hunk of water floating in the sky. Regards, you slaves in the collection department. George Pattinger, or Baldy, as you put it.

The hostess now came running up to him, out of breath with fear that she had lost him. She explained that the line was proud of the distinguished guests it carried, and would Mr. James Joyce please pose for a photograph?

"Not at all," Pattinger said. "It will be a pleasure."

"Thank you," Miss Edwards said, shy in the presence of the famous. "This must be a big nuisance to you on your travels."

The photographer from the Salt Lake City *Sentinel* posed Pattinger with particular care, since, he explained, he had long been a great admirer of James Joyce's works and hoped some day to write a novel of his own. Off to a side of the field stood the man from Buffalo, glumly watching the proceedings. Now he felt he had been too hasty last night and was on the point of going over and tendering his apologies. But he had his pride. All the same he kept out of sight until the Southern plane left.

On the short hop to Los Angeles, the airplane had to fly over the mountains. This was the part of the trip when Pattinger made it a point not to look out of the windows. He was telling the hostess, a new one—not Flora Edwards—that he was a French diplomat by profession, on a special mission to the Pacific Coast, when he noticed it was getting warm in the plane. The wings of the Boeing went up and down like a seesaw with the different currents that lingered among the peaks. Everything below—the rusty hills, the scraggy, yellow valleys—seemed scorched, a hell, really like an omelet frying in butter.

"Isn't it very warm here?" Pattinger asked pathetically. The girl took pity and overlooked the loss of the French accent. She brought the container and opened the air hole above his head. Pattinger forgot the eighteen girls at Storick, Dorschi, Pflaumer, Inc., including Mildred Mosser, while he was being sick and time stood still.

When they finally reached the airport at Burbank, he found a wicker couch and lay on it for most of the five hours he had to wait until the first express plane East was ready for its flight. Before stumbling on board, however, he found enough energy to send another telegram home:

One thing about the French, they learned a long time ago that black lends anxiety. If it is used right, it is an exciting color. George, or Baldy, as you wish.

He was very tired, dreading the trip over those hills again. Fortunately, the hostess, tipped off by the girl on the plane West, gave him some pills, and he drowsed all the way to Salt Lake City. There was no courage, no resentment, no life in him now. Befuddled, he thought they were hoaxing him when they told him the time had come to make the change for the Chicago plane. But he surrendered weakly to the muzzy haze in his head. He found a seat in the comfortable big Douglas cabin, asked for a blanket, and settled himself in the soft swivel chair, very quiet and dispirited.

What had he needed all this for? He had missed a day at the office, and Mr. Dorschi, in charge of personnel, would add this lapse to the others and probably fire him. He had taken out his two hundred and ninety-four dollars from the bank, the money was all gone, what would he tell his mother when he finally arrived home tomorrow? There was a mysterious lady in the seat across the aisle. She wore a veil and smoked her cigarette provocatively, looking neither right nor left, very much to herself. The

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hostess had given him the Salt Lake City *Sentinel,* which he held lifelessly across his chest while he dozed. It was getting dark, and the stars came out to shine. Inside the plane there wasn't a sound except for the muted roar of the propellers, which, together with the gentle rocking of the Douglas, was somehow comforting. Pattinger slept.

Near midnight, the effect of the pills was beginning to wear off. Pattinger stirred. He discovered the paper in his hand. Glad to find some spirit in him, he switched on the little bulb above his head. On the front page was a two-column picture of him: *James Joyce, Distinguished Novelist, Pays Salt Lake a Visit on His Journey to the Coast.* Life slowly returned. He swiveled his chair, the better to see the lady in the veil. Recalling that Burbank was the airport for Hollywood, Pattinger speculated whether the lady was a movie star, and the longer he looked the more she began to resemble Ginger Rogers. But the lady kept strictly to herself, a manner which now impressed Pattinger as being completely suitable under the circumstances. During the remaining two hours to Chicago, convinced that the girl was really Ginger Rogers, he sat composing dreams in his mind involving himself and the actress, while his scalp tingled pleasurably with the excitement. Warm and drowsy with his reveries, he passed the time without effort and found himself back again in Chicago.

Nor was his soft mood broken here, when taking off for New York a little after two in the morning, a hostess handed out Chicago newspapers which revealed to Pattinger that he was the father of twins. There he was with the lady who worried about the White Russian girls: *Mr. and Mrs. Osmond R. Brussels, of Shanghai, who are flying with their twins to catch the liner for China. Do these babies mind the rigors of aerial transportation? Look for yourself.*

Ginger Rogers, still across the aisle, seemed a little distraught, as if some small thing were wrong, and Pattinger could easily have made this the pretext of an introduction, but he preferred to have the girl make the break first. Besides, the loss of so many hours of sleep these two nights made it hard for him to keep his eyes open for any stretch of time, and it was easier to lie back in his chair and proceed with his scene: They are in a café with modernistic fixtures. Ginger looks tearfully at him with half-closed eyes. "I do not know why you despise me, Gerald," she says. "I don't know why you hate me . . ."

"Could you oblige me with a match?"

Miss Rogers was asking him for a light. As she bent toward him with the cigarette in her lips ready, he could see with regret that she could not be Ginger Rogers. She was very pretty, anyhow, and it pleased him to persist in his belief that she was an actress, allowing himself this luxury since he felt, as he did, so drowsy and irresponsible in his mind.

"But, Madame, of course!" he said. He fumbled eagerly in his pockets, finding no match. He called the hostess, who lit Ginger's cigarette.

"How stupid of me," she murmured.

"Your first flight?" Pattinger asked kindly.

"Yes. I thought I'd fly this time just to see what it was like. It's a bore. I mean, it's not exciting in the least. You can't see anything and don't really appreciate the fact you are in the air."

Pattinger passed his hand over his forehead, and looked into the distance.

"Odd," he said, "that's very odd. The very same words . . ."

"Beg pardon?" Ginger Rogers asked.

"Oh, nothing. A girl I once knew, Marge, used to say the same thing. She was never impressed with flying, had no fear of it. She was a gallant kid. I miss her very much."

"Oh, I see," Ginger said respectfully. "I'm sorry."

"Oh, not at all," Pattinger said, trying to rouse himself from his sleepiness. "You see, I used to be a stunt flyer. Barnstorm around with three, four old crates. Well, Marge was my partner. We would go up a few thousand feet and then she would bail out. She'd fall and fall until she seemed certain to smash to the ground. Then she would pull the rip cord and float down safely under the parachute. It was a daring trick, highly popular at those small Middle Western town fairs we played."

"It must have been a thrilling life," Ginger said. "I can barely imagine it. And then you had an accident?"

"No, not quite," he said, smiling sadly as he stalled for time to clear his head. "I really should not be mentioning it, but, after all, it's all in the dim past now, it's gone and done with. You see, Marge was—how shall I say?—in love with me, and I . . . well, you know how these things can be. It was just one of those things, in our case all the more distressing because we spent so much of our time in close proximity. It was the Fourth of July, in 1932, that Marge made her last appeal to me. 'Can't you care, Nick?' she asked. 'Can't you feel anything?' And I said—no. I shall never forget her words to me then. She said to me, 'Nick,' and she smiled a funny little brave smile all of her own, 'Nick, this is the last performance.' Of course, I hardly knew what she meant. We flew up . . . well, why say more? She never pulled the rip cord. I have never touched a pilot's stick again."

Pattinger leaned back, overcome with sleepiness. Ginger looked at him, unable to make up her mind. Was he kidding or not? He noticed her indecision.

"I know," he sighed, "many people would not believe a story like that. But what is the old saw? Truth is stranger than fiction? I realize that if you put this into a movie or a story, no one would believe it. Well, that is your privilege."

"Why, no," she said. "I can understand what you mean. About truth being stranger than fiction."

"Well, then, you can think I have been lying, although I really don't know why I should go to all the trouble."

"On the contrary," the girl insisted, "I do believe you. I can understand how these things happen."

"No, really," Pattinger mumbled. "That is your privilege." (*continued on page* 96)

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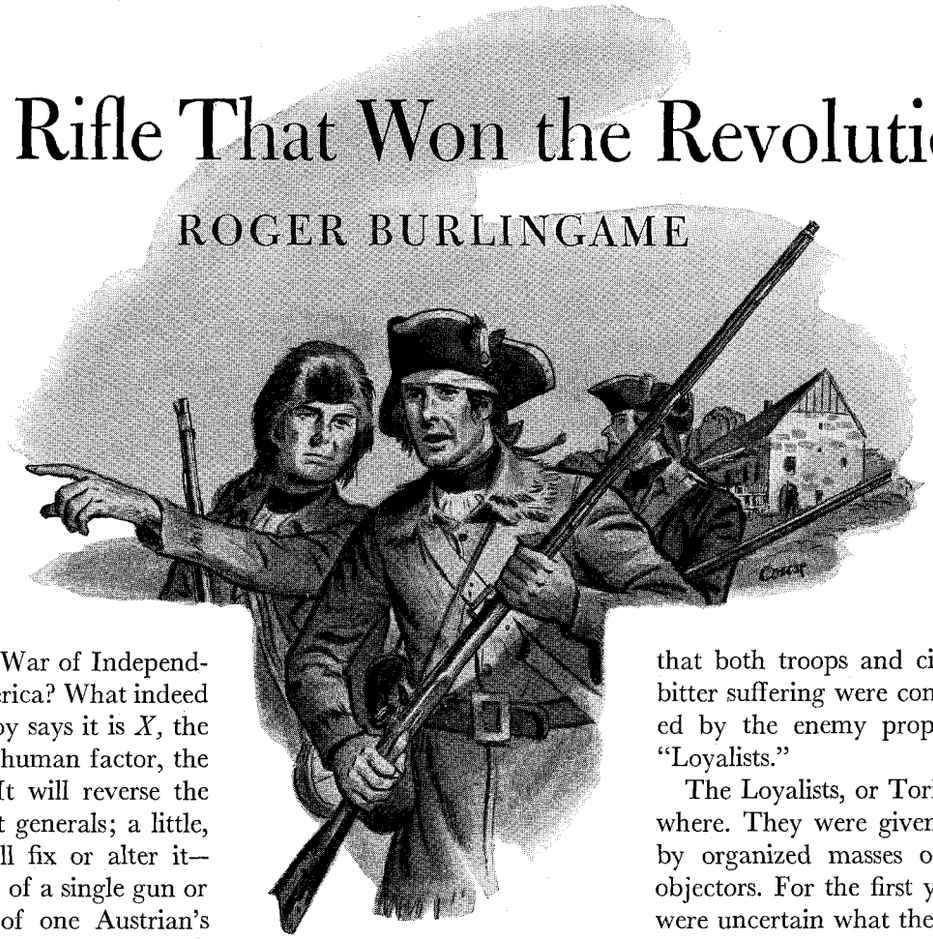
The fourth of a series of articles in which Scribner's is reconstructing memorable fragments from our neglected past in the light of their contemporary meaning

The Rifle That Won the Revolution

ROGER BURLINGAME



DRAWINGS BY EDWIN COUSE

WHAT won the War of Independence for America? What indeed wins any war? Tolstoy says it is *X*, the unknown factor, the human factor, the spirit of the army. It will reverse the longest plans of great generals; a little, unexpected thing will fix or alter it—the failure, in a crisis, of a single gun or heart. The turning of one Austrian's stomach at the sudden sight of a glaring Frenchman determined the Battle of Austerlitz. But as we study the American Revolution, there seems to be an endless chain of such failures; in fact, looking at it across the progress of invention in the intervening years, the whole affair seems so disparate and chaotic that we find it difficult to think of it as a war at all. The patrioteer mythology has been exploded, and our adult view need no longer be deflected by a conviction that all Colonials were heroes and all Britons cowards or rascals. But the more we know, the more miraculous the victory becomes.

We know, for instance, that the loyalty of American troops was haphazard, to say the least; that many of them were bribed to fight; that they deserted in wholesale lots; that they were, at the start at least, independent units, casual toward discipline and toward their officers (whom they elected themselves), more interested in agriculture than in their cause and, on the whole, vague as to what the cause was. We know, further, that there was no recognized central political authority; that the Continental Congress was at odds with the provincial congresses; that most of the troops were starved and nearly naked; and that both troops and civilians in their bitter suffering were continually tempted by the enemy propaganda of the "Loyalists."

The Loyalists, or Tories, were everywhere. They were given silent support by organized masses of conscientious objectors. For the first year, the troops were uncertain what they were fighting for. Many thought they were fighting for a bonus or "bounty," as it was called. The army changed its personnel every few months when the short enlistments ran out or the harvest called. Even officers resigned, sometimes on the eve of battle.

Meanwhile, in the camps, the specters of malaria, smallpox, dysentery, scurvy, and pneumonia stalked continually. The wounded died of their gangrene on the field rather than prolong life in a fetid hospital that was half morgue. On the roads, supplies failed in the mud; meat and bread putrified in forgotten dumps; emergency food was held up by price-jacking farmers; shoes and clothing remained on paper in the journals of Congress. Soldiers on forced marches bound their bare feet in strips of blanket and left red trails in the sunset. When men entered a town, the women and children turned away from their indecent nakedness, while Tories and enemy soldiers jeered at their filth and lice. Yet, evidently, they won.

Historians differ as to the reason for the miracle. Was it the uncanny genius of their general? Was it his magnetism, drawing into the hollow of his hand the frayed particles of his army whenever he touched them? Was it his cold, tactical plotting or his certainty, at every instant,

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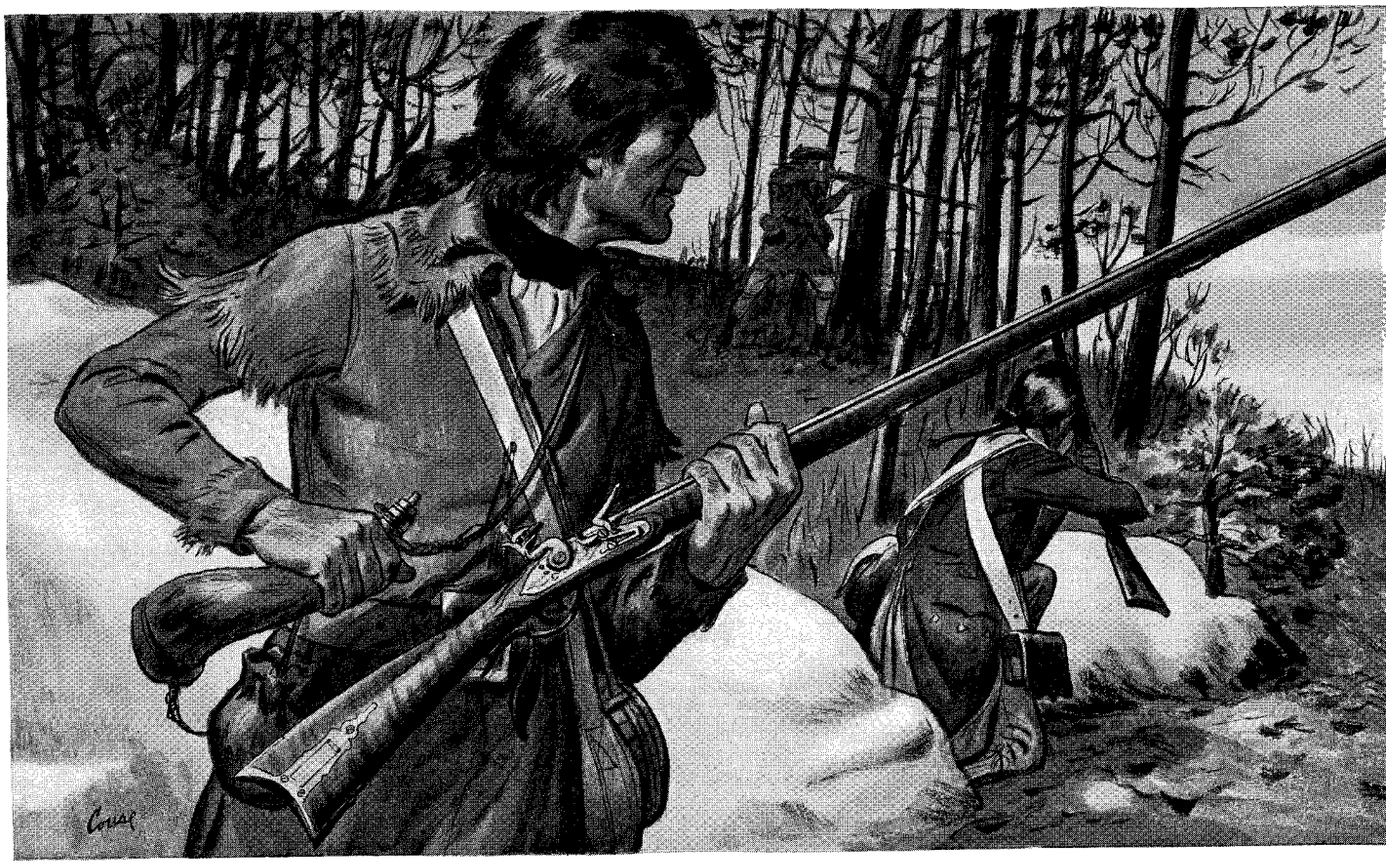
of his enemy's temper? Was it the incompatibility of the Redcoats to a stone-wall and rail-fence warfare? Was it their numerical inferiority, not compensated by their better discipline? Was the cause lost in England, where it was demonstrably unpopular? Was the War, perhaps, won on the sea, where the hope of tangible wealth from privateer plunder was a surer inducement to the Yankee sailors than the bonuses of Continental money offered their soldier countrymen? Was it the late aid of Lafayette or the stern "system" of Steuben? There are many schools. No doubt there were many reasons.

The most interesting is a technical one. It may be too much to say that the Pennsylvania rifle was solely responsible for the winning of the War. But there is, scattered among the records, so much evidence of its importance that, when all is gathered together, we can scarcely believe that the victory could have been gained without it.



Here is one of the most romantic twists that history ever took—that a simple invention—or refinement—was the decisive factor in the establishment of the Republic. Four score and seven years later the Union was saved by a superior gun in the hands of the Northern troops. But where the importance of better equipment in the Civil War is generally recognized, few people even know that there was such a thing as the Pennsylvania rifle.

II

THE rifling of firearms was not an American invention. The Pennsylvania rifle was. It was the truest kind of American invention, the certain product of an American culture. It had been forced upon its inventors by a primary necessity: the need to live, remotely, in a wilderness. It had been peculiarly adapted through trial, error, and skill until it had become a new thing. There was nothing like it in the world.

The principle of the rifle was very old. The ancient makers of the crossbow had found that a missile could be hurled farther and straighter if it had a rotary motion, at right angles to its line of flight, making its final result a spiral—if, so to speak, it were *screwed into the air*. A Viennese, Gaspard Kollner, in 1500, actually worked the idea into the bore of a gun. He is said to have made grooves in the barrel to make the ball fit better and thus save the gases from explosion. They were straight grooves; the lead ball being larger than the bore, it was squashed into the grooves and so took the exact shape of the grooved barrel, leaving no room for gas to pass it, and thus the ball took the full force of the explosion. According to the unlikely story, this skilled gunsmith made a mistake one day and got his grooves twisted.

At any rate the new gun worked. The trajectory of the ball was flatter, the ball went farther, it came nearer hitting the target than balls shot out of smooth-bore guns. From a study of firearms in 1500 we may assume that if Kollner's new gun hit a Viennese barn door at fifty paces, a triumph had been scored. At any rate, his rifle became celebrated, and its fame spread to Germany and Switzerland; by the seventeenth century there were rifles in both

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these countries. By the eighteenth century there were military corps of riflemen in Germany called Jaegers. Battles were fought at close grips, and the rifles of the Jaegers were, perhaps, a trifle better, because of their inaccurate grooving, than the smooth-bore pieces of the adversary. Under these conditions, there was scarcely any improvement in rifles from the days of Kollner to the opening years of the eighteenth century.

III

In those years a large number of Swiss and Palatine Germans came to America to escape the miseries of religious persecution and political oppression. Most of them settled in Pennsylvania, where, through some odd perversion of language, their descendants are "Pennsylvania Dutch." Many of them were artisans, some were gunsmiths. The best of the gunsmiths helped settle the

town of Lancaster and near-by villages. They must have been great men. We have some of their names: Leman, Terree, Struzel, Allbright, Tolecht, Lefevre, and Henry, but the records of their lives seem to have been lost along with the trees. It is a pity. Our nation is a monument to the skill of their patient hands. We have glimpses of a few: one of the Rossers, who made a .40-caliber piece in 1739, and a William Henry, whose son carried his "firelock" to Quebec and immortalized the family in his diary. But the gunsmiths had no thought of winning American freedom. They made their guns so that their fellows might eat.

Lancaster was close to the frontier. A frontier makes men restless and at the same time reduces them to the most primitive means of subsistence—hunting their food. Game was plentiful, and most of the men hunted it. They hunted and explored at the same time. Their long wanderings made special demands for equipment.

Powder and shot had to be carried by the hunter. He must carry enough to keep him on his journey. As the length of wandering increased, more shot had to be carried. It was necessary, therefore, that it be as light as possible and that it be not wasted. For the ball to be light, the bore of the gun must be small. To conserve the balls, the gun must be accurate. Every shot must make a hit. As the game was small, the demand for an accurate weapon was great.

The gunsmiths set to work. By patient experiment, they decreased the bore, lengthened the barrel, and made the spiral rifling more and more effective. By 1739, one of the Rossers of Lancaster had made a rifle whose statistics are interesting. It fired a round ball .32 inches in diameter weighing 49 grains. The charge was 22 grains of black powder. The average velocity over 53 feet was 1305 feet per second. The muzzle velocity was 1483 feet —something under a quarter-mile—per second. The muzzle energy was 239 foot-pounds. At 100 yards, the velocity dropped to 850 feet per second and the energy to 79 foot-pounds. Townsend Whelen tells us that "they were about as accurate as our ordinary rifles of today, up to 100 yards."

The rifle moved out of Pennsylvania to the frontiers of New York and Virginia. By the time of the Revolution, it had got, occasionally, into the hands of the "Green Mountain Boys" of Vermont. It could be found almost anywhere in the Allegheny foothills. It was used in warfare against Louisburg. The English could have seen it there and experimented with it, but the English were conservative.

Yet all this time, it seems not to have reached the coast of the Colonies. In any case, it was unknown in Massachusetts, where the War began. The Minutemen of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill were still using the smooth-bore musket—the "Brown Bess" imported from England, a short, heavy, clumsy, hard-kicking, short-ranged, enormous-bored piece—or they used the indifferent and varying copies of it made by their local gunsmiths.

IV

The musket had a flintlock or, as it was commonly and even officially called, a "firelock" mechanism. The lock holding a flint was pulled back in cocking; in firing, it descended on the steel "battery," causing a spark to ignite the priming powder in the "pan," and the priming ignited the charge which had been rammed in the barrel. The invention of the "cartridge" (probably French) had somewhat simplified the loading. The cartridge was a paper roll, tied at the ends, containing powder and ball. The soldier bit off the tied end of the cartridge, sprinkled powder on the pan, poured the rest down the barrel with

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the ball on top of it, and then rammed the cartridge paper down with a hickory ramrod to hold the load in and confine it. When bayonets had been fixed, the ramming was a difficult and perilous job. Ordinarily, a good soldier could load and fire four or five times a minute. The ball did not fit the bore. Only the cartridge wad kept it from rolling about. The ball tended to spin in a plane parallel to that of the trajectory, instead of with the screwing motion of the rifle bullet. These guns were not sighted; they were hardly aimed. A hit at 60 yards was an accident.

The British were trained to march in close ranks, as near as possible to the enemy, and fire a volley. At Bunker Hill these ranks marched again and again up to the American earthworks with amazing discipline and courage. The earthworks protected the reloading of the American muskets. Nothing protected the British.

There are stories told of the great marksmanship of the Americans at Bunker Hill. Perhaps these have been confused with the later stories of riflemen. The Americans at Bunker Hill could hardly have been good marksmen with the weapons they had, though probably they were better than the British. The British depended on a volley to hit something. The Americans were more accustomed to individual shooting, and they were protected by the earthworks while their targets moved up. The British won a complete victory at Bunker Hill, but their enormous losses encouraged the Colonials. The battle was ended for the Massachusetts men when their powder gave out.

V

Colonel George Washington was, at this time, already a veteran soldier. He was, also, a Virginian, and, incidentally, a surveyor and explorer. He knew the frontier. He had seen the mountain boys, seen them at their hunting, fired their rifles. When it became apparent that he was to be given high command, he knew at once that it was on these people he must rely. He sent to the frontier towns to recruit them. In a contemporary newspaper, we may read of their eagerness:

"A correspondent informs us that one of the gentlemen appointed to command a company of riflemen, to be raised in one of the frontier counties of Pennsylvania, had so many applications from the people in his neighborhood, to be enrolled for the service, that a greater number presented than his instructions permitted him to engage, and being unwilling to give offence to any, thought of the following expedient. He, with a piece of chalk, drew on a board the figure of a nose of the common size, which he placed at the distance of one hundred and fifty yards, declaring that those who should come nearest the mark should be enlisted. Sixty-odd hit the object.—General Gage, take care of your nose."

General Gage was at Boston at the moment, commanding British regulars. We have no record that he read the *Gazette's* warning. To him the Colonials were still contemptible, as indeed they were to all good British soldiers. Their Brown Bess was designed to kill men; they knew nothing of a firearm designed to kill a jumping squirrel on a treetop—no doubt they would have laughed at such an invention had they heard of it. But the Pennsylvania riflemen were already on the march to Cambridge.

Washington took command of the army there. They must have been a strange, random-looking lot with their farmers' clothes, their muskets, snatched from the fireplaces, different in size and shape, each bearing the mark of a proud village artisan—a few, perhaps, heirloom weapons from England. But geographically, those troops were well arranged. They held the town of Boston, where British headquarters were located, in a state of siege. Washington waited.

There were rumors abroad. John Adams had written to his wife of the vote of the Second Continental Congress to raise ten companies of Southern riflemen, and, Adams had to explain—"a peculiar kind of musket called a rifle."

They arrived in August. Washington held a review of his troops on Cambridge Common. It was a gala parade. Farmers, their wives, and their children came from the surrounding country to see the show. British spies crept out from Boston to watch it. Some of them were recognized. Washington gave quiet orders to let them in—the more the better.

There were some fourteen hundred riflemen there—spare, rangy lads, we may imagine, with the independent manners of the western wilderness. Uncouth they were, no doubt, in their long, fringed hunting shirts, with their small-clothes tight round their legs under leather leggings. They stood, their gunstocks resting on the ground, one hand around the longest barrel anyone in Cambridge had ever seen. We may imagine the small boys at the edge of the crowd pointing at these strange, long, slender—incredibly slender—barrels; the farmers laughing and spitting with Yankee scorn.

A rifleman, far out on the Common, drove into the ground a row of poles seven inches in diameter. He then paced away from the poles. A few people in the crowd understood what he was doing; they told the others, and the people began to count. Fifty—now he would stop. . . . No! A hundred. No gun in the world could hit a seven-inch pole at a hundred yards unless by accident. But the man was going on. A hundred and fifty. Two hundred. The farmers were openly laughing. The rifleman stopped at two hundred and fifty paces, and the boys with the hunting shirts slouched negligently out to where he stood.

We may suppose that orders were given and indifferently obeyed. The new recruits were raw enough in discipline; perhaps, coming from the wild lands, they were defiant, choosing their own way of handling their weapons. The crowd watched them, uproarious; the pacer had made a mistake; the boys would bluff it out. No gun could *carry* two hundred and fifty paces.

It is doubtful if the shots rang out in unison. The riflemen aimed and took their time over it. There was no command "aim!" in the manual. But the shots hit the poles; they were destroyed before the firing stopped.

If there is a record of what the generals in Boston said when the British spies got back, we have not encountered

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it. We know that Howe wrote home, later, about the "terrible guns of the rebels." One historian says that Howe eventually offered a reward for the capture of a rifleman "complete with shooting iron." At any rate he was taken at Quebec—"a tall and handsome Virginian" by the name of Merchant. In a few days Merchant—hunting shirt and all—was sent to England, where he gave exhibitions. They were intended to show the English what formidable antagonists the British army had in America and so to stimulate recruiting.

They had precisely the opposite effect. There was already doubt in England as to the desirability of this colonial war. Englishmen had little enough desire to save these recalcitrant and stubborn colonies three thousand miles away. When they saw the possibility of being killed at two hundred and fifty yards by a hidden marksman, they soon lost the rest.

As a result the English were obliged to engage foreign mercenaries. The likeliest troops to combat the riflemen seemed to be the German Jaegers, who had rifles of their own. But their obsolete pieces were no match for the Pennsylvania rifle. Out of some thirty thousand mercenaries sent over, five thousand deserted. The bargain, as Greene says, was "quite unique in its infamy and degradation." It profoundly damaged the English cause; the spirit of the American army was helped by American anger against it.

It is possible that mercenaries might have been engaged whether or not the Pennsylvania rifle had been invented. But it is certain that fewer would have been sent in the early years and that fear of American marksmanship pointed the choice of the so-called Hessians.

VI

We have already seen what the musketman had to do before he could fire. The rifleman's job was slower and more difficult (the rifle, which should have followed breech-loading, in practice actually preceded it). In the old German rifles the lead ball had to be hammered into the barrel with an iron ramrod and a mallet. The Pennsylvanians improved on this method with the greased patch. After the powder had been poured in from the palm of the hand (where it had been measured from the powder horn), a round, greased patch of cloth was placed over the muzzle. The bullet was placed over this and pushed into the muzzle by the thumb. It was then pushed down by the hickory ramrod, which had a concave end to fit the bullet. The grease from the patch made this easier. When the bullet rested on the powder, it was hit with the ramrod—the word was "wang"—until it fitted the grooves. Major Whelen says that this could be done by a skillful rifleman in thirty seconds. This was more than twice the time it took a skillful musketman to load his piece. So we should be led to believe that the superior range and accuracy of the rifle must have been nullified by the difficulty of loading it. But we are counting without the ingenuity of the frontiersman who, in his necessity, invented a new kind of war—as important as his new kind of rifle.

If the European tactics had been followed, no doubt the rifleman would have been beaten. In the early skirmishes, the enemy was upon him with bayonets before he could reload. So the rifleman invented sniping, shooting from distant cover—trees, bushes, walls, ambushes. His guerrilla warfare became the despair of the disciplined, methodical Redcoat. The British frequently complained of the "savage" methods of the Colonials. Marching along a road in fine military order and cadence, it must have been horrible to have a half-naked enemy in his long, frayed hunting shirt, his breeches probably long since torn to shreds, loom up behind an unexpected bush out of reach of Brown Bess and fire his deadly bullet. By the time an order to charge him could be given and executed, he had vanished; somewhere in the underbrush he was quietly reloading and he would reappear presently in another quarter to pick his man again.

The British learned such horror of these apparitions that Washington decided to clothe all his army in hunting shirts. "The General," reads the order, ". . . earnestly encourages the use of Hunting Shirts, with long Breeches, made of the same Cloth—it is a dress justly supposed to carry no small terror to the enemy who think every such person a complete Marksman."

VII

It was very largely this terror which broke the British morale—the unknown factor, Tolstoy's *X*, the spirit of an army. There were enough other matters to wear down the spirit of the Colonials. But they had Washington and they had numbers. They had, too, a cause, individually felt and, by the time the tide turned, universally understood. Their cause, of course, was the cause of freedom. But it was the cause, also, of the frontier, won by the rifle, cherished inch by inch as it was gained by the rifleman. He had already stood at its outposts, seen the immensity of its horizons. There he could invent a new world. The awe of it was deep and secret in his heart.

The tide turned at Trenton. The persistence of Washington's idea in conflict with storm and ice and night, the march of exhausted men into blinding sleet—"in good order," it is insistently proved against all reason—is no part of this narrative. But that the troops finally captured a town of drunken Hessians is, indeed, part of the story of the rifle. The homesick Germans can hardly be blamed for their Christmas indiscretion. Their guns, for which they were bought, had long since failed against weapons never meant for war but for the hunting of game in American forests.

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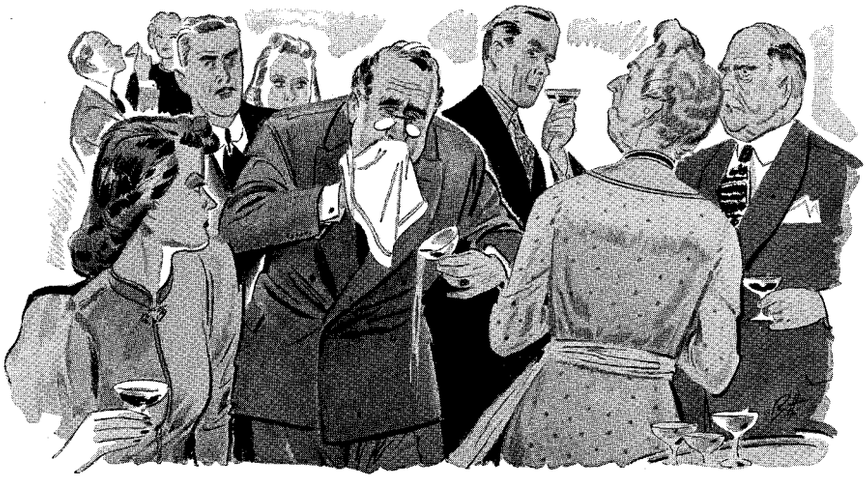


Are You Allergic?

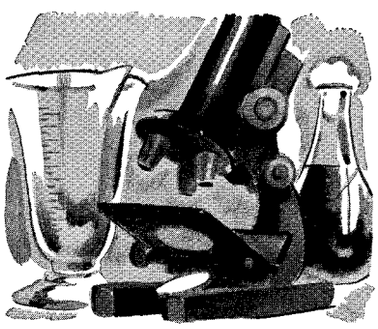
ROLAND H. BERG

DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

It's smart to be allergic, but not much fun, and the latest research work serves only to deepen this medical mystery

A FEW YEARS ago it was fashionable to talk about one's operation. Having one's tonsils out would do, but it was considered much more cultured to have an appendectomy. But that was yesterday, and fashions in diseases change. Today, if you remark casually at the cocktail hour that you are allergic, you immediately become the object of solicitude and envy, and the conversation moves forward at a brisk pace. It's smart to be allergic.

Every day new members are being added to this select fraternity—and rightly so, for no one knows quite who is allergic and who is not. Medical men, awed by the alarming increase in the number of allergic people, are redoubling their efforts, but they cheerfully admit that they *know* practically nothing. As new evidence is uncovered, old theories are discarded, and what was so proudly hailed as yesterday's certainty is confounded by today's truth.



Have you ever stood before a beautiful painting and felt a lump form in your throat? Has an eloquent passage in a book of verse suddenly brought tears to your eyes? Yesterday, you would have nodded and sighed, "I'm so receptive to Art." Today, you hurry off to see your doctor. You must be allergic to book dust, or oil paint, or canvas or *something*.

Allergy may be defined as a sensitivity to a substance that is harmless to most individuals. The word was coined in 1905, but it is only in the past few years that it has become generally understood. The classic example of the allergic person is the hay-fever sufferer. All summer long we see him, handkerchief in hand, red-eyed, sneezing and sniffling. A modest estimate of the number of persons who suffer with the seasonal type of hay fever is in the neighborhood of three million, but the number of persons whose allergic symptoms are other than those of true hay fever may number upwards of five million.

The substances that can produce an allergy comprise nearly everything that man eats or comes in contact with. To what extent this statement can be taken, consider this incident. A married man suffered periodic attacks of asthma. He had studied his condition microscopically and realizing the fact that his attacks only occurred in the presence of his mother-in-law, he blandly stated to his amazed doctor the belief that he was allergic to his mother-in-law. His doctor disagreed—but there are medical men who believe that he was not at all outside the realm of possibility. Body emanations, slight though they are, *might* be guilty.

The most common substances producing allergic symptoms are the pollens of trees, grasses, and weeds, foods, and the dust and dander arising from such things as pillows, bedding, and animals. Various drugs and medicines can cause irritations, and now we know that heat and cold and the very sunshine that means health to most people may be poison to the allergic person.

Any subject that has sprung so rapidly into public consciousness is bound to be full of misconceptions and phobias. Take hay fever; the very name is a misnomer—for it produces no fever and is seldom caused by hay. The pollen chiefly responsible for hay fever is ragweed. Another fraud is the person who very snobbishly says, "Oh, I haven't hay fever. I have rose fever." Roses almost never cause hay fever. His symptoms are usually produced by the pollens of weeds and grasses such as timothy, red top, and clover that pollinate at the same time as the innocuous rose. Only pollens which are wind-borne produce hay fever. The pollens of cultivated flowers are heavy, and are carried off to other flowers by the feet of insects and birds. The pollens of the lowly weeds of the field are light so that the wind can pick them up and whirl them miles away before depositing them into the snug sanctuary of an allergic nose.

Only those who have suffered with hay fever can appreciate to what ends one will go to look for comfort. Some time ago, a Broadway columnist casually mentioned in his reportings that he knew of a new cure. His office was flooded with telephone calls and letters. In bewildered self-defense, he published the panacea: horse-radish! Now horse-radish is a grand condiment, but as a cure for hay fever—hardly. The sharp pungent odor would only further irritate an already weeping mucous membrane.

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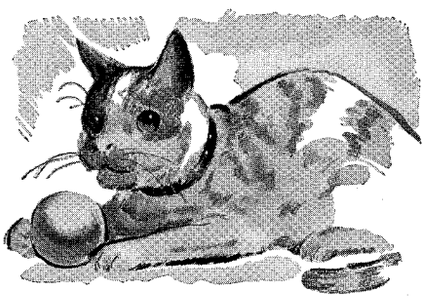
It is astonishing with what zeal allergics approach their problems. They may strip their homes of rugs, draperies, and curtains—anything that could conceivably give rise to any dander or dust. A young divorcée, who had received a magnificent financial settlement, recently set herself up in a Park Avenue apartment. Money meant nothing, and the apartment became almost a museum, with its rich draperies, Oriental rugs, heavily overstuffed couches, tapestries, and any bit of bric-a-brac that caught her fancy. She loved it—but began to sniffle and then to sneeze. Allergic tests showed she was sensitive to dust, and her physician advised her to furnish her home in simple style. All dust collectors must go. Walls and windows were stripped of heavy brocade. Deep rugs were replaced by inlaid linoleum. The overstuffed furniture was removed and leather couches and straight chairs substituted. The divorcée gazed sadly on the simple room which seemed to her like a Vermont barn . . . but she had stopped sneezing.

The methods used to determine what substances are producing your symptoms are simple—the most widely practiced method being the Scratch Test. A series of small scratches is made on the flexor surface of the arm, the back, or the thigh. Into each of these scratches is rubbed the concentrated extract of the suspected substance. If, in the next thirty minutes, one of the scratches begins to puff up like a mosquito bite, the doctor rejoices. He has a positive reaction and he knows what it is that is causing the discomfort. Allergics are usually sensitive to more than one substance. With the scratch method he can be tested at one sitting for as many as a hundred items.



In the Intradermal Test the suspected extracts are injected under the skin. The reaction is more pronounced and severe. There is danger also in this method, for if the individual is injected with many specimens and reacts positively to all, he will develop marked allergic symptoms and will be in severe discomfort. For this reason, only a few suspected extracts are injected at a time.

There is a third and less widely used method called the Patch or Contact Test. This is employed where it is not feasible to obtain a concentrated extract of the suspected item. For instance, a doctor wishes to test his patient with the dust from his office or house, or a piece of velvet that the patient wears. A small amount of the material is placed in direct contact with the arm and covered with a light bandage. The area is inspected the next day for a reaction.

All these methods require the skilled services of a physician and usually a specialist who calls himself an allergist. But there is a test that can be employed by the patient himself. This we can call the Deduction Method or Sherlock Holmes Test.

Let us suppose that our unhappy individual suffers periodically from the hives. He must carefully list every item of food that he uses from day to day. When the hives appear, he immediately scans that list and notes what foods he ate in the previous twenty-four hours. These go on the suspected list. Let him refrain from eating any of those for the next few days, or until his hives have wearied themselves and their host and have temporarily retreated. It is then opportune to select one food at a time from the suspected list and add it to the general diet. He continues this procedure until the hives reappear. Then he will know what food is his enemy.

After the patient has been tested and the various substances that produce his symptoms discovered, his troubles really begin. Whether or not it is smart to be allergic seldom interests him. He wants something done and done quickly. There are two choices open to the sufferer: first, remove the cause and, second, desensitize. The first method can best be illustrated by an actual occurrence. An executive of a paper concern was in the office of his physician.

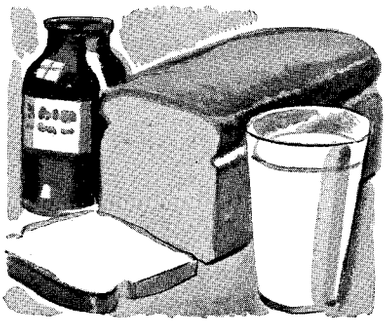
"Doctor, if I don't stop this sneezing and sniffling, I'll go mad."

"Well, how often do you get these attacks?"

"That's the mystifying part about it. I feel grand all day at the office and yet, as soon as I get home, that nose of mine gets going and I'll have no peace the rest of the evening."

"Your physical examination reveals nothing. You are in good health. Let us make some tests. There is a possibility you are allergic. Just roll up your sleeve and we'll make a few scratches."

At the end of an hour, the doctor was through with the test and minutely examining the patient's arm. One scratch looked as though a giant mosquito had dined on the spot.



"You are extremely sensitive to orris root—one of the ingredients in most face powders. It is also sometimes used in tooth powder and pastes and some soaps. Your history, combined with your extreme sensitivity to this substance, explains your trouble. Tell your wife to use a face powder containing no orris root, and you will stop sneezing."

The doctor was right.

The second method of treating allergies is to desensitize. That consists in giving small but increasing injections of the substance to which the individual is sensitive. This increases the resistance of the patient to that substance to the point where normal contact with the material will no longer bother him.

Not long ago a workingman was seated before the doctor at one of the large hospitals in New York. He was sorely troubled by periodic attacks of hives. They were most severe during the hours when he was at work, as a baker. Armed with this information, the doctor proceeded with the usual Scratch Test. In a short time, two of the scratches had swollen to enormous size. The offending substances were rye and wheat flour. To tell the baker to stay away from rye and wheat flour would remove his only means of livelihood. It was, therefore, decided to give him injections of rye and wheat flour extracts to develop his immunity to these substances. His hives disappeared.

Most cases require more detective work. For instance, the woman who came in to a physician's office with a severe gastric upset. There seemed to be no cause for such a severe disturbance until, during prolonged questioning, she remarked that the painters were redecorating her apartment. Skin tests showed she was allergic to flaxseed, an ingredient of paint. She stayed away from her apartment and lived with friends until the paint was absolutely dry. Her symptoms vanished in a few days.

Not long ago, a couple moved from

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a city flat to an old house in the country. The wife loved the rambling rooms and huge open fireplaces. For months life was delightful, then she began to have asthmatic attacks which continued throughout the winter. Series of tests with foods, pollens, and danders revealed nothing, but the allergist was a resourceful man. Setting up an intricate apparatus in his office, he was able to prepare a solution of wood smoke. When the woman was tested with this substance, the tiny scratch swelled up, and she suffered an acute asthmatic seizure. There was no choice. She could no longer sit before the open fire. She could either go back to a steam-heated apartment or install steam heat in the country house—which she did.

Here is another type of allergy. A middle-aged woman had suffered intestinal upsets for a number of years. Several doctors had diagnosed her complaint as chronic appendicitis. One night a severe attack occurred. She was rushed to the hospital and had her appendix removed. To everyone's dismay, it was not diseased. Later she underwent a series of food tests. She proved allergic to milk and wheat. Special diets eliminating these foods afforded complete relief. A number of such cases have occurred, to the embarrassment of the surgeons. However, in fairness to them, it should be emphasized that accepted opinion is to follow ordinary surgical diagnosis and treatment where acute abdominal symptoms might be explained as allergic.

A young man who had been vacationing at a mountain lake resort noticed certain peculiar blisters on his face and arms. His doctor, knowing that the young man's family had a history of allergy, proceeded on the supposition of a sensitivity. Exposure of the patient to a spectrum which broke the rays of the sun revealed that the man reacted normally to the ultra-violet rays, but showed marked sensitivity to the infrared rays. The patient could hardly believe the result, but protecting himself from exposure to the sun relieved his skin eruption.

Wives, hostesses, and cooks are complaining bitterly about the type of allergic who can eat any food *singly* with perfect safety, but when certain *combinations* are placed before him develops a dreadful attack of asthma. These cases are not common, but they do occur.

For those whose allergy consists mainly in susceptibility to pollens, great help is offered through air conditioning. This process that cleans, filters, and washes the air rids it of all dust and pollens. It means absolute relief to hay-fever sufferers. However, the cost of such apparatus is still too high for some people —which may explain the popularity of air-conditioned movies during the hot summer months. It might also explain the far-sightedness of an intrepid manufacturer who has placed on the market a very ingenious device. It is the personal air filter that is worn much like a dog muzzle!

Nobody knows *why* people become allergic. The only certain thing that is known about allergy is that it is not contagious. But there is what is known as an "allergic tendency." It is usually a familial trait, and although the same disease is not inherited, the tendency to develop any of the allergies is present. This fact may some day place a stumbling block in the matrimonial plans of some young man. Suppose the object of his affections is allergic. Can he place his future offspring in jeopardy to hay fever or hives? Love being what it is, he probably will take a chance.

This nationwide consciousness of allergy is remarkably stimulating to commerce. Businessmen have found in allergic people a highly receptive market. Cosmetic companies stress non-allergic products; manufacturers produce specially prepared coverings for pillows and bedding; and food companies concentrate their efforts to produce food substitutes for those sensitive to milk, rye, wheat, and eggs.

Recent research has answered a few of the questions which have long puzzled physicians, but most of them are still unanswered. There are a few basic things known—that is all. It was formerly believed that chronic infections and anatomical defects might be important in lowering the natural resistance of the person, thus exposing him to the possibility of becoming allergic. This view is not held in much regard now, although some cases of allergies have developed after chronic focal infections. Much relief can be obtained as a matter of treatment, if such things as sinusitis, polyps, and deviated septums are carefully treated.

Medical science is endeavoring to learn the "why" of allergy. Many hospitals have departments of allergy that, in addition to routine testing and treatment, carry on research work. An interesting sidelight on this work has been the recent establishment of what might be called a "Medical Detective Bureau." The New York Post-Graduate Hospital has organized a branch of its social service workers as trained investigators. Their job is to go into the patient's home and search out the possible allergic clues hidden there.

The Harvard Medical School is making careful comparisons in types of reactions between known human responses and those artificially produced in guinea pigs. One peculiar result of these tests is the fact that a person who is allergic to two substances such as milk and eggs will show only moderate reaction when given equal portions of the two foods. But let him take only the one—either milk or egg—in a double portion and his reaction will be twice as severe.

At Washington University in St. Louis, investigators are following the popular "chemical imbalance" theory. This is a study in the chemical changes in blood and tissue that take place during an allergic upset. A number of medical men believe that allergy will be eventually cured by treatment with some substance that will maintain at all times a chemical balance in the body. Other investigators are studying the effect of lack of vitamins as a possible source of allergy. There is enough evidence to prove some relationship, but just how important is problematical. Opinion is divided as to the value of certain diets, especially those rich in calcium.

One of the more popular theories that is rapidly growing in professional favor blames the endocrine glands—or so-called "ductless glands." Some of the most important are the pituitary, thyroid, thymus, and adrenal glands. There are reasons why the medical profession is now studying these glands in relation to allergy. One is that the pituitary gland is composed embryologically of the same basic tissue that forms the mucous membrane of the nose. As it is the nose that is affected most often in allergies, the implication is easily understood. Another reason is the proved fact that most severe allergic symptoms are relieved by the injection of epinephrine —a substance manufactured from the adrenal gland.

There is much work to be done before any hope for a basic cure can be encouraged, but the future is not without cheer. At least allergy is being recognized as a great economic evil as well as an inexhaustible source of cocktail conversation. It has attracted the widespread efforts of medical research institutions, and time must add knowledge that will eventually solve the riddle.

It would be awful to have to go on like this. Knowing what we do, we can never be sure, when we tingle at the sight of a loved one, whether the tingle springs from the Great Emotion—or is just another allergy.

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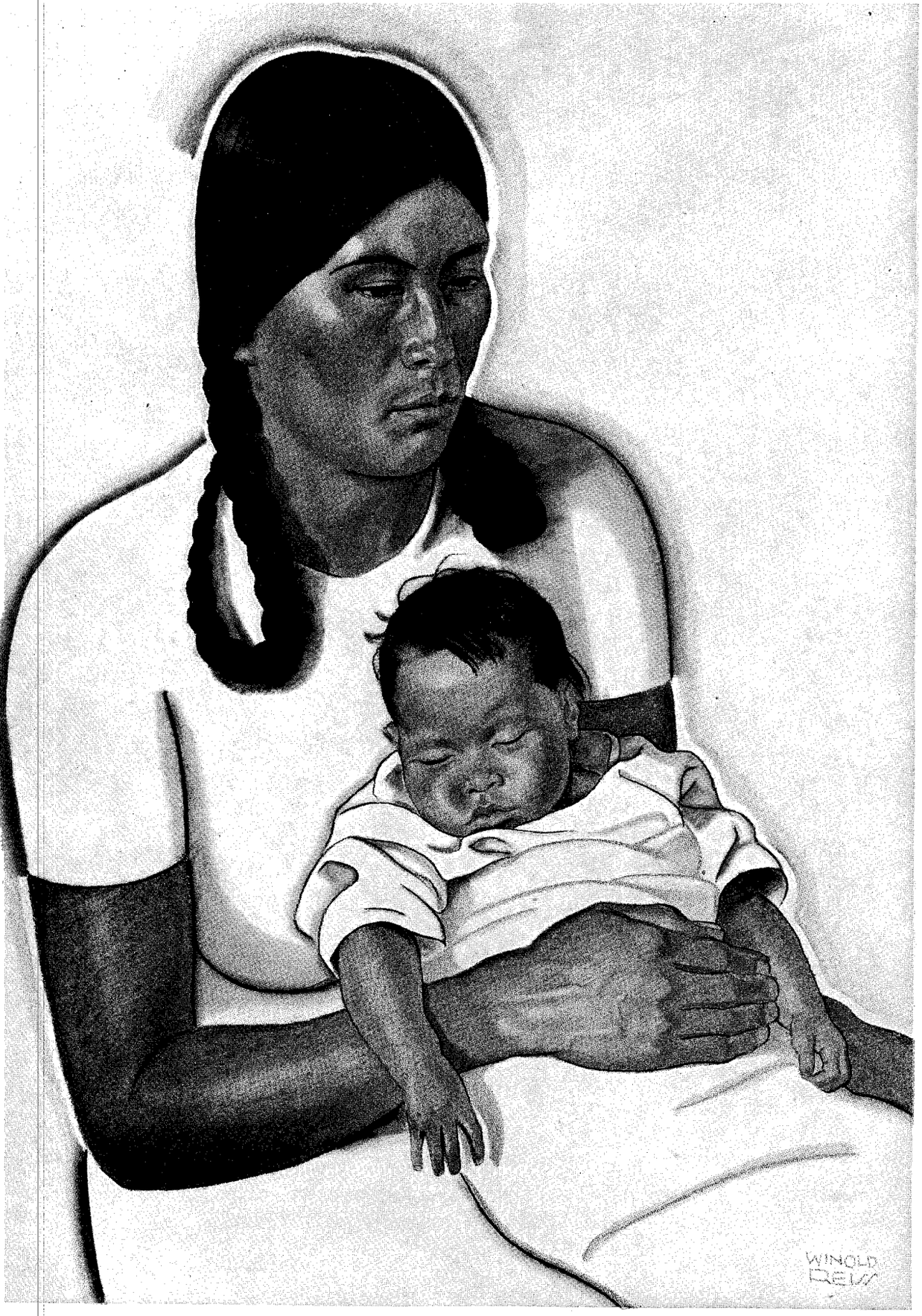

A PORTFOLIO

of portraits depicting the historic Blackfeet Indians. About two hundred years ago these tribes came out of the North and settled on the plains of Montana. They were a strong, hostile race until the encroaching white man turned them into peaceful farmers. Here is the modern Indian as portrayed by

WINOLD REISS

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The Indian woman on the preceding page is Akaoaski (Egg-Face) with her child Otchkoisepestaki (Yellow Owl Woman). The two braves directly above are Katoamachkaoa (No Runner) and Emoyesokazimi (Hairy Coat); at right is Omachksistamekch (Big Bull). On the opposite page—upper right—is Akastzeksenaki (Many Snake Woman) and, below, her sister Natokiochkome (Hauling Twice). The old man at lower left is Acotaoa (Shot on Both Sides), Chief.

When Winold Reiss arrived in New York in 1913, the first thing he wanted to know was where he could go for a week end to paint Indians. The New Yorkers laughed at him and explained that the nearest redskins were a five-day journey westward. They were wrong; there were nine Indian reservations right in New York State. It turned out that Reiss, born and educated in Germany, knew more about the American Indians than did the Americans, and it also turned out that Reiss was to paint the redmen more successfully than had most American artists. Reiss's interest in Indians goes back to his boyhood. Under the tutelage of his father, Fritz Reiss, and later at the Royal Academy in Munich, he studied the life and art of the American aborigines. The subject fascinated him, and he read all the Indian lore he could lay hands on. In 1913 he left Germany and came to study the Indians at first-hand. For six years, he remained in New York, establishing himself commercially.

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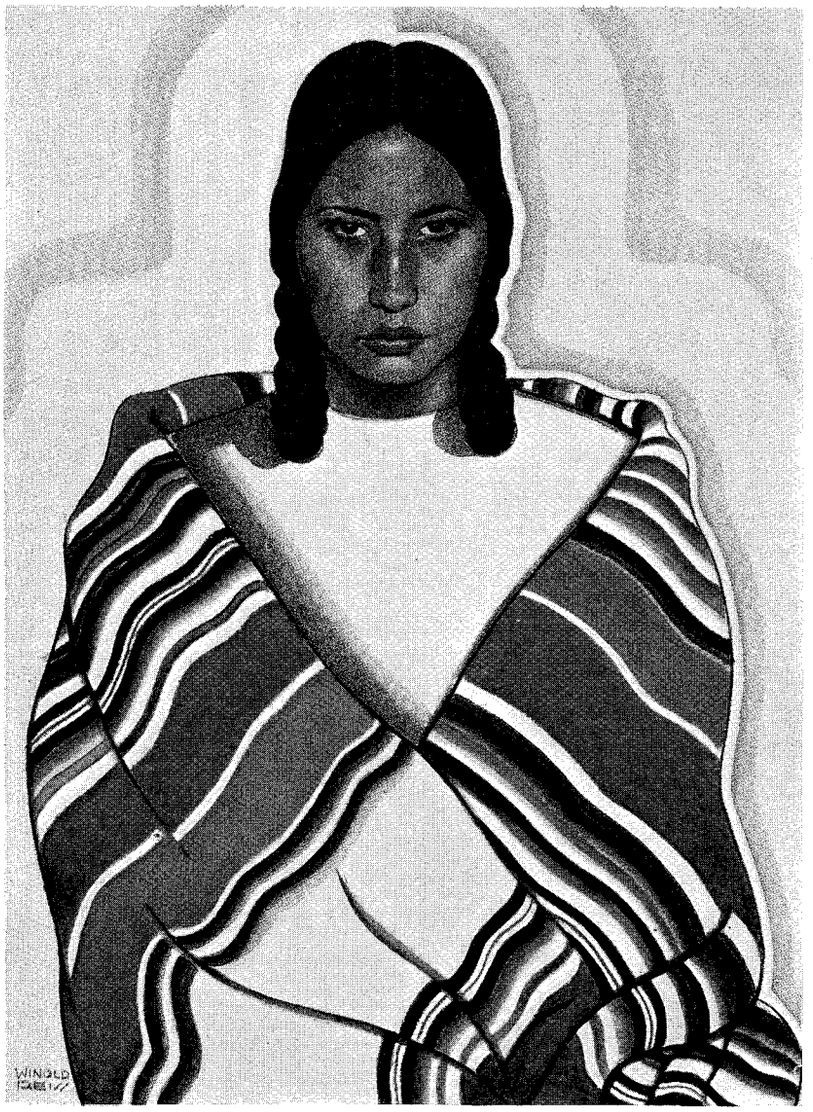
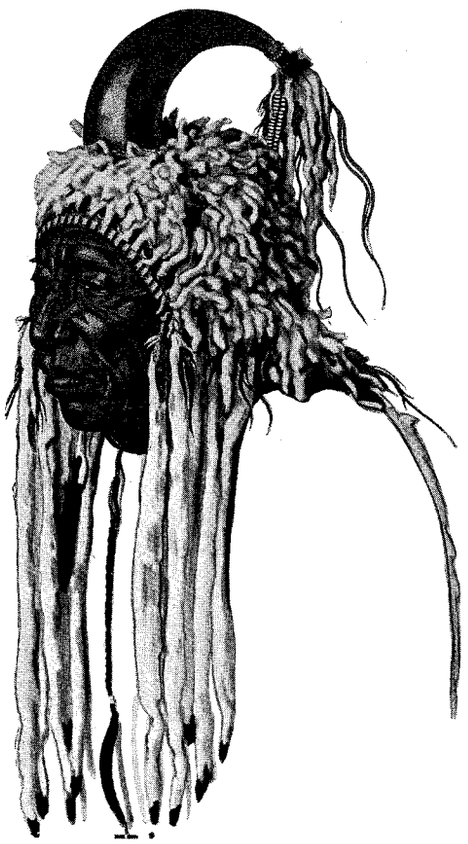
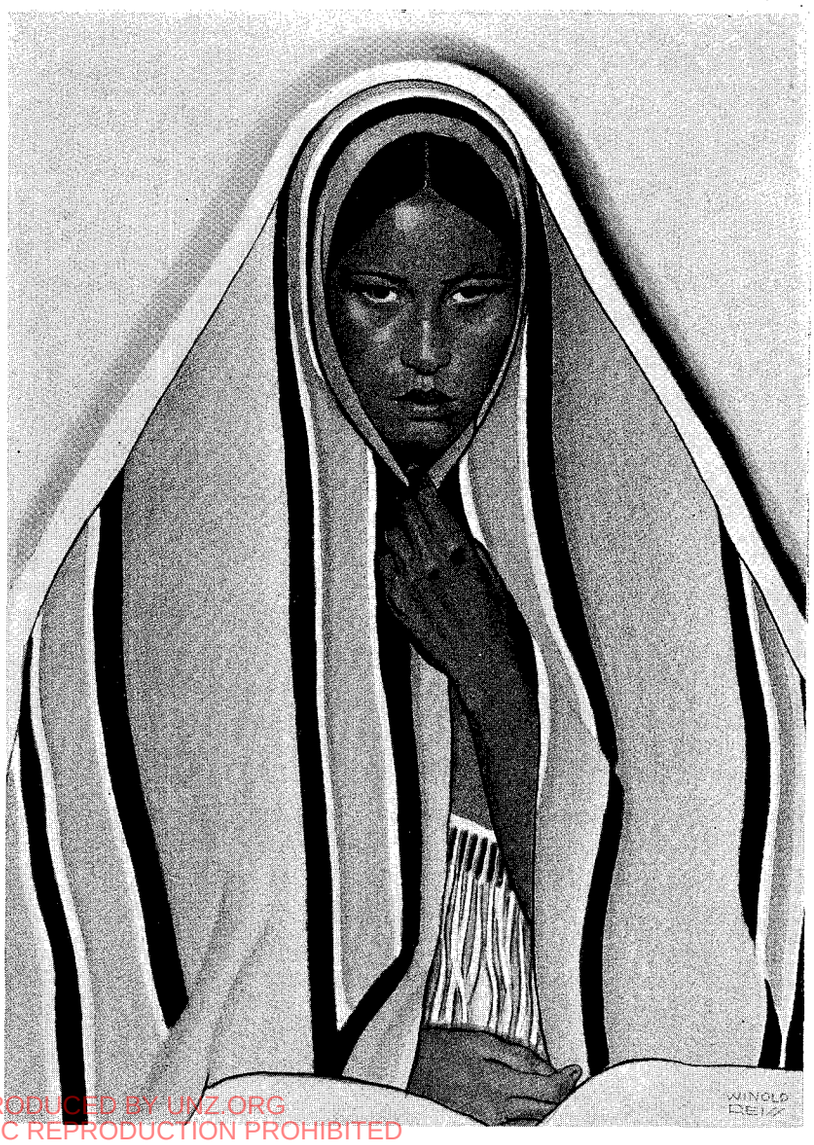
Then, in 1919, he made his first trip to the West. In northern Montana he found what he was searching for. Here, on the Indian reservations near Glacier National Park, he found the famous Blackfeet tribes. Reiss admired their strength and beauty, their quiet dignity. He wanted to paint them, but first he had to get to know them, to become a friend. They were slow to accept him at first, but as soon as they were convinced that he was truly in sympathy with them, they welcomed him into a tribe. They named him Ksekstakepoka (Beaver Child) because of his indefatigable energy. Each summer since that first visit, Reiss has returned to Montana to live among the Blackfeet, to understand them, to paint them. In them he finds inspiration no other subjects offer. And the Indians like to have their portraits done by Reiss. They look solemnly at the finished canvas and say: "Soksinaksina"— which means, "Good picture," and is a high compliment from so taciturn a people as the Blackfeet.







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The Sportsman

NELSON S. BOND

DRAWINGS BY PAUL BROWN

LANNIHAN was indignant when Gray Margrave's application for membership in the Club was read.

He addressed the executive committee: "Gentlemen—you may count *my* vote against him! The man is a hopeless cripple! How will it look to have as a member of the Hunt Club a man who never sat a horse in his life?"

There were others who felt like Lannihan. And said as much. A little injudiciously, I thought—for in the Club it is wisdom to reserve opinion until O'Hara has spoken his mind. For thirty years, now, O'Hara has exercised a gentle tyranny over the affairs of Longditch—a dictatorship nonetheless real because of its velvet sheathing. But finally O'Hara spoke.

"Tush, gentlemen!" he said reprovingly. "You do be gabblin' like a yard of biddies, and not like the sportsmen you claim to be. Is it so important, then, that the man cannot walk?"

"Or *ride!*" added Lannihan. "O'Hara, this is a *Hunt* Club. What possible pleasure can Margrave find in a membership here? He can't take part in our hunts or trials. He won't enjoy our dances. He can do nothing but sit by the fire and——"

"And what more," interrupted O'Hara softly, "could a man be wantin' than to sit hisself afore a cracklin' log, a tall glass in his hand, and him warmed by the good talk of his friends?"

Lannihan had sense enough to shut up then. For the shadow of the Old Country had begun to slur O'Hara's speech, and when that happens it is time to tread on eggs. And because none present—including Lannihan—had any wish to feel the lash of O'Hara's tongue, Margrave's membership was approved on the first ballot.

So Gray Margrave came to live at Longditch. Came, literally, to *live* at the Club, I mean. For where most of us, nuisanced by business ties, used the clubhouse only as a week-end retreat, the retired Margrave was sufficiently free and wealthy to make it his home. He did not allow such business affairs as still concerned him to interfere with Club activities in any way. He had a private wire strung into his rooms, and he brought with him his man, Muldoon, to care for his few personal needs.

His coming altered the atmosphere of the Club—but not in the way you might think. Even Lannihan was forced to concede, after a few short weeks, that Margrave's occupancy made the clubhouse a homier, a more livable place. Previously, members had disliked starting for the Club too early on a Friday afternoon—each dreading to be the first to get there. The aging caretaker and the kitchen help were drab company for a lonely horseman impatiently chafing his wrists before a cold fireplace. Many a time I, as others, had wandered glumly about the grounds, into the stables, through the gardens, counting the slow minutes until O'Hara or one of the others should show up.

But now all that was changed. No matter what hour of the day or night a member should choose to drop in at the clubhouse, he would find soft lights glowing from the cuppy windows of the lodge, the hearthlog blazing, and Margrave seated before the fireplace, his thin face smiling toward the doorway as the newcomer stomped in. Because of this, good fellowship prospered. More and more of us developed the habit of stopping off at the Club once, twice, three times a week . . . confident that there awaited us companionship, good conversation, and warming drinks.

He was a thin man, Margrave, as I have already said. But his thinness was not the weak slenderness of a sapling. His was the wiry strength of a fine-spun steel wire. All about him, I can see now, was steel-like. His hair, blue-gray at the

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temples, the fine, scratched-metal lines at the corners of his mouth and eyes, his eyes themselves, deep-set and burnished. Sometimes, when thought or fatigue relaxed his guard, his eyes mirrored a fragment of the suffering he had known. For Margrave had always been a cripple. But he wasted no moments in weak self-pity, nor did he make any bid for sympathy from his associates. He was a cheerful, friendly man, not with the resigned false courage so many invalids affect, but with an honest, wholesome cheeriness that caused you quite to forget that without a helping arm he was chained to that chair before the fireplace.

The illusion he sought to foster—and the one to which all of us, willy-nilly, must subscribe—was that he was not crippled; that the woollen blanket drawn tightly about his wasted knees was merely protection against such cool drafts as sighed through the clubhouse. A stranger visiting the Club might easily believe Margrave, musing in his chair, one of the riders, too weary to return to the city, who had decided to spend the night at the lodge.

Margrave was meticulous in his demand that no member of the Club be disturbed by his handicap. He discouraged all reference to his helplessness from the very first day when, at the end of an evening's conversation, our little group broke up and Corson, in gruff, friendly fashion, said, "Time to turn in, gang! Can I give you a hand to your rooms, Margrave?"

Margrave had merely looked at him, not unkindly, but with his eyebrows just faintly arched as though in bewilderment.

"Why, no thanks, Corson," he had replied. "I think I'll have another pipe and then run along upstairs myself."

It was like him to say it that way. He would "run along" upstairs . . .

It was Muldoon, his dour but faithful attendant, who cared for Margrave—but when or how was something of a mystery. Certainly no member had ever seen Margrave either ascending or descending the stairs that led to his chambers. Margrave's place was the sprawling morocco chair just to the right of the fireplace. There he might be found at any time. If alone, he would be smoking and staring into the flickering fire. Or more often, he would be reading a book about horses, hounds, or the hunt—for these things were his passion.

When our group conversations turned to horses and horsemen, it was Margrave who usually gathered the reins of discourse in his lean, veined hands, his steel-gray eyes reflecting the soft fire of the hearth, his slim body tensed forward in his chair as though he were posting for, say, the Mudwater Topple or Chokehole Ditch. For although he had never sat a horse in his life, he knew all there was to be known about riders and their mounts. You might ask him the most unlikely questions—the name of a steeplechase champion of twenty years ago, the silks of a little-known stable, the scenting traits of an obscure breed of dogs—and get an answer. He usurped the authority of our hunting library, and rightly so . . . for he had read everything on the subject, and knew which theories held true and which rubbed leather on the rise. . . .

"Faith," O'Hara was wont to say, "and I'll stack the man's knowledge ag'inst a ninny o' pratin' textbooks. And that with him half-drunk, to boot. 'Tis a creed to him, ridin', and not just a hobby as to the likes of *us!*"

Which from Geoffrey O'Hara, M.F.H., was high praise indeed.

*

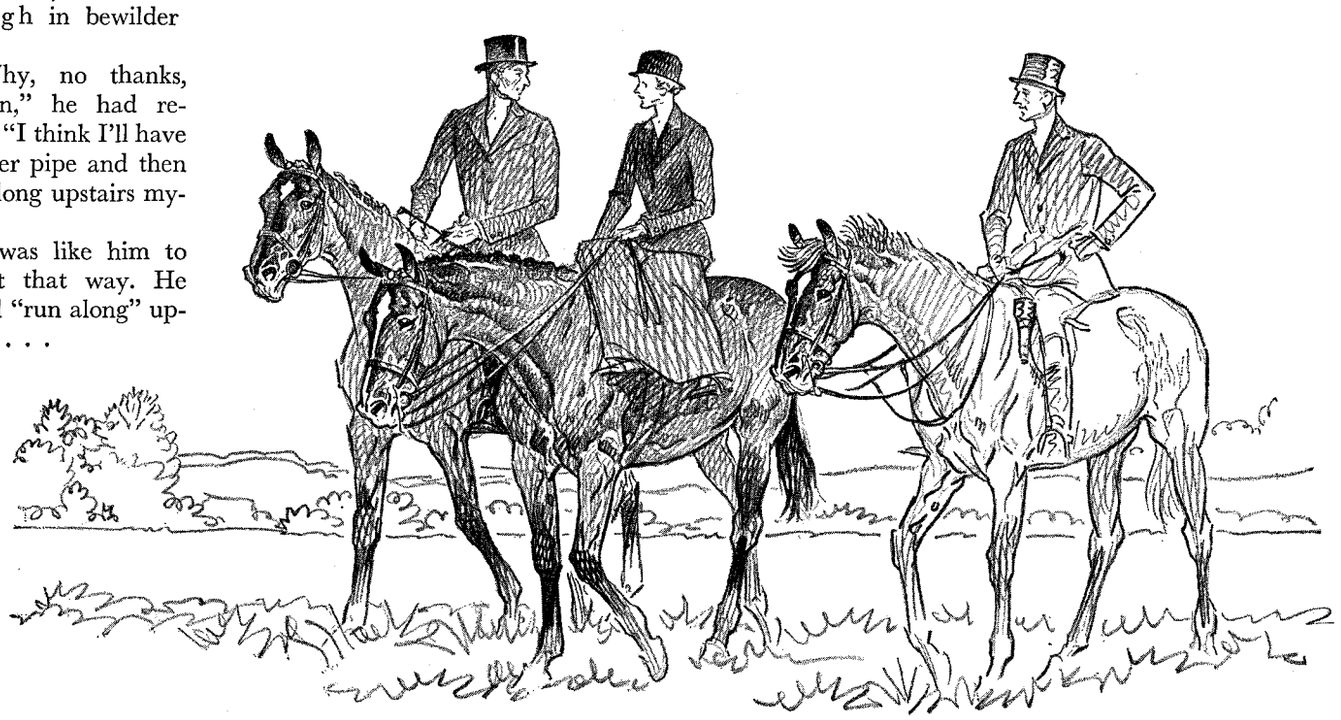
The man was gentle, unbelievably gentle. His tongue was untainted with the bitter malice that so often marks the incompetent. There was that time when our Club gave its Fall Festival, the annual affair at which we allow our wives and sweethearts to enter the saddle-smelling sanctity of our retreat.

Margrave dressed for these occasions, always. His stock was as white as that of any member, his Club kerchief as proud. And if his pinks had never known the sting of the whipping wind or the slash of the bramble tree, its glossy newness had been carefully buffed to unobtrusive age—and if you looked closely, you could see a faded patch that might easily have been the stain of a faded mud spot.

So he had sat, that night, sipping a drink and nodding his head delightedly in time to the music, when Sally Lou Ambers (she that later married Tod Greenaway) in heedless gaiety approached his chair. She had met Margrave only that evening, and in all fairness to her, she was not the first who had been deceived by Margrave's concealment of his condition. And thus it happened.

"Mr. Margrave, you can't just *sit* here when all the other men are dancing. Come—dance with me!" And, laughing, she had tugged at his hand.

To all of us who stood there, suddenly overconscious of our own damnably



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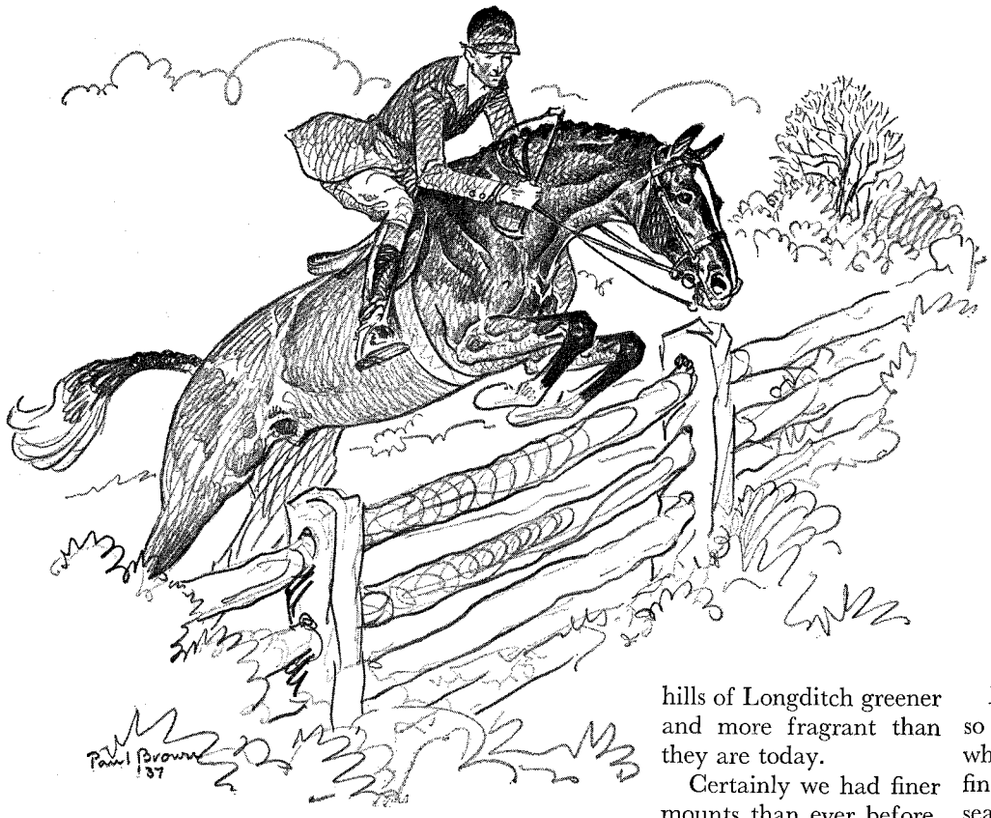


sturdy limbs, it was a horrible, awkward moment. I cannot guess who would have broken the dead silence that greeted her words, or what stupid thing might have been said, had not Margrave himself answered.

"Now, I'm sorry, Miss Ambers," he smiled regretfully. "I'm really sorry—but I can't dance tonight, much as I'd like to. You see, the truth is—" We held our breaths as he hesitated. "—The truth is, I came a cropper this morning. Roughed the old ankle up a bit, you know. So if you'll have patience with a clumsy old man and sit this one out——"

And of course she did; they laughed over Margrave's stupid fall at ". . . that cursed Chokehole Ditch, my dear. I might have known that the turf would be soft . . ." until Greenaway, white-faced and apologetic, finally came to take her away.

*

So spring came again, and fall, and yet other springs and falls, until five years had passed—and even now, looking back, I cannot understand where those years fled. For my only recollection of those vanished seasons is that in them Longditch knew a golden era, and that an ineffable something had stolen into our Club life that made us the jolliest, the happiest club in the East. If not in the entire world. Somehow, our riders always got their fox those years. And perhaps I, too, am getting old and querulous, but it seems to me that in those days the air was more winy, the turf more springy, and the woods and the hills of Longditch greener and more fragrant than they are today.

Certainly we had finer mounts than ever before, or since. And that was Margrave's doing, for it was he who, seated in his wheel chair before the paddock, matched wits and guile against the horse dealers—choosing and rejecting with uncanny judgment, to build us, slowly but certainly, a perfect stable of hunters. And it was his purse strings that loosened when the Rockway Stables failed and their fine string went on the block, finding its way thence to us.

He knew dogs, too, and only a true huntsman will understand what I mean when I say it was he who "tuned" our pack, tuned it until its pursuit music was a bell-toned symphony.

No wonder at all, then, that though O'Hara retained his Mastership of the Hunt, the members created a special office for Margrave. Somehow this seemed necessary. I remember to this day how, when he was notified of his election to Club Housemaster, his face twitched hungrily, and how one lean hand crept from beneath his blanket to dab at his cheeks. But his reply was typical.

"Dammit, men," he coughed, "you've gone crazy! I have no right to— Well, hell! Let's all have a drink!"

That was the year, too, when young Jipper Tappen's filly, Princessa, took the Golden Steeplechase at the Downs, and Tappen drove home, his broad face one tremendous grin, in triumph with his trophy. We were all gathered at the Club to welcome him that day, but he didn't even answer our greetings. He went directly across the room, carrying that huge cup his filly had won, to Gray Margrave.

"Gray," he said, "it was you who picked Princessa for me, and it was your training advice that won her the 'Chase Cup. So here—this is yours!"

And he handed that big trophy to Margrave, whose hands, damn it all, trembled so that the cup fell to the floor. You can still see the dent in its side. But I know that was the happiest moment in Margrave's life. . . .

Five years! Now that I look back, I wonder how it was that I never noticed, in those days, that Margrave's face was growing thinner; that his steel-gray hair was getting white; that his once firm shoulders were beginning to sag more and more unsurely.

But I did not notice these things—and so it came as a shock to me to tramp, whistling, into the Club that evening to find him missing from his accustomed seat by the fireplace. O'Hara was there, standing with his back to the fire, and Jeffries, and Wilcoxon. Rupert was seated on a stool, staring into the blaze.

O'Hara caught my questioning glance and lifted his head expressively.

"Upstairs, lad. He's unwell."

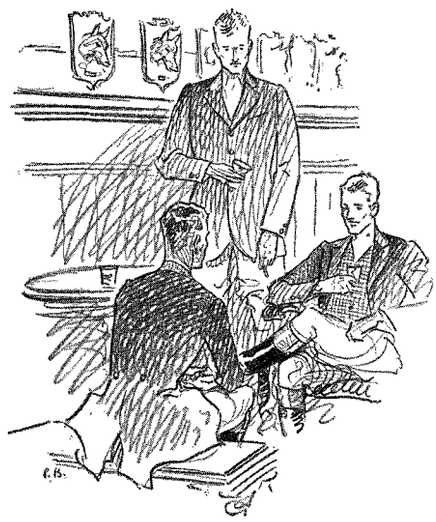
Even then I couldn't believe it.

"Upstairs?" I repeated stupidly. "Margrave?"

"He's not been well for months, lad," said O'Hara gravely. "It's only the great heart of the man that's kept him sittin' here, and we fussin' and blatherin' him with our own little troubles."

"But it can't be anything serious!" I protested. "Why, only yesterday I was talking with him——"

"That's as may be, lad," agreed O'Hara, "and was it not always so—with all of us? But I'm afraid . . . the doc-



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tor is afraid . . . that this may . . ."

"No!" I said, a trifle too loudly. "No! It's impossible! I don't believe it!"

*

But you cannot stay the fox in the brush, nor the hound in the hollow. Nor can the heart of a strong man stay his end when the last huntsman closes in. And though we waited there, as one by one the other members heard the news and came posthaste to the Club, it was not within our power to do more than wait. Wait and hope—and curse whatever stupid God had crushed a soul as great as Margrave's into a damaged mold—while upstairs the doctor and old Muldoon wrestled vainly for Margrave's life.

And when old Muldoon crept down the stairs, finally, the firelight glistening on the wetness of his withered old cheeks, there was not one of us could bear to break the silence. Only it is good to know that it was Lannihan who, at the last, lifted Margrave's glistening, unused spurs from the members' rack to hang them tenderly with those rusting others on the Old Members' board. . . .

*

Now, there is one thing else, and it the strangest thing of all when you come to think of it. O'Hara was speaking, and there was a faraway note in his voice that I have never heard again.

"Faith," he said, "and I wish we were in the Old Country now. It is autumn there, too, and the fields are all crimson and gold—and Margrave would have his wish at last in the sight of pink coats and the sound of bugling hounds in the dawning.

"I remember," he said, turning away from us heavily, "a tale as I heard when I was a lad in the Isles. They will tell you, there, that the same is true of an old sportsman as of an old soldier . . . that he does not die, but slowly fades away. . . .

"They say, too, that ever when a true huntsman dies, he does not forever put away his leather and his bit . . . but that one day, lying coldly, he will be roused from his last sleep by the song of silver bugles in the air and the baying of deathless hounds in full cry. And that he joins that hunt to ride hell-for-leather each morning of time after a fox that is the canniest and wisest of all foxes——"

*

I may be a fool. It was imagination, of course, and the magic spell of O'Hara's words that inspired it—and perhaps it was an early breath of winter that stirred through me like a thin, cold wind from beyond—but for a frozen moment I could have sworn that I heard, far off in the distant hills, the plunging echo of pounding hoofs and the faint, far *tantiva* of a sounding horn. . . .

An Arm Upraised

ALAN MacDONALD

He saw the child for the first time on a hot morning in July. She was standing at the edge of the concrete highway along the only straight stretch between the two towns. He was driving fast, for he wanted to be at his work in the bank earlier than usual in preparation for mill payday.

He scarcely noticed her that first time, except for a faint irritation as he saw her arm go up stiffly, like the handle of a pump, just as his car was passing her. If she had wanted a ride, why hadn't she started to point when she saw him coming?

He didn't stop.

Two mornings later he saw her again, standing in the same place, as he came around the curve into the straight stretch. Unconsciously he slowed down a little. When he came opposite her, up went her arm again with clocklike rigidity.

There was something in the mechanical dullness of the movement that made him feel like shaking her. Almost against his will he brought the machine to a stop, reaching over to push open the right-hand door.

She didn't hurry to cover the few feet that intervened between herself and him. She seemed to move even more slowly as she approached. As she put one hand on the door handle, she paused for a second to look in at him, with no expression whatever in the dullest blue eyes he had ever seen.

"Park City?" she asked. Even her voice had an unpleasant thickness which grated against his ears.

He nodded.

"Get in. I'm in a hurry," he said, not unkindly. He tried to keep the quick distaste he felt for her from showing in his words. For the child was not only ugly, but inexcusably dirty.

As she sat down and he leaned over to close the car door, he became instantly aware of that peculiarly acrid odor which comes from a human body, long unwashed. Her clothing, too—dress, stockings, shoes, and the knotted handkerchief which she clutched in one hand—all were filthy with the crusty filthiness of repeated wear.

He could only guess how old she might be. Probably twelve or thirteen to judge from the size of her scrawny body. But the face, with its blotched unhealthy skin, might have belonged to a woman of thirty or more. It was a big face, too big for the rest of her.

Without reason and without pity, he instantly hated her. Hated the smears of chalky powder which showed on her cheeks and nose. Hated the way she settled back into the spotless cushions of his car. Hated everything she represented as opposed to the clean, precisely ordered design of his own existence.

As the machine gathered speed again, she sat beside him awkwardly, staring straight ahead, saying nothing, seemingly interested in nothing in the morning-washed countryside.

He tried to analyze the instant revulsion of feeling her mere presence caused in him, to justify it by telling himself that the most poverty-ridden people can be clean. Like other children, she must have gone to school, for that was compulsory. She must have come in contact with other girls her own age, must have had teachers to tell her about herself, even if there had been no training in her own home.

He made a conscious effort, looked over at her, and smiled. "I've never seen you before along this road. Do you live around here?"

He knew she heard him, for her eyes blinked. But she said nothing. A moment later he thought he detected a

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slight nod of her head, although he wasn't sure.

He tried again. "Where do you want to go in Park City? I work at the Commonwealth Trust Company. Do you want to get out before that?"

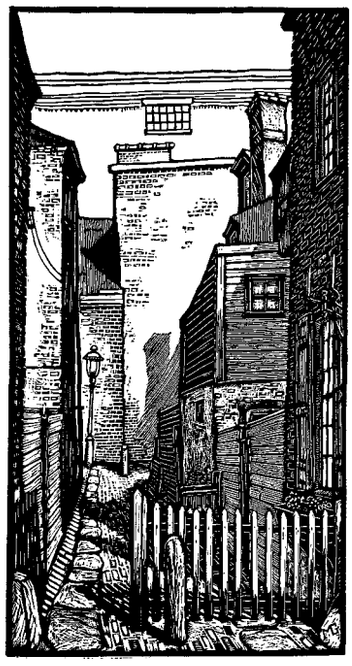
This time she looked at him, a slow almost vacant turning of the eyes. "I'm goin' to a drugstore." She hesitated as if undecided whether to tell more, and then added, "—to get medicine for my brother." She made a little movement of the hand which held the dirty handkerchief. He decided she must have the money tied in one corner of it.

"What's the matter with your brother?" This time, in spite of himself, his voice was sharp, almost hostile.

"I don't know," she said, and twisted a little in her seat as if restless at being questioned.

The stupid finality of her answer only increased his irritation. He felt like throwing back his head and laughing harshly to see if she would notice even that. Then he shrugged, impatient at the intensity of his own feeling about her.

Arriving at the Commonwealth Building near the heart of the business section, he stopped and opened the car door for her. She got out deliberately and stood looking in at him. Her face untied into a grimace which he knew must be meant for a smile. Then she said, "Thank you for the ride." Each word came out with equal flatness, like the slow dragging of a stick against a paling fence.



He pointed across the street. "There's a drugstore—over there," he said. "Don't cross until the light turns."

Anxious to be away from her, he drove quickly around the corner to the parking lot at the rear of the bank. As he stepped from the car, he couldn't help looking down at the seat which she had occupied. He was relieved that there were no soiled spots on the upholstery.

Entering the bank, he forgot about the child immediately.

But the next morning he remembered again, as he neared the place where he had first seen her. When he noted she wasn't there, he was glad. At least she didn't hitchhike to town every day.

Nor was she there on the following day.

On the third morning, he came to the straight stretch traveling in line behind two other cars. Each of the machines had only one occupant, young men like himself driving to work in Park City. As they all rounded the curve, he saw the child a quarter of a mile ahead. Again she stood on the same spot.

When the first machine passed her, he expected to see her arm go up. But it didn't. Nor did she move when the second car approached.

He suddenly leaned forward, steering with one hand, and busied himself with the radio dial on his instrument board. For months he hadn't played the radio on his way to work in the mornings. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the child look at him, saw the wooden motion of her arm rising upward.

He went on.

After he had passed, he straightened in his seat and looked into the rear-view mirror. The child's face was looking after him, her arm was still upraised. But she hadn't turned her body nor stepped forward.

He didn't know why he stopped. He cursed the impulse that made him do it. When he backed up to the place where she stood, he was sorry he had. She seemed dirtier and uglier than before.

As he swung open the door, he said nothing. He couldn't look at her as she climbed in for fear that she might see the aversion in his face. Once more the odor of uncleanliness curled nauseatingly against him. There was no need to say anything this time—the radio with its music taking the place of words. He was glad for it.

During the remainder of the summer, the child rode with him. Sometimes every second day, sometimes at intervals of three days. Occasionally, she carried a basket, and he concluded she must be going for food supplies. Other times she had packages wrapped in newspapers, but she never divulged what was in them.

Any attempts he made at conversation met the same flat responses that he had encountered at their first meeting. Maybe by a nod or monosyllable he would know that she had heard what he said to her. Nothing more than that. Watching her as she rode with him time after time, he became convinced, perhaps not unwillingly, that there was nothing he could do to help her, nothing that he might say which would penetrate deeply enough to have any effect upon her or her condition of living.

He came to regard her as a symbol—a symbol of something to be endured with detachment instead of hate. A thing which should be studied to be better understood and reduced to undistorted proportions by that understanding. In this new pattern, he saw her as a potential breeder of all things evil, for in years to come she would spew from her womb creatures of her own kind to war against and impede the advancement of other humans like himself. Using her type as a common denominator, he found it easier to solve the problems of class strife, upheaval, and human brutality which splashed across the front pages of the newspapers he read.

He liked to dwell upon this new reaction he had achieved toward her. There was a warming broadness about it.

Then, one morning late in October, she told him she had taken her last ride with him. She didn't say it that way. She spoke three unhurried words as he was opening the car door for her in front of the bank. "We're movin' tomorrow" was all she said. She didn't add where she was moving nor why.

Somehow the unheralded announcement enraged him, for she stood on the sidewalk looking in at him as if expecting him to do something about it. He compressed his lips. If she had been able to find words enough to tell him she was moving, and had something further to say, why didn't she say it?

He waited, grimly.

She turned to go and then stopped.

He didn't help her. Whatever she said now, or whether she said nothing, didn't matter. In another moment he'd drive around the corner and be free of her. At the prospect, he experienced an upsweep of relief, like a person who has shaken off an ominous pursuing presence.

Suddenly the child turned her eyes from him and stared fixedly at something above his head. Then she said, "Thank you for all the rides—it's the most fun I've ever had."

Even as the revealing implication of her words came pounding in on him, she had turned—and was walking stiffly away from him, down the street.

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What The Workers Want

WHITING WILLIAMS

Most large-scale cures for labor troubles are unsatisfactory. The simple and obvious solution is usually overlooked

"Until these forty-two demands are met to our satisfaction," the leader of an employees' committee shouted at a mediator, "nobody gets through our picket line alive!"

Of his forty-two, a total of thirty-eight "demands" proved to be nothing but individual grievances. They represented employee belief that the management had been unjust to John, Mary, Steve, Gertie, Mike, Frank, and thirty-two others—mostly in the way of unfair discharges or layoffs during the worst of the depression. After eight hours of argument, agreement was reached regarding all of them. The remaining four demands, however, represented more fundamental issues—demands to share various functions of management. Prospects were good for days and weeks of argument. Yet after a short recess, in preparation for the impending conflict, the labor leader arose and ended it all with: "I've talked it over with the Committee. As a result, we say to hell with those other four! We'll go back to work in the morning."

For over twenty years I have made it my job to understand what's on the worker's mind. I have worked for months on end in Pittsburgh steel mills, mined coal in West Virginia, tightened bolts on the assembly line in Detroit, tended looms in Georgia textile mills, sawed logs in Oregon camps, sat on the curb with discouraged job seekers. And during those twenty years of close contact with labor troubles in many industries, I have found them to consist not of huge, historic, class-wide, fundamental issues, but of accumulated, often simple, individual grievances. The story of the forty-two demands is typical.

The ordinary citizen hates to believe that today's struggle boils down to commonplaces; it is so much more significant and exciting when viewed as the earlier rumblings of a history-making class conflict. Nevertheless, my experience leaves me no choice but to say the opposite is nearest truth.

To be sure, certain developments have made it easier than ever before for the leader of a minority to *start* trouble and close down the plant—the free food of Federal relief, mass picketing by men hired from the unemployed or from among employees at other plants, flying squadrons recruited from miles away, and a public opinion unfriendly to the use of strikebreakers.

Nevertheless, it has been my experience that such easy stoppage proves of little value to the trouble-starters unless the later peace brings gains which "sell" these starters and their methods to a majority or near majority of the workers. Second, that such gains are impossible unless the members of this larger group have individual grievances. And, third, that this last occurs only when the management has gotten out of touch with its individual workers. I have seldom found much but ignorance in management's statement that "Everybody was happy here until an agitator stirred them up."

In a certain Ohio plant a thousand workers had been on strike for three weeks—with peace negotiations getting nowhere. It was all blamed, of course, on "outside agitators," "the New Deal," "radio instigators of class hatred," and such. But frank conference with the employees' committee furnished an explanation which soon led to agreement:

"It's like this. Forty-five of our most skilled men asked us to find out if it was true that men doing the same work in a near-by plant had been given a three-cent-per-hour increase. If true, this meant that they would get the same in this district.

"We found the Manager was 'out of town.' The 'Super,' next in line, told us

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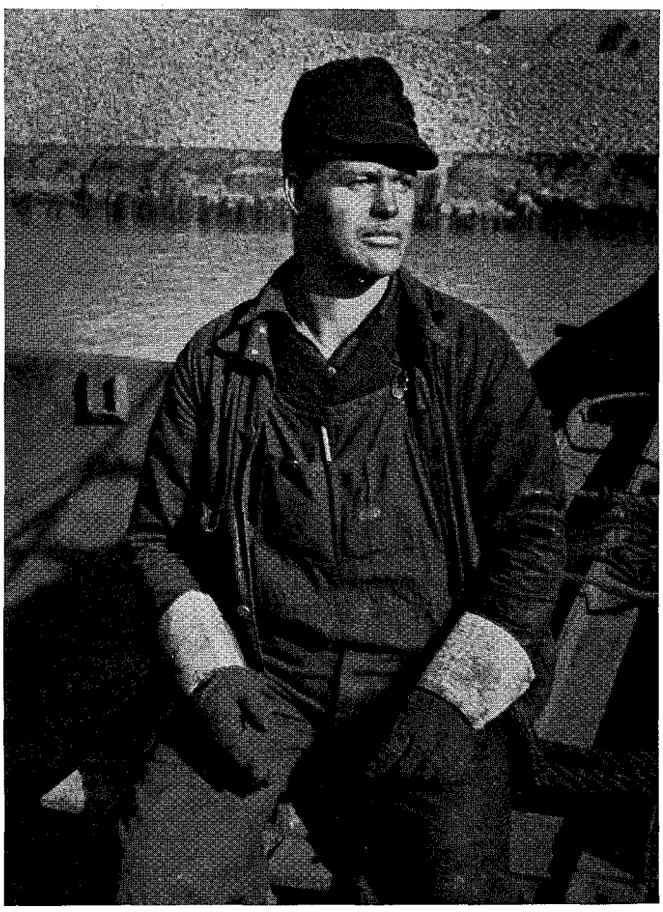

It does not matter to the average man whether working conditions are improved by belligerent labor leaders or by intelligent, farseeing employers

he'd give us his answer in twenty-four hours. But three days later he was still stalling. Our men wanted to raise hell—both with us and the Company—but we kept urging them to keep their shirts on. Finally, after thirty of the forty-five had 'sat down' through two shifts, the third—only fifteen men, y'understand—told us to go to hell and walked out just as the plant's big day-shift was coming in. The fifteen told everybody—'The place is on strike!'—and it was!"

If the management had really known its business, the strike would never have happened. Everywhere I go I find that workers are willing to join up with the activities of men who have the guts and gumption to assure them that they will go in and pound the table on behalf of dissatisfactions which the management, according to the experience of these workers, has not been willing to remedy. The great majority of workers aren't interested in the economic philosophy of these leaders. They are simply willing to pay their dues to get something done—usually after other methods fail.

Not long ago a board of directors asked me to find out why the workers in a small mill had suddenly become unreasonably belligerent. I found everybody glad to tell any listener why.

"You see, a year ago when we were all working only a few hours a week, the management decided to cut overhead by discharging their good superintendent. Since we never had any employment manager, that let every foreman in the place become a regular dictator—giving extra hours of work to his pets and letting the rest of us worry our heads off. When an organizer came along and promised us protection, we signed up."

"Before we start organizing the workers in any industry," explained a well-known head of a CIO-type or mass union, "we instruct a group of scouts how to secure and bring back the various grievances felt by these workers to afflict their particular industry—irregularity of work, hard-boiledness of foremen, overcomplexity of pay systems, and such. After we have picked out from their reports the five outstanding complaints, we send out organizers who promise satisfactory relief and protection against them."

Too many managers—and too many legislators and citizens—take the labor leader more seriously than he deserves, and the ordinary, individual employee much less seriously than he should be. This error comes from failure to understand what every labor leader soon learns: that he stops leading when he fails to answer the question of those who are *his* employers: "What are you getting me for the dues I pay you?" This question is bad enough, but it is likely to be worse at the hands of men in such industries as motors, steel, and rubber who have had comparatively slight experience with any kind of organization. There it was likely to be: "I've paid you my dues now for six months and still no strike! I'm getting suspicious. Haven't you sold us out?"

Such innuendo practically forces the most conservative leader to protect his integrity by filling his next speech with bristling phrases about the "working class," "class enemies," "class war," and such. These communiques, of course, convince the employer and the citizen that nothing less than revolution is just around the corner. His hearers, however, are more likely to see in it the window dressing it is meant to be.

"The only outfit," many a worker has told me, "that can restore prosperity is some big, all-powerful national organization of workers. With its power, it can force hours short enough to give work to everybody—at rates high enough to furnish a good living."

However, after impressing me with

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN FISHER

The worker is not interested in economic philosophy. He wants fair hours and living wages and he tries to obtain these ends in a reasonable manner

his knowledge of big-time economics, he is likely to add: "But what we're really sore about here is:

"1. Unfair, dishonest, or hard-boiled foremen (or)

"2. No seniority rules to protect the longer-serviced workers against the foreman's favoritism in discharges or layoffs (or)

"3. A wage system too complicated to permit a worker figuring out his day's pay."

One hears a good deal these days about the stretch-out. This complaint, I have found, is usually the result of bad handling of the men by the foreman or gang-boss, rather than inhuman demands upon the skill and speed of the men. The gang-boss may know his men or his machines—but he should know them both. If he doesn't, trouble will come, and once started, the original issues are quickly lost sight of—the worker and the foreman become Labor and Capital, and the fight is on.

The importance of the individual grievance is supported by my accompanying conviction of the unsatisfactoriness of most large-scale, Big Plan cures for labor troubles. Like the first, this second observation is disappointing and distasteful to a public which loves to believe that labor troubles are being caused by huge, complex, industry-wide working-class issues and that they call for solution through some new, elaborate, universal plan.

"I can't understand," say many citizens, "why employers are so selfish as not to spend the necessary money for high wages, profit-sharing plans, vacations with pay, pensions—and stop this everlasting squabbling."

Unfortunately, peace is not to be had so easily. To be sure, industrial managers and industrial-relations men spend days and weeks every year attending conventions to hear the details of this or that plan. Fact is, every such plan's success is likely to depend upon certain unseen fundamentals in the organization's human relationships. I know worker groups which have become so completely convinced of their employer's untrustworthiness that no scheme whatever can be made to work. I also know others where confidence has been so completely established that it would be hard to imagine any plan so bad that it would not work.

Many imposing plans fail to get down to the actual sore spot. In a Western city a disastrous strike convinced a corporation's board of directors that they could afford to go to any length in securing peace. They voted elaborate pension systems, formal representation of the workers on the board of directors, and other headline-making arrangements. Nevertheless, the war went on much as before—to the complete disgust and "disillusionment" of the directors and the public. The reason was that the real cause of the difficulty had not been touched—the fact that the foremen were continuing their years-old practice of making every employee pay cash tribute each week to hold his job!

Recently I was asked to make a study of a large company which had come into prominence by reason of its complete freedom from labor disturbance—freedom in spite of numerous "outside" efforts to induce their employees to strike. It was easy to discover that the company had been foresighted enough to install practically all the different plans considered sure-fire preventatives. But it was also plain that the real reason was that for twenty-odd years the chairman of the board and the president had been looked on as "personnel men extraordinary." Workers, and outside citizens, assured me: "If we ever find any foreman, paymaster, or whatnot trying to get away with something against what

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the chairman and the president keep preaching as their policies, we go straight up to them or to their local manager and tell them. Furthermore, we know that if we do, they'll thank us."

Well do I realize that this sounds like an over-simplified approach to this great problem, but let me say this: It represents the thought and experience of a man who was working to improve labor relations years before the new ideology was born.

We are all apt to think, nowadays, that fairness and justice can be expected only after every *T* has been crossed in some detailed contract or agreement. Nevertheless, my observation is that, agreement or no agreement, peace depends upon nothing less than mutual understanding, mutual respect, and mutual confidence. These must be established by the slow process of mutual experience. Agreements are, patently, just as good and just as bad as is warranted by the fairness and intelligence of the men who sign them as union leaders or corporation heads.

Not many months ago, a large Middle Western city viewed with amazement the spectacle of a large plant where a hundred-per-cent strike had been called and put into effect but where, nevertheless, not a single picket was to be seen. It would certainly appear to any panaceist that a fine contract must have been worked out between unionist and manager. As a matter of fact, all it meant was that the committee and a certain vice-president had learned through their everyday experience to trust each other in their respective jobs.

"How would it be," this vice-president had asked, "if I gave you boys my promise that until we iron this matter out we'll keep the plant on a Sunday schedule—nothing coming in or going out, but with maybe the maintenance fixing things for starting up again?"

The union leader knew his men in turn had confidence in the vice-president; they wouldn't attack him for selling them out. He said, "We agree."

Most executives today realize that much of the present conflict has come because big business has relied too much on plans and techniques and too little on people having face-to-face contact with each other in the office, in the yard, in the plant. What most executives are only gradually coming to realize is how much this has cost them.

I have never forgotten the months I spent shortly after the War in what was then called the Hot Spot of Europe—the mines of Germany's Saar Valley. The Versailles Treaty had taken these mines from Germany and given them to France, as compensation for the destroyed mines of Lens. The ordinary gap between capital and labor had been vastly widened by requiring 16,000 German miners to work under French managers. But I found things going along smoothly, the expected blowup quite unlikely—and this without any formal contract formula or plan.

"In our French engineering schools," explained the managers, "we were taught that eighty per cent of the cost of coal depends upon the proper handling of a certain piece of machinery—one which begins with the tip of a man's fingers and ends with the top of a man's head. Such handling cannot be left entirely to a more or less uneducated foreman. So we managers make a practice of spending the first two hours of every operating day below ground talking with the miners."

So while I was loading coal with German miners, along would come the general manager and his assistant. They would inquire about what are the most important of all topics to a miner: "Is the maintenance department taking proper care of your tools?—Giving you plenty of ventilation?—Getting rid of needless water?" From there, discussion would go to the cost of living—and later to the connection between low living costs and well-run local mines. When, a half-hour later, these top executives went their way, the Germans would exclaim: "*Um Gottes willen!* We have been taught from kindergarten up to hate every Frenchman. Yet in thirty years of work in this pit, we've never seen a German manager come down here to talk with us unless it was to raise hell!"

Do not think that I see no place for worker organization, wage-and-hours laws, or for various methods of increasing worker bargaining power and establishing definite patterns for group as well as individual relationships. It does, however, represent my conviction that none of these is likely to prove a satisfactory substitute for plain integrity and responsibility as exercised by labor and management, collectively and individually.

I believe the majority of American workers are not going to depart from their individualistic way of looking at things in favor of any class or group method. Whereas in England about eighty-five per cent of the workers have decided in favor of the group method, in this country, after months of unparalleled organizing activity, there are still less than thirteen per cent of the workers today who have done the same.

Most employees can be divided into three groups: twenty per cent, we will say, is pro-union, made up of the younger and less experienced workers. At the other end is a twenty-per-cent, pro-company group made up of the older, more skilled men. In between is a sixty-per-cent group that is neither pro-union nor pro-company, but just everyday, down-to-the-ground, pro-job — interested in whatever can be given either by employer or won through the pressure of the labor leader that will lead to the maximum satisfactions of the day's job.

A change of emphasis from the craft to the vertical form of union is not likely to change this fundamental attitude. The worker says, "If I join, what do I get for my money?" He doesn't care whether the improvement in his condition is brought about by a belligerent labor leader or an intelligent, farseeing employer. Both of these people must meet the acid test of his hard-boiled Yankee query: "Well, let me look at *my* experience." His experience is what he believes. Not what his friends tell him or what he reads—but what happened to him yesterday and the day before on the job.

Doubtless the War and the depression have worked together to make the typical worker here and elsewhere both more "touchy" and more willing to take direct action for eliminating his job's needless irritations and for enlarging all its satisfactions and rewards. Nevertheless, my experience convinces me that, by and large, our typical worker here moves toward these objectives in a reasonable manner—in very much the way we ourselves would expect him to move were it not that we ourselves have been changed by that same War and that same depression. It is because these have largely destroyed our faith in ourselves and in each other that we seek to save face by deciding that the new problems which assail us are caused by new, complex, mysterious factors.

So we proceed to believe that we must have some equally new cure—some new recipe which we had not thought of before and which requires for its success a new philosophy and a new method of dealing between men. I do not believe that labor peace lies this way. And whatever may be our plans, schemes, and systems to avoid trouble in the future, I am sure we will find it necessary above all to keep closer contact than ever before with one another in the office, in the warehouse, down in the plant where the motors hum and the wheels go round.

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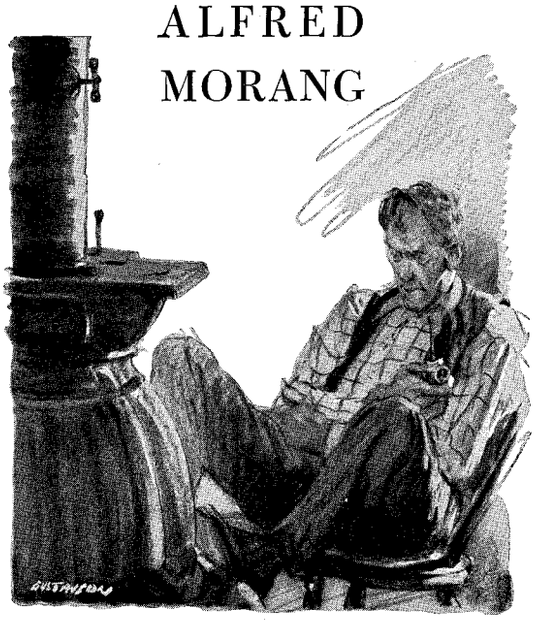
Side of a Stove

ALFRED MORANG



DRAWING BY L. R. GUSTAVSON

When Andrew first came to Dad Smith's hotel at the Falls, folks spent a lot of time wondering who he was and where he came from, but as he couldn't seem to remember, after a while they took him for granted like the stove he never left, except to eat and sleep. Day in and day out, winter and summer, he sat hunched in a chair, staring at the draft, mumbling about how there would be a blizzard before night, even if the weather was ninety in the shade.

Dad kept him on for a year after his money gave out. He couldn't get up his courage to heave Andrew out. But when, in January, all the schoolteachers in three counties wanted the hotel for a convention, he had to have every room.

"It's not that I'm heartless," Dad said to Hank Lane, "but what can I do? Business's bad and I can make ten dollars out of Andrew's bed the week of the convention."

Before Hank could reply, the door opened and a man came in. He was tall and lanky, with a week's growth of whiskers on his face and a pair of snowshoes strapped on his back.

The man glanced around the room. When his eyes lit on Andrew, he looked scared stiff.

"Thought he'd be here," he said, his voice shaking. "Now, by all that's holy, I'll find out!"

Dad came from back of the counter. "Find out what?" he asked. "That's just Andrew. He's been here for a long time."

The man walked over to where Andrew sat beside the stove and placed both hands on his shoulders and shook him.

"Look here," he said, "you've been trailing me all over the backland, and I want to know why in hell you can't let me be!"

Andrew raised his eyes. "Is it going to storm before night?" he asked.

"Gosh!" the man said, and his face went as white as a sheet.

"Warm here side of the stove," Andrew went on. "Nice and warm. I ain't never going to leave this stove. Snow and cold can't get at me here."

The man took his hands from Andrew's shoulders and backed away, trembling all over.

"Want a room, mister?" Dad asked. "I can let you have one for today. The convention will be here right off, so I can't be as hospitable as I'd like to."

"Gosh!" the man said, staring at Andrew. "He didn't know me! If he had, I could have gone off peaceful, but now I don't know what I'll do. He's been trailing me for months."

"Andrew ain't never left that stove except to eat and sleep," Dad said. "I think you'd better tell me what's wrong. You're acting like you were a mite out of your head. Or maybe you've been sipping too much O-be-joyful."

The man fixed his eyes on Dad's face and shook his head. "Ain't touched a drop for two years. And I ain't crazy. But I'll tell you about it. I've got to tell someone!"

"Come on in the office," Dad said. "Hank will tend to things. But you've got to make your story quick. There's no telling when some of those teachers will start coming."

The man followed Dad toward the office, but he kept looking over his shoulder at Andrew. Even when he was sitting on the battered couch in Dad's private quarters, he kept his eyes on the doorway.

"Go on, get whatever's bothering you off your mind," Dad said.

The man watched a little stream of melting snow trickling from his boots, but he didn't speak.

"Maybe you can take Andrew away with you," Dad suggested. "I've got to heave him out on account of the convention coming here. Besides, I've kept him about as long as I can, even if I am a soft-hearted old fool."

"You're going to heave him out?" The man started. "Don't do that! Why, he's been trailing me all over kingdom come! God knows what he might do if you didn't keep him here!"

"I'm busy," Dad snapped. "Go on or don't—but get it over with."

The man sighed. "I'm most crazy," he said. "Andrew's been trailing me for so long I expect to see him back of every bush. I'll be walking along through the woods and look up and there he is, peeking from behind a tree."

Dad shivered, but the man didn't seem to notice, and began to talk, his voice low, as though he was afraid Andrew might hear.

"It all came of him and me trapping two winters ago. Andrew had his little boy with him. We was in a camp up North Branch way. Had good luck too, and a real nice time into the bargain. Andrew was always joking and telling stories.

"Then one day when we were all ready to start out to tend our trap lines he said he couldn't go—allowed there'd be the damnedest blizzard that ever was, coming up before dark.

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"I told him I didn't smell no bad weather. Besides, them traps had to be tended. If we didn't get the catch, the critters would be all et up by the next day.

"Andrew kicked, but right in the middle of his fussing the kid spoke up and says, 'Pa, you ain't a sissy, are you? If it storms, make you a brush tent and crawl in for the night!'

"That settled it. He said he'd go. But we'd wasted a good hour hemming and hawing around, so I slammed some vittles into a knapsack, so if he was right and we did have to spend the night in the woods.

"There wasn't no danger in leaving the kid. There was plenty of grub and enough wood sawed up to keep a fire going for a week, and he was a real capable little feller about taking care of himself.

"We started out. All day we snowshoed, and by the middle of the afternoon had cleaned out the last trap.

"When we started back, it had clouded up and was beginning to spit snow. By the time we were halfway home you couldn't see twenty feet ahead, and the wind was blowing mighty hard. It was getting dark, too, so I said we'd better stop and make a brush tent. Andrew agreed, knowing damn well we'd lose our way if we didn't.

"We made a brush tent under some extra tall pines and built a fire. All the time Andrew was uneasy about the kid—kept asking if I thought he'd be all right. I said sure he would—most wore myself out trying to soothe Andrew. He seemed to have a hunch something was wrong.

"Then, just as he got calmed down, I felt in my pocket for a match to light my pipe. There wasn't any, so I opened the knapsack. I guess I looked mighty sick at what I saw. In my hurry to get started I'd just tossed in some canned stuff and bacon without noticing what was in it. Two days before, I'd been to the village twenty miles away for vittles, and as we were most out of matches got a big tin can full and forgot to take them out as I had a few in my pocket.

"I didn't dare to speak. I knew that if that poor little feller went to sleep and let the fire go out he'd never get it lighted again. There might be five or six matches left in the camp that I'd laid on the table, but with the wind ripping down the chimney the way it does in a blizzard it takes a man that knows how, to light a fire."

The man paused, and Dad looked at him hard. "Go on," he said. "You'd better get it over with."

"We were snowed in for two days," the man continued. "Once we started out, but a hundred feet from the brush tent we lost our way and like to never got back again. I hadn't told Andrew about what I knew. It wouldn't have done no good, and only made him feel worse.

"On the third night, it cleared and we started. The weather had turned cold, and every little ways we had to stop and beat our arms against our sides to keep from freezing.

"I thought to God we'd never get there. The minute we saw the camp Andrew yelled. There wasn't any light in the window and no smoke coming from the chimney.

"Andrew ran. He tripped and fell. I picked him up and he was that wild he hit me. When he did get to the door I stood back, knowing what he'd find. No amount of covers can keep a body warm in that kind of cold."

"The poor little feller!" Dad said. But the man didn't seem to hear him, and kept right on. . . .

"I may live a hundred years but I ain't going to forget the cry Andrew let out, or what I seen when I followed him into the camp. The kid was huddled up in bed with all the clothes he could find piled on top of him, and side of the stove were five or six scratched matches.

"Andrew shook him, but the little feller could hardly open his eyes, he was that sick. Then Andrew asked for matches, and I had to unpack the knapsack. When he saw the tin can, he looked at me, and I didn't wait to hear what he'd say, but went to the village for the doctor.

"We got there in the middle of the next morning, but it wasn't no use. The little feller died late that night of pneumonia.

"I left in the morning. Andrew told the doctor he was going to stay on till spring, but he wouldn't speak to me.

"Then in about two months I began to see him—maybe standing on a hillside pointing at me, or running ahead of me. At night, looking in the door of my tent. A month ago a lumberjack said he was here, so I come down to see."

Dad got up and went to the doorway. Andrew was in the same place, hunched over the stove, his eyes fixed on the glowing draft.

"You're crazy!" Dad said. "Andrew ain't been out of this hotel for over a year. Now you know where he is, there's no danger of your imagining you see him. But why don't you give me money for his keep? I'll have to heave him out if you don't, and then maybe he'd really chase you."

"I'll do it," the man said. "I've got enough to keep him for a year, and by that time I'll be out on the West Coast, where maybe it's too far for him to follow."

Dad took the money, and on the way out the man spoke to Andrew again, but he might as well have talked to a dummy. Andrew just raised his eyes and mumbled something about a blizzard coming before night.

The next day Dad was helping unload some of the teachers' trunks from the express truck when Hank came running down the street. When he reached the hotel piazza he stopped, panting for breath.

"I just seen Sam Miller, that lives up on the North Branch road," he gasped. "He said that feller with the snowshoes on his back that stopped in here yesterday come running up as he was doing the chores in the barn early this morning and said that Andrew was after him. Sam laughed and told him to go on wherever he came from and not bother him. He went off, but in less than five minutes Sam heard him yell, and when he went out to see what the trouble was, that man was stretched on the snow dead as a doornail and Andrew was streaking it for the woods as fast as he could!"

Dad dropped the suitcase he was holding and ran into the hotel. Andrew was sitting beside the stove in the same place he had been in since dawn, but as Dad entered he got up and smiled.

"I'm going away tomorrow," he said. "Going South where it's always warm. I've sat side of this stove long enough."

Rain in Spring

NATHANIEL BURT

The rain in winter makes no sound
It has no meaning for the ground
But of an essential sorrow
Freed today, kept close tomorrow;
Till, when Spring sends out in swarm
Oblique first winds and portents warm,
Sends out its vanguard cloudy hordes,
Sudden the rain breaks into chords,
And even city streets, like trees,
Hold shifting silken harmonies.

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F. S. Lincoln

LIFE IN THE U. S. . . . PHOTOGRAPHIC

In spite of the numerous photographic exhibits held throughout the country, the Editors feel that there are still many fine prints which the public never sees. This new department of SCRIBNER'S will, therefore, publish each month a portfolio of eight prints representing the work of outstanding American photographers, both amateur and professional. Technical information about the pictures shown this month may be found on page 90.

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B. Telkamp

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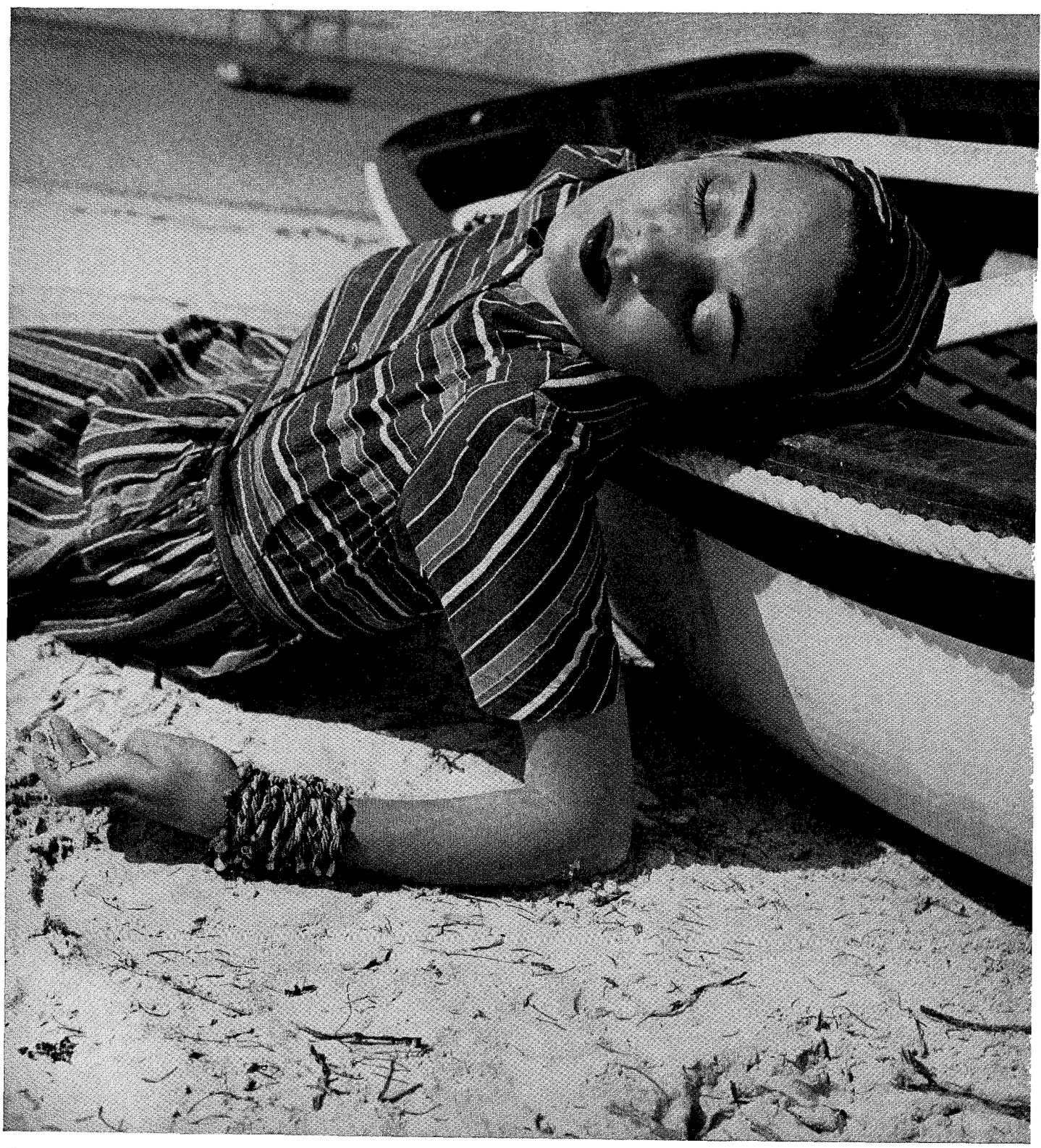

Louise Dahl-Wolfe

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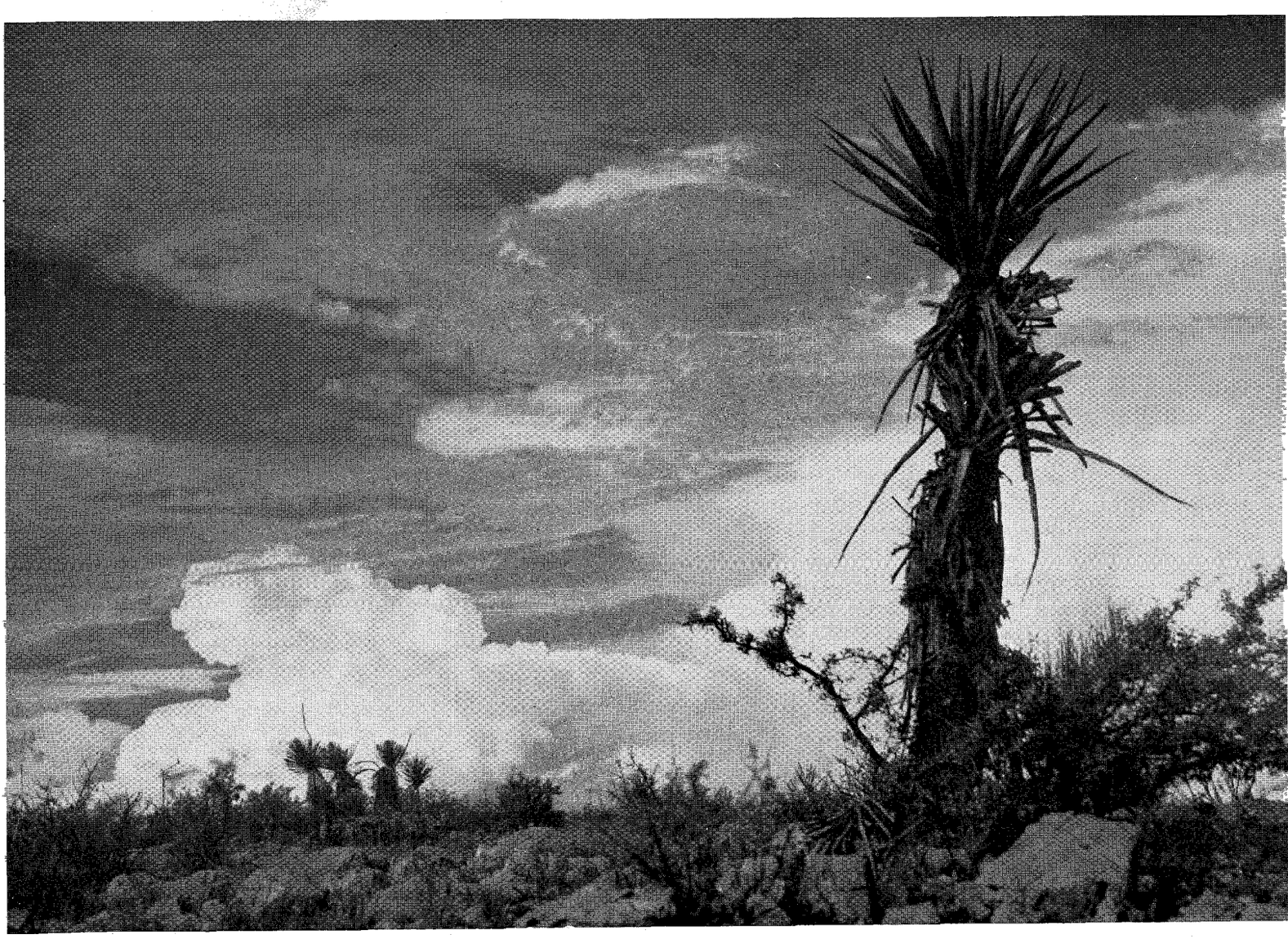

Ray V. Davis

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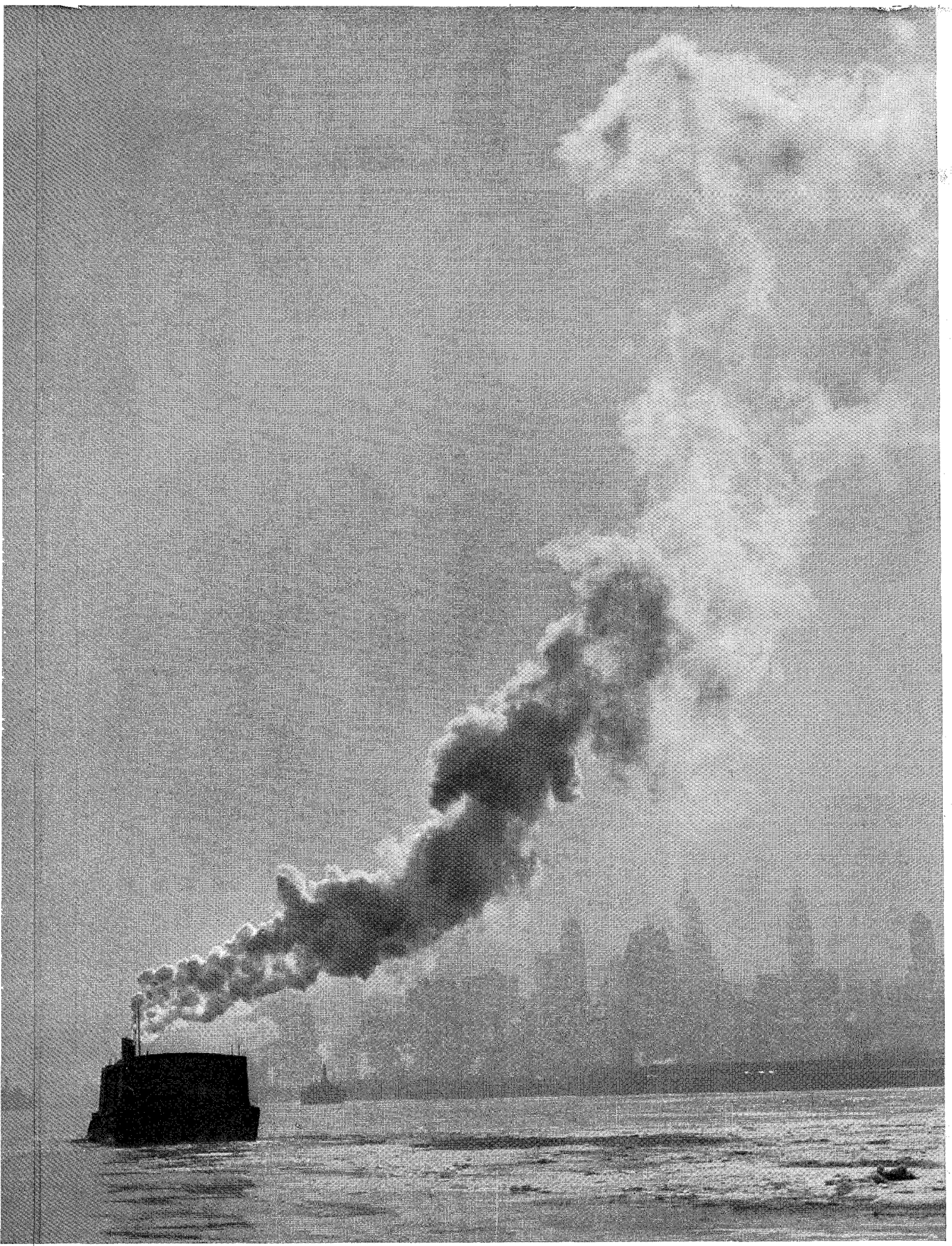

J. George Birkett

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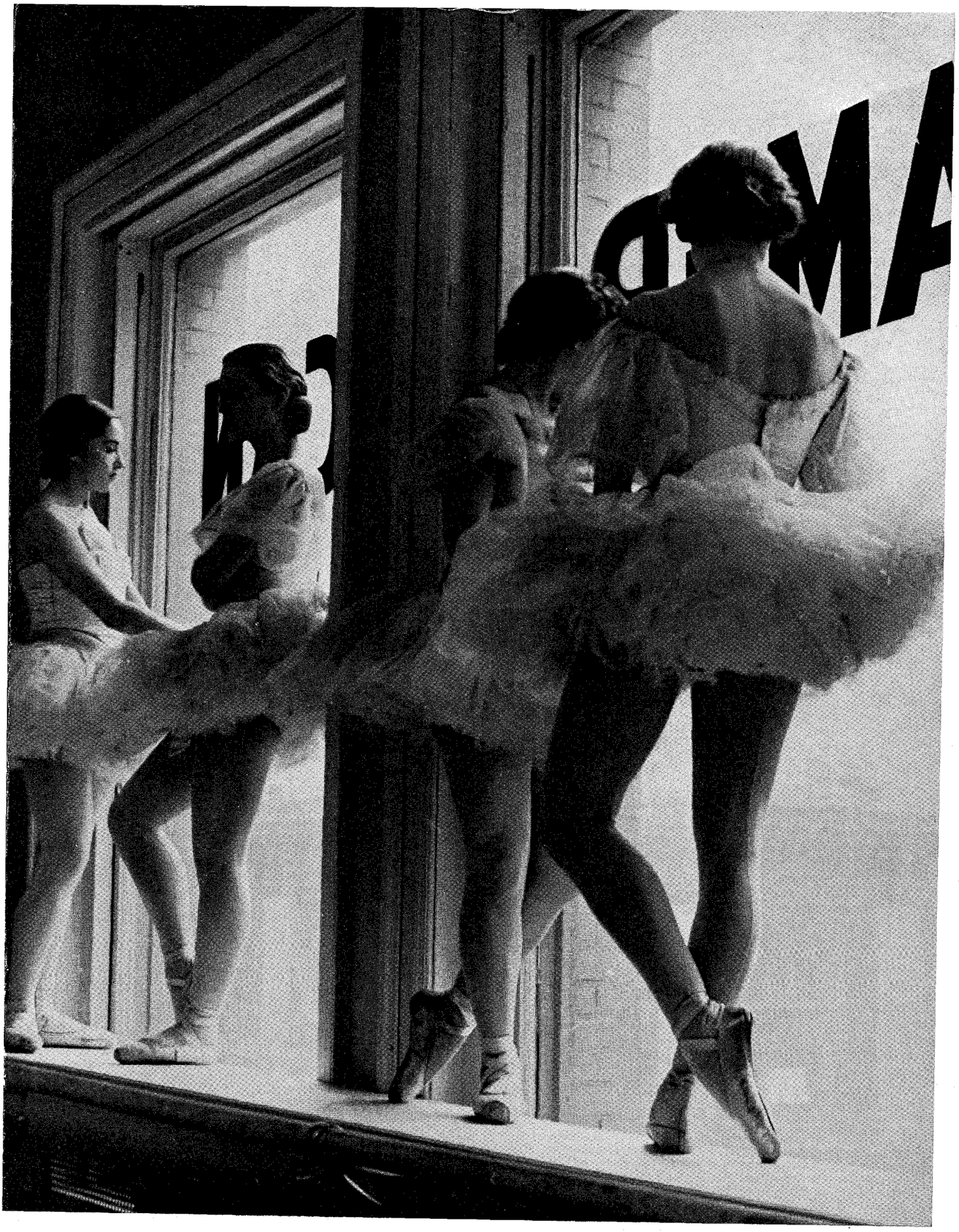

Alfred Eisenstaedt

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Photographing the American Ballet

ALFRED EISENSTAEDT

I HAVE never stopped to work out any conscious theory about photography; I have been too busy taking pictures. But I have always known that my work was a question of something more than pure technique. When I get an assignment or decide to take a set of photographs, I start without the slightest idea of what approach to take. Each assignment is a new problem into which I have to feel my way. I usually start by a visit to the scene a day or so before I start the actual work. I talk casually to the individuals to be photographed and find out as much about their lives as they are willing to tell me. I have a word or two with whomever is in charge, note any interesting details about the scene itself, and examine the lighting possibilities. Once I have the feel of the situation I know pretty well what kind of photographs will best bring it to life. Then I have only to make the final staging arrangements so that when I arrive with my cameras the next day there are no irritating details to interfere with the carrying out of my ideas.

On looking through the thousands of negatives that tangibly represent my ten years of experience in photography, I found a surprisingly large percentage were of the ballet. To me it has always been the most *sympathique* of subjects and the source of my most successful pictures. From the youngest pupil at ballet school to the most famous ballerinas of great troupes, dancers are excellent models. In action, they are too engrossed in their work to be self-conscious, while years of practice have taught them to pose gracefully without the "posey" expression that is every photographer's nightmare. The settings in which they train and work are ideal backgrounds. The atmosphere which Degas caught so memorably in his sketches is no artistic fancy; it is just actual everyday backstage life, but to render it pictorially with a camera is more than a problem in mechanics. It is a problem in perception.

I have photographed as many ballets as I have visited cities in Europe and America during my life. The picturesque cellar where the Paris Opera Ballet trains, the wings of the Milano Scala, and the painstaking rehearsals of the many scattered Russian ballet troupes are still vivid memories for me. So it is easy to understand why I felt I was on familiar ground when I selected, last year, the theme of the American Ballet in New York. First of all, however, I made a point of having a long and leisurely talk with Mr. Balanchine. Then I made my usual survey of the various rehearsal rooms, checked the lighting situation, and examined the costumes of the various young dancers I encountered on the way. Only one thing really bothered me. I knew I must have new white costumes. Those available were not good enough for photographic purposes. The fine old lady in charge of the costumes was quite equal to the occasion, and since Mr. Balanchine did not object, fresh dresses were provided for all the dancers.

Then I picked out the girls suitable for the foreground. Windows, I decided, would provide the best background. Concluding arrangements, I made an appointment for a few days later, and when the time came, took about forty photographs within two hours. The ones published in this issue of SCRIBNER'S represent my most successful efforts. They catch the pictorial angle, which to me is supremely important, for a print can be retouched to improve the quality (though I prefer not to do so), but the manner in which a photograph is taken can never be changed.

I do not mean, however, to underestimate the importance of technique. In photography, it is absolutely vital, but it is not everything. Of course, good photographs of interiors require good cameras. Although I have several different kinds, I almost invariably use a Leica. When handled with the necessary care, no grain whatsoever appears, and enlargements up to 11″ x 14″ and more can be made without difficulty. For some photographs I also use a Rolleiflex, but very rarely any camera of larger size. I try to avoid using flashlight as much as I can, for whenever editors admire the quality of the photographs, I find it is due to the fact that artificial light of this kind was not employed. On occasions, persons I photograph have to pose for ten or more seconds—a painful process, I admit, but the results are worth the effort.

Taking photographs in 1938 is easier than it was ten years ago because the tools have been vastly improved, but the fundamental problem remains—to render the subject honestly without distortion or overdramatization and yet to produce a print that is more than a flat mechanical reproduction. The solution cannot be taught, since there is no known formula for making good pictures and no short cut to success in photography. Each photographer has to work out his own solution in his own way by the old method of trial and error.

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WILLARD VAN DYKE

". . . only to confront again each of the questioning faces"

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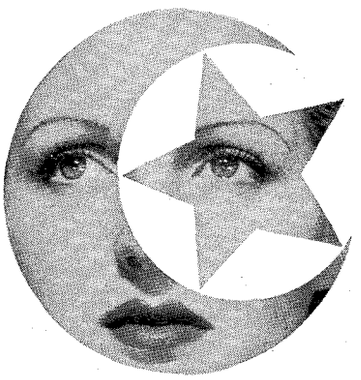
I Was Madame, the Palmist

KAREN ALLEN



THERE'S the best fortuneteller in the Andrews Building! You simply must go! Why, she told me . . ."

Again and again my friends come in to urge me to consult a certain Madame —seer of the future, palmist, reader! I never go. Their very mention of the word fortuneteller ruffles my mental peace and incites little whirlpools of uneasy memories.

I answer, outwardly calm, "I am much too busy today. By the way, have you seen the sewing basket my sister brought from Mexico?"

Of course, were I to give my friends an honest reason for my aversion to fortunetellers—and so cause a ripple of excited question and gossip in my circle of conservative acquaintances—I should say, "The truth of the matter is that *I* have been a Madame, a professional fortuneteller! I'll have none of the stuff! And don't ask me to look in your palm. I couldn't bear it!" For if there is such a thing as honor among fortunetellers, I was a dishonorable palmist, a fraud.

I was too proud to go back home with a degree and without a job. I wanted advertising work, but there was none. The soles of my shoes were disappearing, and my illusions with them. Miles of futile want ads were my lot—I missed not one of them. Finally I found myself applying for strange positions. If I saw "WANTED: A first-class masseuse," then I threw myself into the breach. If I saw "WANTED: Refined, middle-aged woman with car for traveling position," I wrote or called. I wasn't middle-aged and I didn't have a car, but it didn't make any difference because the job was always filled.

One night this stared at me from the brief column: "WANTED: A high-grade fortuneteller. Large retail concern. State salary and experience. Write 345."

Grimly I spared no details in writing a large account of my proficiency in the art of palmistry. With an eccentric flourish, I added this postscript to my letter: "My professional name is K——."

To my surprise and consternation, an interview was granted. With my hat tipped at a daring angle, I listened to the loquacious advertising manager describe his project. Although the store was famous for its low prices, he explained, business was bad. So he had laid plans for a publicity scheme—a fortunetelling booth on the second floor, with fortunes told free to increase the stream of thin-pursed customers. Everything was in readiness; even a noted palmist had been hired, but the day before she had found greener pastures.

Perhaps it was because I said little, or it may have been because fortunetellers were scarce for the moment and their need desperate, that I was hired without trial.

"A good, classy palmist is what we need. Come in tomorrow at ten. We'll put you in the afternoon papers."

I walked out trembling. What had I gotten myself into? I had no idea of what a palmist did to be a palmist! And there I was, going right into the afternoon papers as a noted seer! A girl from a small town, still quite fresh from a Lutheran upbringing! I could see myself roasting merrily in that place where no good Lutherans go.

In the mood of one who has not quite approached the precipice, yet knows it is there, I prepared a costume from my vagrant wardrobe. Hours of stitching evolved a sleek, black-satin blouse, a red skirt. A band of black satin for my forehead and long earrings from the 5 & 10 added the last exotic touch.

Then, in the late dusk of evening, I hurried to the nearest library. I said to the librarian frantically, "Surely there must be a book on palmistry!" She stonily considered my unworthy request and searched the card indexes. Not a book. I found a meager article in a magazine with vague information about the head line, the heart line, Jupiter, and Saturn. Blank and shivering, I gave up.

After a wide-eyed and stormy night, I slipped into my costume the next morning and went to my doom. The store had spared no pains to create from its stock a room befitting Madame K——. (I was shocked to hear them calling me Madame!) Long crepe-paper ribbons fluttered in the breeze of a small electric fan. Statuettes were posed here and there on small tables, and incense swirled in ever-widening circles.

Duly welcomed, there I sat, upright but very faint. At any moment they would discover my fraud. Helplessly I waited, but no earthquake.

At last the curtains parted, and there he stood, my first client! He was a giant of about forty with a terrific jaw. His overalls crackled under a crust of old cement as he dropped heavily into the

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chair which had been placed beside me.

"Which hand yuh want?" he bellowed.

Right or left, I thought . . . the devil or the deep blue sea . . . it made no difference. "Right," I whispered.

And what a hand it was! A huge, four-fingered paw. Where, oh where was the heart line, the head line? There were only callouses, thick and heavy, everywhere.

I had to say something quickly. I moistened my thick tongue. With bent head I muttered dramatically and desperately, "Ah, you have had an accident recently!"

The paw was lifted from the table with a swift gesture and descended with a bang upon the uncertain table, while I remained frozen with the despair of the trapped. Then came the explosion.

"G . . d . . . it, girl, you're right!" he thundered.

There and then I became psychic. What mattered Jupiter and Saturn? This giant was in my power. Instead of drowning, I took a deep breath and began to swim with all my might.

We went into detail about the accident. We talked about his character, his stubbornness, his reasons for not marrying. He thought I was wonderful. And he spread the word.

What I learned from this big-fisted client was important, but it was negligible in comparison to what I learned from the encounters that followed. I grew more sure-footed after slipping a few times. I learned that one might say to a woman, "I see that there is a female working against you," as sure general bait. But the fissure that opened had to be skirted with care.

I said to the first woman who came in and opened her soiled hands on the table before me, "Ah, I see that there is a woman working against you. She is dark. Watch out for her."

Her lips tightened, and tears washed her miserable cheeks. "Each day, Madam," she sobbed, "a dark woman across the street come out her door and yell at me and call me dirty names and swear at me and say she kill me. She follow me down the block. She never let me go in peace. Do you think the police help?"

Of course I was still a novice. I thought to myself, "Why is this woman treating her like that, the horrid thing?" I suggested that she move into another neighborhood, but that, she wailed, was impossible.

Then I maneuvered feebly, "Let me see what that woman has against you . . . let us think deeply into your hand . . ."

She looked down at her dusty shoes, hesitated a minute . . ., "That woman, her husband, he stay with me. She was so mean to him that he came to live with me. That is all she got against me."

"That is all she got against me!" A little thing like living with another woman's husband looked big and bad to me, but I had no time in which to be shocked. I had to cover my error the best I could by delivering an impromptu

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moral lecture, to which the unblushing woman listened blandly.

I improved. I learned to give a fair character sketch in two minutes. I observed quickly and closely every detail of action, of clothing, of facial expression; I studied hands, not thinking of Jupiter and Saturn, but focusing on shape, cleanliness, and callouses. Then in mysterious but certain tones I spoke. I pointed out musical talents, ages, temperaments, and guessed surprisingly well at marital states and number of children.

From there I ventured on—I should say, *we* ventured on. Sometimes it was like this: "Ah, I see an operation . . . about four months ago . . . four or five. . . ." After all, what woman hasn't had an operation?

"Oh, Madame!" she would exclaim in a pleased voice, "you do see an operation there? That must be the one I am going to have. How will it turn out?"

"Ah yes," I would affirm, "that operation is a very successful one. Oh, I don't say you won't have some trouble . . . there is a little trouble marked around it . . . but you will be better than ever . . . you see, your hand shows you have recovered from it already . . . a very good sign . . . you are a lucky woman . . ."

There were those, naturally, who made it difficult for me by maintaining an expression of continued indifference—never permitting a glimpse into their eyes, remaining silent all the while. No fishing there, so I gave my imagination free rein and let my words leap boldly and blindly into the blue.

"Ah, I see that you are a person of great control . . . you keep things stored within yourself . . . you must beware bottling yourself up too much . . . you are not quick to temper, but when once aroused you are a little dangerous. Ah yes . . . no one will ever cheat you because you are quick to catch the other fellow . . . a very fine trait indeed . . . your hand is a trifle difficult to read . . . you have been told that before . . ."

Usually their reserve melted under the warm rain of words such as these, although a few walked out without saying anything at all. "Well, Madame," I would say to myself, "you didn't catch that one."

Everyone had an opportunity at the close of the short "reading" to ask a question. That was an exciting game! A sharp-voiced daughter with a greedy eye demanded, "Where did Grandma hide her money? She lies up in her bedroom all day long and won't let any of us touch her things. I know she's got some money!"

In that case, I was all for Grandma, bless her heart. Firmly, I answered, "Grandma's money is no more. There is bad luck all around it. Leave her in peace or you will be sorry."

"I have headaches all the time," queried another worriedly, "and look how swollen my leg is! What is the matter with me?"

With the manner of one who is saying something important and new I replied, "I see an organic disorder. You must consult a good doctor at once. If you go soon, you will be better."

But questions such as this were far worse: "Shall I sell the farm?" "Shall I trade the store for this property?" "Is a law suit justifiable?"

How did I know! But I was Madame K—— and she knew! She had to. There was no time to hedge, either. I blush for her today.

It was not long before another danger demanded all my ingenuity and cunning. One day a witchlike little woman with fallen gray hair pushed her way through the crepe-paper streamers. I saw at once that her wild black eyes were suspicious and threatening.

Looking at her forked hand with its sharp, crooked claws, I began warily, "There is something different about you . . . I can't tell just what it is . . . give me a minute . . . your hand is very difficult . . ."

But she wouldn't give me a minute and screamed derisively at me, "Don't you see that I heal people?"

"No," I responded quietly, "but I see that you help a great many people . . . ah yes . . . I see that you belong to my own kind . . ."

Spiritualists, healers, psychics, and crystal-gazers came in. They came because their continued income was challenged by my appearance in their midst. A "psychic" had told Mrs. Potowsky that she was going to lose dear, drunk Mr. Potowsky by death within three

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months. Mrs. Potowsky came to me and I said, "Ah no, whoever told you that must be wrong. Mr. Potowsky will be with you longer than that . . . several years . . ."

So word of the dangerous rival went around the circle of seers, and they arrived one by one, at intervals, to spy for themselves. My terror was genuine but I knew that I had to outsmart them. I think I did. I can never be quite sure. Always on my guard, I watched for them, I learned to "spot" them and to launch my attack before they did theirs.

Sometimes I disposed of a belligerent competitor like this: "My dear friend, I feel the need of having my hand read today. I feel that you are the one to do it. Will you honor me?"

And honor me she would—with a harrowing foretelling of early death and tragic love life! And as I listened I realized in horror that I was one of these.

A few weeks disappeared into a few months while my fame was spread by my hits, not by my errors. From across the tracks, from near-by factories, from the stores around, came men and more women than men to battle in a long line outside my den.

I was asked a hundred times about drunken husbands and transient husbands. I listened to tales of brutality and sordid living. I felt myself smothering under an avalanche of terrifying problems. My Lutheran teachings, softened by a liberal college education, served as a nice moral reservoir, from which I desperately ladled advice. But I did not have the knowledge nor the funds that bolster social workers. I was only a fake fortuneteller!

I could, of course, give romance (but with such a sinking heart) to a pale, limping woman of thirty-five who placed her needle-bitten hands before me. She is probably still sewing linings into coffins and still hoping—because a fortuneteller looked into her palm and saw that a gallant farmer awaited her just around the corner.

But if you think I could solve the unemployment question! It seemed that I met each weary member of the great army of unemployed. Old men in their seventies, "Am I going to find work?" Young women with dull eyes, "When will my husband find work?"

I suppose that it may have been my conscience that ended my career as Madame K——, the palmist . . . or maybe it was nerves. I began to feel more and more wretched inside. At the end of the day, going home on the trolley, I looked out of the window only to confront again each of the questioning faces I had met in the hours before . . . they would not be brushed aside.

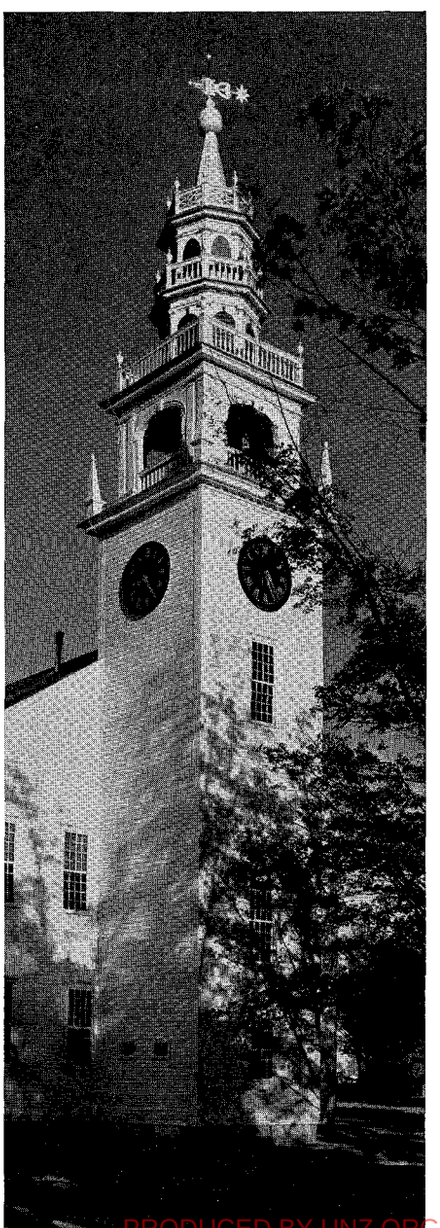
Then I began seeing them in my sleep. One night a howling mob of men and women surrounded me. Hands in outstretched fury tore at my blouse and wrenched away my earrings. Someone screamed, "Grandma hid her money under the carpet! You lied to me!" "You told me to sell my store. Now look where I am!" screamed another. "You said I'd get work! We're still starving!" moaned yet another.

Conscience or nerves—I couldn't take it. The next morning I relinquished and renounced forever my title as Madame K——. And what a joy that was!

It is the shadow of this escapade that comes to make me uncomfortable when someone says, "Do go to see her! She is an excellent palmist!" Heaven forbid that I ever bring my problems to a fortuneteller. And, though I know it's none of my business, why do you?

Pilgrims' Pride

ISOBEL EVENSEN



H. C. HASKELL, FROM "THE MONOGRAPH SERIES"

$100 PRIZE

SEE "STRAWS IN THE WIND" FOR BIOGRAPHY

She stood at my door, a tall, lanky, sour-faced girl, holding a folded newspaper in her hand.

"You looking for a maid?" she demanded.

"Yes, won't you come in?" Hallelujah! I breathed fervently, motioning her to the most comfortable chair in my living room, at the same time taking quick stock of her dirty polo coat, the run-down heels of her absurd red sandals, the oily blonde hair beneath her once-white beret.

"You been without a girl long?" she asked bluntly, surveying my rumpled house dress with a gleam of satisfaction in her eyes. I was suddenly aware that it was five o'clock in the afternoon and that I smelled strongly of naphtha soap.

"Not long," I lied coolly. Just four endless months of interviewing, advertising, waiting for servants who never came. Four months of sheer exhaustion. No time for garden or books or family. Well, this girl wouldn't get away. Not if I could help it.

"Have you had experience in housework?" I smiled.

"Yeah, a little. Ain't been working for a year, though. I'm on relief." She sat up proudly. "I get six dollars a week for doing nothing, just nothing. So does my sister. My dad gets fourteen." She slumped back in her chair. "Now the government says we should find work. Of course, we're on relief until we find something. Ain't found nothing yet." There was triumph in her eyes.

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The sullen look returned. "This is an awful big room. Them flowers fresh?"

I nodded. Poor ignorant girl. Well, I could teach her.

"You got any kids?" She had nice eyes. Blue and direct. She looked strong, too. But it wasn't going to be easy.

"I have three children."

"Three!" Her tone implied a round dozen.

"Bobby is eight, Sally is six, and Bunny is four."

"You expect me to take care of them?"

"Only when I am out." Which wouldn't be often, I reflected grimly.

"You go out much?"

"Just the usual social affairs."

"Well, a few years ago I worked at a place where she went out all the time. Luncheons, dinners, even breakfasts. You entertain much?"

"Not a great deal." The girl was impossible. But I would hang on. Anyone, with two hands, just two hands and a couple of feet.

"What is your age?" I asked quickly, hoping to direct the conversation in my own way.

"Twenty-two. How many rooms you got?"

"This is a nine-room house. Would you like to see your room?" I asked, suddenly inspired. "You have a nice bath and a little porch off your bedroom."

But my guest, with her accustomed indifference to my part of the interview, was ready with the next one.

"You expect me to do all the work?" Her eyes catalogued my furniture.

"All but the laundry and cleaning. I have a woman for that. Can you cook?" I could play this answer-and-question game too.

"Oh, I can get plain meals. Nothing fancy. No pastry or salads. I'm not much on meats. Your folks eat much meat?"

My head was beginning to ache. "We consider meat a necessary part of the daily diet," I reproved her firmly.

"What days do you give off?"

"Thursdays and Sundays and other evenings when we are home."

She thought that over. "Well, I want Saturday nights, too. My cousin in New York gets all day Sunday and $20 a week. How much do you pay?"

"Ten dollars a week. That is considered excellent pay in the Middle West."

"Yeah? Well, it won't be long. We've got the government behind us now."

I began to wish we had.

"Wouldn't you like to see your room?" I asked again. My head was throbbing now.

She made no move. She was looking out of the window.

"Them your kids?"

"Yes, those are my children." Suddenly I was very lonely for them.

"Well, I hope they obey. I won't take no back talk from anybody's brats."

Brats!

I was on my feet. I was at the door.

"Please go. I don't want you."

She stared at me hypnotized.

"Please go!" I fumed.

She walked slowly toward me, stopped, fumbled in her bag, brought out a square of white paper.

"Will you fill this in?" she asked eagerly. "Say that you don't want me?"

"No!" I blazed. "Go back to your dole! Oh, don't you know what they are doing to you—ruining your character—" I found myself pleading helplessly.

But she had gone. I closed the door and burst into tears. Quick shame swept through me. Why had I taken my rage out on her? She wasn't to blame.

I opened the door.

"Have you carfare?" I called lamely.

She turned, smiled proudly. "Sure. The government takes care of me."

•

Pioneer

LOUIS STODDARD

This brush ranch on the seacoast now,
It must have taken years to clear
Two acres for a horse and cow,
And probably another year
To get out stumps so he could plow
A bit of garden in the rear
The coastal highway at his door
Is what he's planning on, no more.
When he is done with pioneering
He'll sell the cabin and the clearing.
He'll marry late and settle down
To drag life out in rooms in town.
His place will make some man a living
Who'll retail gas with no misgiving,
Who'll hang a beer sign from a rafter
And hold his dance where midnight laughter
Will never bother anyone
Who thinks the time for laughter done.

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WILLIAM RITTASE, FROM EWING GALLOWAY

Blue Winds Dancing

TOM WHITECLOUD

THERE is a moon out tonight. Moon and stars and clouds tipped with moonlight. And there is a fall wind blowing in my heart. Ever since this evening, when against a fading sky I saw geese wedge southward. They were going home . . . . Now I try to study, but against the pages I see them again, driving southward. Going home.

Across the valley there are heavy mountains holding up the night sky, and beyond the mountains there is home. Home, and peace, and the beat of drums, and blue winds dancing over snow fields. The Indian lodge will fill with my people, and our gods will come and sit among them. I should be there then. I should be at home.

But home is beyond the mountains, and I am here. Here where fall hides in the valleys, and winter never comes down from the mountains. Here where all the trees grow in rows; the palms stand stiffly by the roadsides, and in the groves the orange trees line in military rows, and endlessly bear fruit. Beautiful, yes; there is always beauty in order, in rows of growing things! But it is the beauty of captivity. A pine fighting for existence on a windy knoll is much more beautiful.

In my Wisconsin, the leaves change before the snows come. In the air there is the smell of wild rice and venison cooking; and when the winds come whispering through the forests, they carry the smell of rotting leaves. In the evenings, the loon calls, lonely; and birds sing their last songs before leaving. Bears dig roots and eat late fall berries, fattening for their long winter sleep. Later, when the first snows fall, one awakens in the morning to find the world white and beautiful and clean. Then one can look back over his trail and see the tracks following. In the woods there are tracks of deer and snowshoe rabbits, and long streaks where partridges slide to alight. Chipmunks make tiny footprints on the limbs; and one can hear squirrels busy in hollow trees, sorting acorns. Soft lake waves wash the shores, and sunsets burst each evening over the lakes, and make them look as if they were afire.

That land which is my home! Beautiful, calm—where there is no hurry to get anywhere, no driving to keep up in a race that knows no ending and no goal. No classes where men talk and talk, and then stop now and then to hear their own words come back to them from the students. No constant peering into the maelstrom of one's mind; no worries about grades and honors; no hysterical preparing for life until that life is half over; no anxiety about one's place in the thing they call Society.

I hear again the ring of axes in deep woods, the crunch of snow beneath my feet. I feel again the smooth velvet of ghost-birch bark. I hear the rhythm of the drums. . . . I am tired. I am weary of trying to keep up this bluff of being civilized. Being civilized means trying to do everything you don't want to, never doing anything you want to. It means dancing to the strings of custom and tradition; it means living in houses and never knowing or caring who is next door. These civilized white men want us to be like them—always dissatisfied, get-

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ting a hill and wanting a mountain.

Then again, maybe I am not tired. Maybe I'm licked. Maybe I am just not smart enough to grasp these things that go to make up civilization. Maybe I am just too lazy to think hard enough to keep up.

Still, I know my people have many things that civilization has taken from the whites. They know how to give; how to tear one's piece of meat in two and share it with one's brother. They know how to sing—how to make each man his own songs and sing them; for their music they do not have to listen to other men singing over a radio. They know how to make things with their hands, how to shape beads into design and make a thing of beauty from a piece of birch bark.

But we are inferior. It is terrible to have to feel inferior; to have to read reports of intelligence tests, and learn that one's race is behind. It is terrible to sit in classes and hear men tell you that your people worship sticks of wood—that your gods are all false, that the Manitou forgot your people and did not write them a book.

I am tired. I want to walk again among the ghost-birches. I want to see the leaves turn in autumn, the smoke rise from the lodgehouses, and to feel the blue winds. I want to hear the drums; I want to hear the drums and feel the blue whispering winds.

There is a train wailing into the night. The trains go across the mountains. It would be easy to catch a freight. They will say he has gone back to the blanket; I don't care. The dance at Christmas. . . .

*

A bunch of bums warming at a tiny fire talk politics and women and joke about the Relief and the WPA and smoke cigarettes. These men in caps and overcoats and dirty overalls living on the outskirts of civilization are free, but they pay the price of being free in civilization. They are outcasts. I remember a sociology professor lecturing on adjustment to society; hobos and prostitutes and criminals are individuals who never adjusted, he said. He could learn a lot if he came and listened to a bunch of bums talk. He would learn that work and a woman and a place to hang his hat are all the ordinary man wants. These are all he wants, but other men are not content to let him want only these. He must be taught to want radios and automobiles and a new suit every spring. Progress would stop if he did not want these things. I listen to hear if there is any talk of communism or socialism in the hobo jungles. There is none. At best there is a sort of disgusted philosophy about life. They seem to think there should be a better distribution of wealth, or more work, or something. But they are not rabid about it. The radicals live in the cities.

I find a fellow headed for Albuquerque, and talk road-talk with him. "It is hard to ride fruit cars. Bums break in. Better to wait for a cattle car going back to the Middle West, and ride that." We catch the next east-bound and walk the tops until we find a cattle car. Inside, we crouch near the forward wall, huddle, and try to sleep. I feel peaceful and content at last. I am going home. The cattle car rocks. I sleep.

Morning and the desert. Noon and the Salton Sea, lying more lifeless than a mirage under a somber sun in a pale sky. Skeleton mountains rearing on the skyline, thrusting out of the desert floor, all rock and shadow and edges. Desert. Good country for an Indian reservation. . . .

Yuma and the muddy Colorado. Night again, and I wait shivering for the dawn.

Phoenix. Pima country. Mountains that look like cardboard sets on a forgotten stage. Tucson. Papago country. Giant cacti that look like petrified hitchhikers along the highways. Apache country. At El Paso my road-buddy decides to go on to Houston. I leave him, and head north to the mesa country. Las Cruces and the terrible Organ Mountains, jagged peaks that instill fear and wondering. Albuquerque. Pueblos along the Rio Grande. On the boardwalk there are some Indian women in colored sashes selling bits of pottery. The stone age offering its art to the twentieth century. They hold up a piece and fix the tourists with black eyes until, embarrassed, he buys or turns away. I feel suddenly angry that my people should have to do such things for a living. . . .

☆
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SEE "STRAWS IN THE WIND" FOR BIOGRAPHY

Santa Fe trains are fast, and they keep them pretty clean of bums. I decide to hurry and ride passenger coal-tenders. Hide in the dark, judge the speed of the train as it leaves, and then dash out, and catch it. I hug the cold steel wall of the tender and think of the roaring fire in the engine ahead, and of the passengers back in the dining car reading their papers over hot coffee. Beneath me there is a blur of rails. Death would come quick if my hands should freeze and I fall. Up over the Sangre De Cristo range, around cliffs and through canyons to Denver. Bitter cold here, and I must watch out for Denver Bob. He is a railroad bull who has thrown bums from fast freights. I miss him. It is too cold, I suppose. On north to the Sioux country.

Small towns lit for the coming Christmas. On the streets of one I see a beam-shouldered young farmer gazing into a window filled with shining silver toasters. He is tall and wears a blue shirt buttoned, with no tie. His young wife by his side looks at him hopefully. He wants decorations for his place to hang his hat to please his woman. . . .

Northward again. Minnesota, and great white fields of snow; frozen lakes, and dawn running into dusk without noon. Long forests wearing white. Bitter cold, and one night the northern lights. I am nearing home.

I reach Woodruff at midnight. Suddenly I am afraid, now that I am but twenty miles from home. Afraid of what my father will say, afraid of being looked on as a stranger by my own people. I sit by a fire and think about myself and all other young Indians. We just don't seem to fit in anywhere—certainly not among the whites, and not among the older people. I think again about the learned sociology professor and his professing. So many things seem to be clear now that I am away from school and do not have to worry about some man's opinion of my ideas. It is easy to think while looking at dancing flames.

Morning. I spend the day cleaning up, and buying some presents for my family with what is left of my money. Nothing much, but a gift is a gift, if a man buys it with his last quarter. I wait until evening, then start up the track toward home.

Christmas Eve comes in on a north wind. Snow clouds hang over the pines, and the night comes early. Walking along the railroad bed, I feel the calm peace of snowbound forests on either side of me. I take my time; I am back in a world where time does not mean so much now. I am alone; alone but not nearly so lonely as I was back on the campus at school. Those are never lonely who love the snow and the pines; never lonely when the pines are wearing white shawls and snow crunches coldly underfoot. In the woods I know there are the tracks of deer and rabbit; I know that if I leave the rails and go into the woods I shall find them. I walk along feeling glad because my legs are light and my

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feet seem to know that they are home. A deer comes out of the woods just ahead of me, and stands silhouetted on the rails. The North, I feel, has welcomed me home. I watch him and am glad that I do not wish for a gun. He goes into the woods quietly, leaving only the design of his tracks in the snow. I walk on. Now and then I pass a field, white under the night sky, with houses at the far end. Smoke comes from the chimneys of the houses, and I try to tell what sort of wood each is burning by the smoke; some burn pine, others aspen, others tamarack. There is one from which comes black coal smoke that rises lazily and drifts out over the tops of the trees. I like to watch houses and try to imagine what might be happening in them.

Just as a light snow begins to fall I cross the reservation boundary; somehow it seems as though I have stepped into another world. Deep woods in a white-and-black winter night. A faint trail leading to the village.

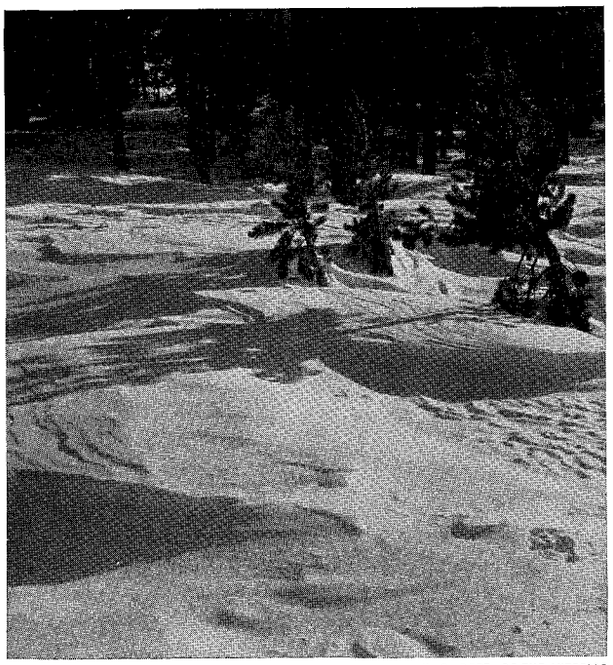
The railroad on which I stand comes from a city sprawled by a lake—a city with a million people who walk around without seeing one another; a city sucking the life from all the country around; a city with stores and police and intellectuals and criminals and movies and apartment houses; a city with its politics and libraries and zoos.

Laughing, I go into the woods. As I cross a frozen lake I begin to hear the drums. Soft in the night the drums beat. It is like the pulse beat of the world. The white line of the lake ends at a black forest, and above the trees the blue winds are dancing.

I come to the outlying houses of the village. Simple box houses, etched black in the night. From one or two windows soft lamplight falls on the snow. Christmas here, too, but it does not mean much; not much in the way of parties and presents. Joe Sky will get drunk. Alex Bodidash will buy his children red mittens and a new sled. Alex is a Carlisle man, and tries to keep his home up to white standards. White standards. Funny that my people should be ever falling farther behind. The more they try to imitate whites the more tragic the result. Yet they want us to be imitation white men. About all we imitate well are their vices.

The village is not a sight to instill pride, yet I am not ashamed; one can never be ashamed of his own people when he knows they have dreams as beautiful as white snow on a tall pine.

Father and my brother and sister are seated around the table as I walk in. Father stares at me for a moment, then I am in his arms, crying on his shoulder. I give them the presents I have brought, and my throat tightens as I watch my sister save carefully bits of red string from the packages. I hide my feelings by wrestling with my brother when he strikes my shoulder in token of affection. Father looks at me, and I know he has many questions, but he seems to know why I have come. He tells me to go on alone to the lodge, and he will follow.



U. S. DEPT. OF THE INTERIOR

I walk along the trail to the lodge, watching the northern lights forming in the heavens. White waving ribbons that seem to pulsate with the rhythm of the drums. Clean snow creaks beneath my feet, and a soft wind sighs through the trees, singing to me. Everything seems to say "Be happy! You are home now—you are free. You are among friends—we are your friends; we, the trees, and the snow, and the lights." I follow the trail to the lodge. My feet are light, my heart seems to sing to the music, and I hold my head high. Across white snow fields blue winds are dancing.

Before the lodge door I stop, afraid. I wonder if my people will remember me. I wonder—"Am I Indian, or am I white?" I stand before the door a long time. I hear the ice groan on the lake, and remember the story of the old woman who is under the ice, trying to get out, so she can punish some runaway lovers. I think to myself, "If I am white I will not believe that story; if I am Indian, I will know that there is an old woman under the ice." I listen for a while, and I know that there is an old woman under the ice. I look again at the lights, and go in.

Inside the lodge there are many Indians. Some sit on benches around the walls, others dance in the center of the floor around a drum. Nobody seems to notice me. It seems as though I were among a people I have never seen before. Heavy women with long black hair. Women with children on their knees—small children that watch with intent black eyes the movements of the dancers, whose small faces are solemn and serene. The faces of the old people are serene, too, and their eyes are merry and bright. I look at the old men. Straight, dressed in dark trousers and beaded velvet vests, wearing soft moccasins. Dark, lined faces intent on the music. I wonder if I am at all like them. They dance on, lifting their feet to the rhythm of the drums, swaying lightly, looking upward. I look at their eyes, and am startled at the rapt attention to the rhythm of the music.

The dance stops. The men walk back to the walls, and talk in low tones or with their hands. There is little conversation, yet everyone seems to be sharing some secret. A woman looks at a small boy wandering away, and he comes back to her.

Strange, I think, and then remember. These people are not sharing words—they are sharing a mood. Everyone is happy. I am so used to white people that it seems strange so many people could be together without someone talking. These Indians are happy because they are together, and because the night is beautiful outside, and the music is beautiful. I try hard to forget school and white people, and be one of these—my people. I try to forget everything but the night, and it is a part of me; that I am one with my people and we are all a part of something universal. I watch eyes, and see now that the old people are speaking to me. They nod slightly, imperceptibly, and their eyes laugh into mine. I look around the room. All the eyes are friendly; they all laugh. No one questions my being here. The drums begin to beat again, and I catch the invitation in the eyes of the old men. My feet begin to lift to the rhythm, and I look out beyond the walls into the night and see the lights. I am happy. It is beautiful. I am home.

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don herold examines:

side-seat drivers

Side-seat and back-seat driving has been the subject of much ill-deserved comedy and contempt.

As a result, anybody who drives a car is now many times as sensitive and snooty about sensible suggestions, warnings, shouts, and screams from the side or back seats as he has any right to be.

Your husband or your wife can be driving headlong into an approaching car, and if you so much as breathe, "Dear, hadn't you better LOOK OUT!" you get a supercilious lecture on side-seat or back-seat driving that will shut you up for the rest of the day, if not for the rest of your life.

Now, Mrs. Herold does most of the real driving in our family (I'm one of

six husbands in America who will admit that their wives are better drivers than they), and I am a very frank and open and unashamed and uninhibited side-seat driver. I have the courage of my side-seat driving, and I have a very definite philosophy about it.

I figure that even if I give Mrs. Herold 999 unnecessary warnings and am responsible for the avoidance of only *one* accident, I have done a very good season's work as a side-seat driver. It isn't as if I had anything else to do; as a passenger in Mrs. Herold's car I have plenty of time to give to my side-seat driving, plenty of time. And I enjoy it.

And I figure that two heads are better than one, even if one of them is mine, with all its astigmatism and its inherent cerebral jitters.

Drivers— I mean real driver's-seat drivers—haven't any such wonderful record to boast of in this country. They kill about 35,000 people a year and injure about 1,000,000 others. If I had a record like that, believe me, I'd welcome some help and advice from the side or rear, or anywhere else I could get it, instead of resenting it and going into a pout about it.

I have an idea that if the real-seat drivers of America hadn't done such a thorough job of squelching and intimidating us side-seat and back-seat lookouts and advisers, and if they weren't so sure of their righteous impeccability as real-seat drivers, this horrible accident record might be only, say, three-fourths as bad as it is.

Are we side-seat and back-seat drivers mice or men? It seems to me we have a place and a mission in this world, and that we ought to have staunch conviction as to our usefulness in a world of dented fenders and fractured skulls.

florida notes

I thought I would go down to Florida for two weeks (for my first visit) to see if they had climate and also to take another look at the rich before they are all gone.

California is a dry desert which has been redeemed in spots by irrigation. Florida seems to me to be a wet desert which has been redeemed in spots by de-irrigation.

As to climate, both California and Florida appear to be great liars. There are no bathing beauties in California in winter, and Florida, when I was there, was having "the coldest weather since 1934" (which, my guess is, they have every month or so). I should have brought my own personal smudge-pot.

But both states suffer from expectation of climate perfection on the part of their customers. In New York I never look at the climate. Yet I stepped off the train in Florida expecting to be flooded in an effulgence of vitamin-stuffed, golden, soothing sunshine. It wasn't there. There were clouds in the sky. I got up every morning prepared to cross-examine the climate. Some days it was pretty glorious. Other days it was just climate.

I suppose neurotic psychologists would say that everybody in either California or Florida is suffering from a mother-womb complex, seeking warmth and craving shelter from the rigors of life. That's true to some extent. (I hope to join them some day.)

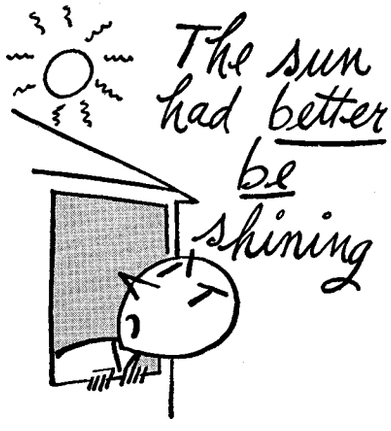
There are a lot of folks in both states who carry a bottle of medicine and a teaspoon in their upper left-hand pocket. I'll never forget the first time I saw somebody stoop over in California and lose his teaspoon from his upper coat pocket.

There's a half-million-dollar hotel in Miami Beach which has been built by a guy who gives horoscope readings in a tent in Miami at a dollar a crack.

I confined my trip this time to the East Coast. Palm Beach is more gorgeous than I imagined, with Addison Mizener's beautiful handiwork all over the place. (If the government ever decides to confine the vanishing rich to a reservation, like the Indians, Palm Beach will probably be the spot.) Miami is much finer than I have ever heard it painted—clean with newness and freedom from smoke.

But the place that hit me best was the country around Vero Beach, rich in its lush virgin verdure. And the biggest thrill I had in Florida was in the McKee Jungle Gardens, near Vero Beach, where some perspicacious native has captured 80 acres of the real Florida jungle, groomed it a bit, put in sawdust paths, but otherwise left it alone in all its primitive grandeur, its ink-black streams, its exotic undergrowth, and its cathedral palms—and not a subdivision stick in sight.

They pulled a typical dirty Florida trick on me, the last two days I was



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there—gave me two days of warm, crystal-clear sunshine, to make me want to come back.

I do.

before suicide

A tailor in the Bronx, New York, recently jumped off of a five-story building because his dental plate hurt him.

There were so many other more logical things that this man might have done first:

(1) He might have thrown his teeth off the building.

(2) He certainly should have taken his dental bill up on the roof and torn it into bits and thrown it off the building. (That would have been fun.)

(3) Or he might have shoved his dentist off the building. (There are always ways to get a dentist up on a roof.)

I always thought that if I ever got the impulse to commit suicide, I'd try a lot of other crazy things first.

I'd try being a hobo, or a beachcomber, or even try to get a job as a trap drummer in a swing band. I might ship as a stowaway on a tramp steamer. I'd yield at last to the boyish impulse I've always had to run away from home. I'd have a try at all kinds of unreasonable indolences and unconventionalities. I'd insult a lot of people and institutions I've always wanted to insult. I'd even try living on a farm. The sea, the tropics, the wide open spaces, all are worth a fling before one gives up. Why, one might even try a job as a clown in a circus, or as keeper of the monkey cage in a zoo.

An irritating dental plate is a pretty annoying thing, but there is always something to do about such things. Our old colored maid used to monkey with hers with a screw driver and fix it up fairly comfortable.

This tailor got himself a fractured leg, a fractured pelvis, and internal injuries, in his suicide attempt. And he still has his ill-fitting dental plate.

Maybe what he needed was some real trouble. Well, he has it.

He'll be more of a philosopher now.

wrong-side-out

The most intelligent and most intellectual friend I have has been in a mental sanitarium for five years.

He has plenty of money, so he stays there to get away from dull people on the outside.

A lot of dull people used to say, "Frank ought to be in a sanitarium," so Frank said, "Why not?" and just moved into one of his own volition. Frank was always willing to decide such things by the toss of a coin.

I used to watch Frank's passive conflict with the world about him. People were all so positive about so many things which were still open questions to him. He was never belligerent or unkind. He was even much more tolerant than I am of fat minds which have settled down too easily and too prematurely to comfortable and complacent conclusions about God, politics, economics, etc.

So when folks began to wonder if Frank oughtn't to be in a sanitarium, he took sweetly to the idea, and moved in. A bachelor has to live somewhere.

If they knew what to do about him,

all right. He had no positive ideas about it.

In a world which swings every few years into devastating depressions and which goes to work every twenty or thirty years and blows its own flesh into shreds with shrapnel, and which has hundreds of gods, I think there is something to be said for a man who walks into an asylum to get away from sanity. I, personally, am convinced that Frank is about the sanest and most honest man I know.

He is the only man I know who looks at life with his own complete freshness. Others get at least some of their ideas from street orators, from clergymen, from the morning paper, from Roosevelt, Marx, or Hoover, from Dale Carnegie, or from dogmatists of one sort or another.

When I think of Frank in a sanitarium, I think there is something wrong-side-out about the whole proposition.

One thing I know, and that is that in a world full of Franks there would be no wars and no social injustice. Maybe the majority of us should be put into asylums, and the Franks turned out.

I'm prejudiced, perhaps. Frank likes me and my work. (I'd rather have him like me than anybody I know.) He recently said, "Don, it may not be much of a compliment, but I enjoy your writing much better in recent years, since I went crazy."

winter colds

Here's a letter I am writing to the Rockefeller Institute:

Dear Sirs:—

I have a theory that the epidemics of colds that hit this country in December, January, and February of every year are the result, not so much of the weather, but of Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's dinners, and the rehash of same, plus holiday drinking, late hours, and general holiday hi-dee-ho.

Would it be possible for you to conduct an experiment with 200 guinea pigs to determine whether or not I am right?

My suggestion is that you divide the guinea pigs into two groups of 100 each, and feed one group normally and ply the other group with Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's dinners (including turkey and dressing and mince pie) and a lot of holiday liquor, and keep them up late a lot of nights.

Then compare the two groups through December, January, and February for sneezes, sniffles, bronchitis, flu, and pneumonia, and I'll wager the Empire State Building against the R. C. A. Building that you'll find that the nongorging group makes a wonderful comparative showing.

In short, I'll bet you will prove that one thing this country needs is the complete abolition of Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's.

Sincerely, D. H.

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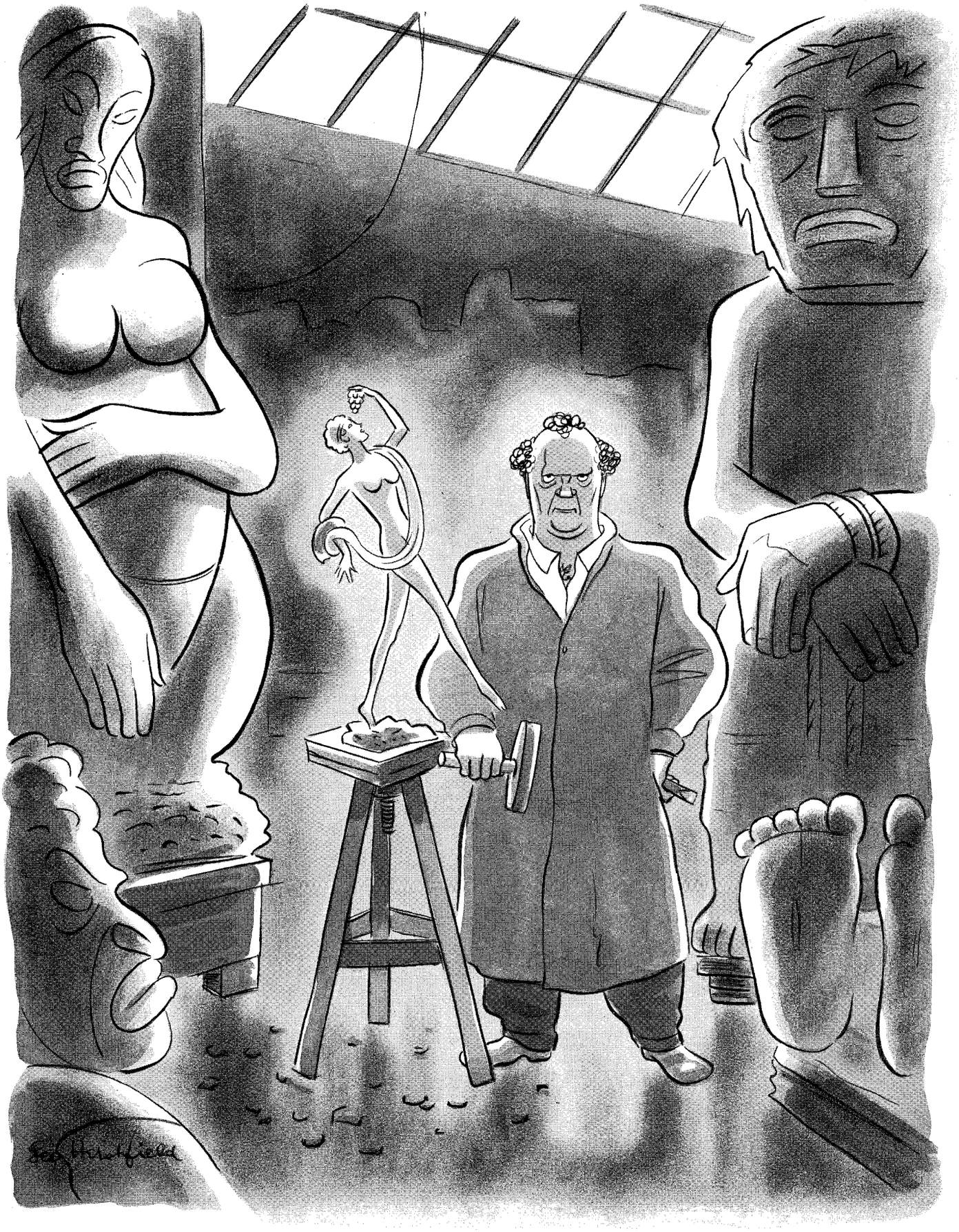

Mr. Jacob Epstein decides to give his public a change of pace

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Motion Pictures and the Dance

GILBERT SELDES

In the past few years "the dance" has become almost a popular art in America. Successors to the Diaghilev Ballet have gone on long and profitable tours which the great original could not accomplish; individual styles have been exploited; an American School has been established and within it a more purely native branch called the Ballet Caravan; the delicate and noble art of Uday Shankar has been widely appreciated; we have even recovered from some too-soulful exploiters of psychological ideas in dance-form; and something like a reconciliation between our popular tap dancing and the classical steps has been attempted.

Since the dance—as opposed to simple dancing—has always been the property of exquisites and esthetes, this is rather gratifying. My interest in the arts which can be reduplicated or reproduced (the movies, paintings, books), or can use instruments of universal communication like radio and television, makes me at times skeptical about the future of the arts which require the presence of an interpreter, or which, like sculpture, do not yield gracefully to mass production. That is why I observe with exceptional interest the attitude of artists toward their work, wondering whether they are arriving at a new relation between themselves and the people. That is also why I recommend Miss Angna Enters' book *First Person Plural* to everyone at all interested in the arts —and incidentally to everyone capable of being interested in the variety and intensity of experience which a fine artist can record.

Compelled to break through established categories and to create a form of her own (which still has no suitable name), Miss Enters has made a fusion of the arts of pantomime, dancing, music, and design. Her book explains her fascinating achievement better than any critic has done. She is singularly objective, simple, and intelligent. "The arts are of life," she says, "and cannot be separated from it. The workaday 'vulgar' world must function to feed the imagination of any dream world." She recognizes "Juan Belmonte moving against a bull," and Bill Robinson dancing, and the Socratic dialogue of Moran and Mack, as elements of our contemporary art. And she is aware of the social condition in which art can exist. She escaped the sniping of Fascist soldiers in Spain in 1936; she discovered why neither as artist nor as person she could isolate herself; and her book ends with her safe arrival at Monte Carlo—to be greeted by a placard of instructions in case of air raids.

I have not even touched the range of Miss Enters' work—her studies in Greece, her perceptive criticism of dancing and dancers, her tribute (unexpected and pleasant) to the part critics played in her career, her sensitive and vigorous writing. She has never been a fad herself and her book will not become one, but the intelligent will take a deep pleasure in it.

*

Three moving pictures of exceptional merit were produced last year in America. They were:

The Life of Émile Zola
The River
Nothing Sacred

I have already written about the first two of these. The third is a farce-comedy, done in color, directed by William Wellman, starring Carole Lombard and Frederic March. The screen play (from a story by James Street) was written by Ben Hecht, and while I cannot separate the credit due to the director from that due the writer, I feel safe in saying that Mr. Hecht's work justifies his highly publicized salary. *Nothing Sacred* is a gay trifle, and is more honorable a work than Mr. Hecht's laborious solemnity in *To Quito and Back*.

Nothing Sacred is the picture toward which scores of other Hollywood comedies have aspired. It begins with a good plot: a girl who has just discovered that she is *not* doomed to die of radium poisoning lets herself be taken to New York for a last fling and for New York's maudlin sympathy, precisely as if she were still under sentence of death. It is imaginative, quick in movement, almost miraculous in its comic detail, and directed with such brilliant technical mastery that it gives you a feeling of deep satisfaction over and above your pleasure in the story or the acting. A sub-stratum of satire gives a little "body" to its wine; the roughhouse is like old Keystone comedy, yet it is never thrown in merely for a laugh or to save a situation. The intelligence of the whole picture is extraordinary. It is a Selznick picture in which the producer should take far more pride than in his other great successes, *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *A Star Is Born*.

Most of the other pictures I have seen recently seemed to me definitely second-rate. *Tovarich,* which wasn't a first-rate play to begin with, became actually slow-witted (for the first half, at least) under the direction of Anton Litvak (who directed *Mayerling* and seems to have a nicer feeling for sentiment and royalty than for the tempo of the movies). The general trend in Hollywood still seems to be toward playing safe by playing for crazy laughter. It isn't an idea of any special importance in the progress of the movies.

The moment of quiet—before a storm of good pictures, I hope—is a good time for reviewing more than a month's pictures, for looking back over the movies of half a year, to discover, if possible, some general truths about them. One thing I am sure would not have occurred to me except for a passage in Miss Enters' book: "It is because I do not think of my compositions as self-expression that I have not shown many compositions, which, when finished, have been more interesting to myself as a performer, than to myself as audience." Miss Enters is a great artist and she has also

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an exceptional capacity for telling the truth about herself. All but two or three players in Hollywood are not artists at all, in any serious sense, and tons of publicity about themselves, which they come to believe, have made it impossible for them to distinguish between truth and fiction. Yet I think it is certain that there is almost no trace of self-expression among movie actors and actresses. They have something to express—even the meanest of creatures have—but the conditions of their work are against self-expression. You may find here the reason for a certain thinness and lack of body even in the best characterizations of the screen; but you will also find, in this same indifference to self-expression, the secret of the movies' popularity. There are misguided players, far too many of them, who always play one part, and that one "sympathetic"; but does one feel that Clark Gable and Myrna Loy (recently crowned King and Queen of the Movies by a vast newspaper poll) have ever tried to express themselves? Even the few creative figures do their proper job—they create characters. They do not corrupt these characters by any willful self-expressions.

Set beside this circumstance another which may explain it. The great German art critic, Erwin Panofsky, has said (in an essay published in *Transition*) that the conditions under which the movies rose "are opposite to the normal course of events. It was not an *artistic urge* which gave rise to the discovery and gradual perfection of a *new technique*, but it was a *technical invention* which gave rise to the discovery and gradual perfection of a *new art*."

Here is ground for thinking that the movies, by their nature, approach their problems not as any other art does, and may be attempting something no other art has attempted. And that, in turn, is ground for us to consider whether critics haven't, from the beginning, been wrong in their approach to the movies, because the critics were always, consciously or not, judging the movies by the standards of the other arts.

With no new material for esthetic judgment, I have tried this month to make a sort of social-statistical survey of the movies. Too often I find myself cheerful or melancholy over pictures because in one week I have seen three good new ones or (more often) in one week have seen half a dozen bad ones. The condition of the movies cannot be judged solely by what is current at the first-run houses in the Loop or on Broadway or "downtown" in any large city. It must be judged by films available in small towns, by what the average spectator is likely to see. As I am unable to survey the whole field, I have taken a list which, I am pretty sure, includes nine-tenths of the titles being shown, at the moment of writing, throughout the country. It is the list of pictures current in New York in about one hundred theaters at the end of the year. In one week these theaters showed 183 different films of which 30 were old enough to be called revivals. Out of the 153 recent films, 79 were recommended by one or more impartial organizations as suitable for children between the ages of twelve and sixteen. Six of the films which could harm no childish soul are very good or first-class entertainment for adults, and there are seven other pictures recently produced which it was a pleasure to see and it would be a pleasure to see again. In the list of the 30 revivals, the magazine *Cue* rates 12 as A pictures. My choices sometimes coincide, sometimes differ, but my total is 17. The total result of these calculations is that if you take all the pictures made in the last six months and add to them all the pictures of the past two or three years, which for one reason or another have been worth reviving, you would have at a maximum 33 items of good entertainment, or about one out of every six offered.

That more than half of the pictures current should be suitable for children is a social circumstance worth thinking about. That five-sixths are of low grade, by my admittedly high standards, would not be important except for one fact—that pictures are deliberately made to be second-rate. Other critics of films may be more indulgent, but the producers of B and sub-B films are entirely candid about their films. In practice, the B pictures work on a small budget; that means less important players and writers and directors, as well as less extravagant sets; it means less time spent on the work; and no first-class theme or story will be wasted on these second-order productions.

Many years ago, when I was writing criticism of current books, Heywood Broun complained that I seemed to think writers intentionally did work less excellent than they were capable of. The movie producers have no such protest to make. They invented B pictures to fill the schedules of their tied theaters. And that also is a new thing in the arts, against the normal order, I hope,

Crucial Moments in Radio History
Mr. W. J. Cameron enlivens the Ford hour with a spirited defense of communism

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The Next Great Plague to Go

TODAY syphilis is causing more misery of mind and body than any other preventable disease. Five hundred thousand new cases are reported under treatment by physicians each year. Hundreds of thousands of other cases never receive proper medical care.

Most new cases can be cured—completely cured—*provided* correct treatment is started immediately. Why then does syphilis wreck so many lives? One big reason is that in its early stages the disease creates little personal discomfort. In addition, charlatans and quacks often can deceive syphilitic patients. Early symptoms—usually a sore, a rash or a persistent feeling of not being well—disappear no matter how unscientific or inadequate the treatment.

Many a victim, therefore, believing he has been cured by a few quack treatments or that he has never been infected, lets time slip by during those early weeks when he has the best chance to begin a real cure. Meanwhile, the disease slowly entrenches itself in one or more vital organs.

Years later, long after the initial attack has been forgotten, syphilis strikes. It may mean death from heart disease in a man of forty, at a time when he is most needed by his family. It may mean insanity, also at a relatively young age. It may mean blindness. And often death is preceded by a long period of partial or total disability.

Syphilis numbers its innocent victims in the thousands. In its early stages, syphilis is highly infectious. It may be contracted unknowingly by a kiss or by direct contact with articles freshly contaminated.

Fortunately, nobody needs to be in doubt as to whether he or she is infected by the syphilis germ. With the aid of blood tests and microscopic examinations, the skilled physician can determine whether or not the disease is present. This service is also given by public health centers and clinics in an increasing number of communities. Their locations will be readily supplied by the health department or the county medical society.

* * * * *

There is no quick or short-cut method of curing syphilis. The only way to kill all the germs is through a systematic course of regular weekly treatments for a period of many months. Begun in the early stages of the disease, the treatment covers a shorter period and insures the cure of about 85 per cent of all cases. Even sufferers in the advanced stages can be given some relief.

Syphilis is a leading cause of stillbirths. Most tragic of its victims are the 60,000 American babies born with preventable syphilis each year, many of them born blind. Early and competent prenatal care of syphilitic mothers will save most of their babies from being born with infection. It will also prevent many miscarriages and stillbirths.

A postcard will bring the Metropolitan booklet "The Great Imitator" which gives additional information about this disease. For free copy address Booklet Department 238-S.

* * * * *

The American Social Hygiene Association, through its National Anti-Syphilis Committee of over 200 prominent people, is sponsoring the second *National Social Hygiene Day, February 2nd, 1938.* On this day, citizen groups and physicians all over the country will meet with officials to plan the next steps to take in stamping out syphilis. This Association, 50 West 50th Street, New York, N. Y., will be glad to send literature and full particulars regarding the meetings.

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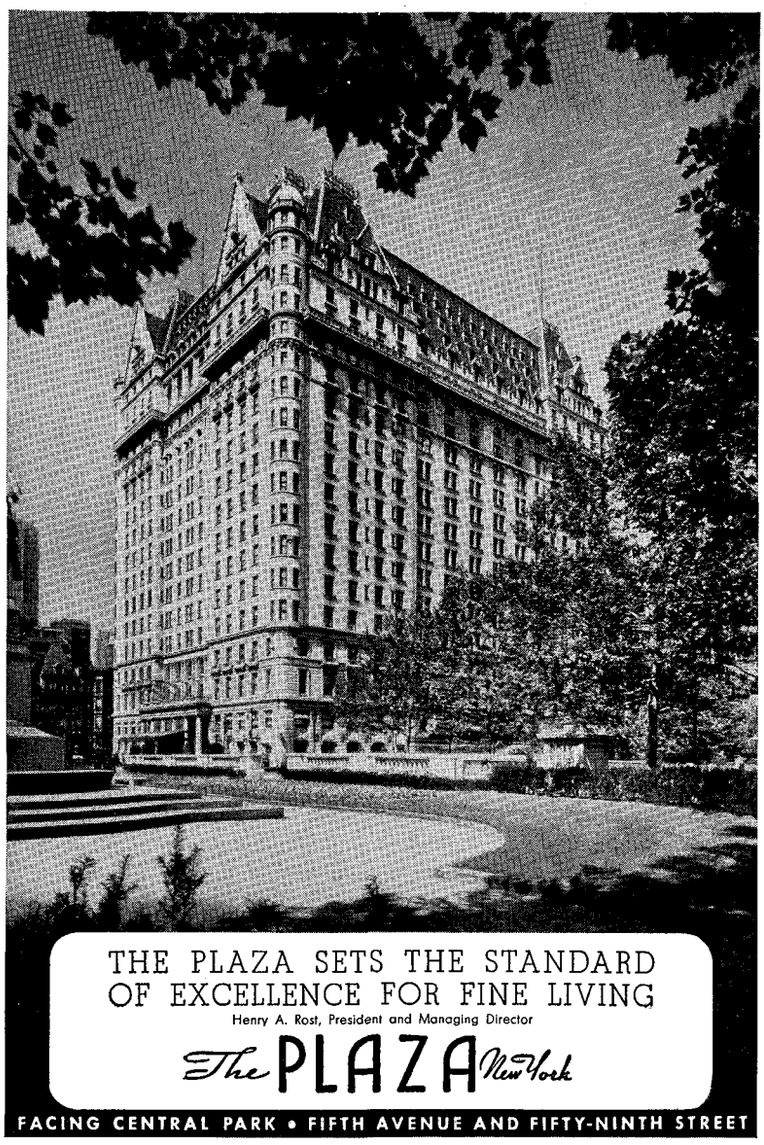
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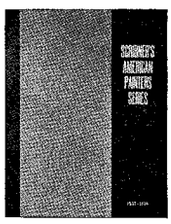

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and connected directly with the condition of mechanism-before-impulse which Dr. Panofsky mentioned.

The commercial necessities are serious; no studio can produce more than a few pictures intended to be important. They can produce pictures intended to be good. But when at least half of the A pictures are either trivial or badly made, the existence of a second level of badness becomes serious. *In the long run,* the movies, producing to fulfill contracts, and not to please audiences, will defeat themselves. No other power than their own can destroy them.

Thirty-four Good Moving Pictures

To Come:

THE RIVER

Current Showings:

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS
DEAD END
DOUBLE OR NOTHING
CONQUEST
THE GOOD EARTH
HURRICANE
LOST HORIZON
NOTHING SACRED
ONE HUNDRED MEN AND A GIRL
SLIM
SOULS AT SEA
STAGE DOOR
I MET HIM IN PARIS
TOPPER
VICTORIA THE GREAT
THE LIFE OF ÉMILE ZOLA

Revivals:

BERKELEY SQUARE
THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN
THE GREAT ZIEGFELD
IF I HAD A MILLION
IMITATION OF LIFE
WINTERSET
THE INFORMER
MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM
MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN
MY MAN GODFREY
NIGHT MUST FALL
OF HUMAN BONDAGE
PETRIFIED FOREST
POPPY
THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND
SIX OF A KIND
TRADER HORN

This list includes some pictures which I do not very much admire, but I recognize them as entertainment acceptable to people of good judgment.—G. S.

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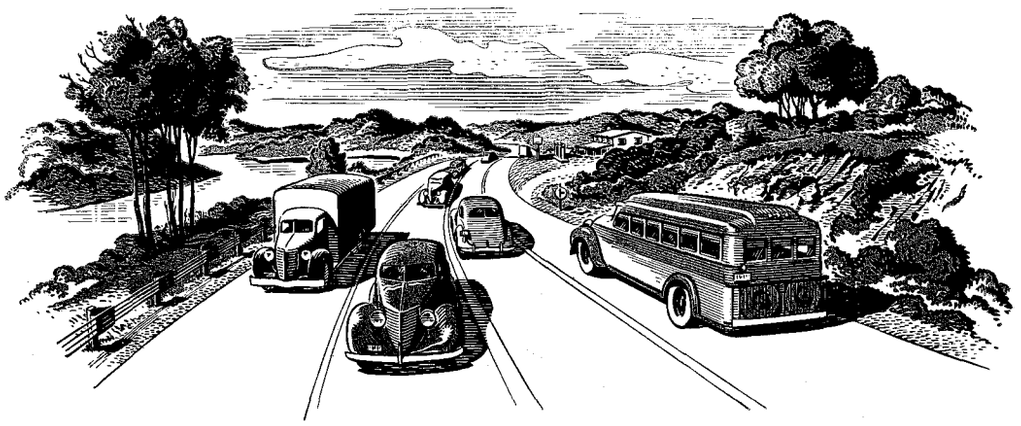
Steel
keeps the highway smooth



WHEN speaking of the part that steel plays in the new mobility brought by the automobile the tendency is to consider only the steels of which the motor vehicles are made. This is only natural, as those steels perform the visible and spectacular tasks.

Probably few people realize, as they glide along on a smooth concrete ribbon, that it is steel that keeps the surface flat and even, in spite of the weight of ponderous buses and trucks. Steel bars, deeply imbedded in the concrete, provide sinews to take the stresses so that they cannot crack the slab or make it wavy. There is upwards of half as much steel in a modern four-lane highway as in the track that carries an express train as it roars across the country.

Bethlehem manufactures these lowly bars that serve the cause of speedy, comfortable highway transportation so unobtrusively, as well as other steel accessories used in road building: Steel ropes to guard danger spots; steel posts to support warning and route signs; steel expansion joints that permit sections of the highway to "breathe"—expand and contract freely with temperature changes. And Bethlehem is also a major producer of the highly specialized steels which make the automobiles that run on these roads the lithe, fleet, dependable vehicles that they are today.

Bethlehem makes a complete line of commercial steel products.

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Theater

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

So long as the theater can produce plays like John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men* and Brian Doherty's *Father Malachy's Miracle* it may humorously finger its nose at the notion that the moving picture can ever offer it any real and threatening competition. The movies, Will Hays or no Will Hays, would no more dare to risk such things intact, save suddenly they were taken over by some bravo who courted popular and financial suicide, than they would dare to risk revealing the glamorous Garbo in the altogether or Mr. Johnny Weissmuller fully clothed. Steinbeck's stripped emotions and Doherty's ironically decked-out ecclesiastical hypocrisies would, in the first instance, bring down the wrath of every women's club in the land were they retailed from the screen and, in the second, would cause the hierophants, doubtless including even the Rt. Rev. Father Divine Himself, to let out such a bellow that Sam Goldwyn, Adolph Zukor, and Sol Wurtzel would fearfully and promptly book passage to Tel Aviv.

Not to be arbitrarily condescending toward the movies, let it be frankly confessed that the theater itself is not always too confident when it undertakes such departures from the usual. At the preview performance of Steinbeck's drama, I am reliably informed that a considerable portion of the invited audience left their seats in disrelish and indignation before the play was half over—just as a third of the first-night audience several years ago did in the case of *Tobacco Road*—and that the management and the actors were certain they had a failure on their hands. And so worried and doubtful was the producer of Doherty's play after consulting various persons connected with the theater (to say nothing of listening idiotically to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's New York theater-scout), that he actually dismissed the acting company, called the production off, and subsequently and finally persuaded himself to go ahead with it again only when two other managements who had had a look at a performance given gratis for them by the undaunted and resentful actors put in offers to take over the play. It is, however, to the theater's great and everlasting credit that it almost always triumphs over its initial misgivings in instances like these, that its producers regain their courage, that the show, in the old saying, goes on, let the chips fall where they may, and that the new and more intelligent theater public and the new and more intelligent drama criticism put their combined shoulders to the wheel in support of the enterprises.

Steinbeck's play, made from his familiar novel of the same name, is as powerful an exercise in unabashed realism, as beautifully honest a scrutiny of speech, act, emotion, and character, and at the same time as paradoxically gentle and tender a scraping off of the quicksilver on the back of the mirror it holds up to nature as the stage in some years has given us. It catches every last value of the novel and lends it a third dimension. And it is, surely, the first play of the season to merit the consideration of the Critics' Circle when the question of the annual award to the best new play by an American author comes before the meeting.

Father Malachy's Miracle, also the dramatization of a novel, is by the Doherty mentioned (with the valuable, if unchronicled, assistance of Worthington Minor) out of Bruce Marshall. A genial spoofing of the timidities and inner alarms of organized religion, it brings into the theater the sort of thing Chesterton might have made of his play *Magic*, if Chesterton had not been quite so professionally conscious a member of the Church of Rome, and the sort of thing Dunsany's rare gift for poetic expression might have converted into something genuinely important and lasting if he could master the three-act play form as he has the one-act. The tale of a little monk who challenges Anglican doubt by performing with God's polite help a miracle and the trouble it gets him into, the exhibit is unquestionably for those more particularized and cultivated audiences who prefer to laugh with their wits rather than with their pharynxes and bellies. And it is, accordingly and to boot, a welcome and happy gift to a stage that generally believes it has commented on theology and religion very trenchantly and conclusively if it shows an actor with chalked, hollow cheeks in an Inverness cloak and vaguely identified with the Saviour having a hard time of it with modern mortals, or a chariot race during which a sudden shaft of light from the flies and symbolically identified with Jehovah miraculously breaks the axle on the chariot driven by the Roman infidel and allows the race to be won by the devout young Jew, Ben Hurwitz. Al Shean, quondam vaudeville partner of the late lamented Gallagher, has the rôle of the prestidigitating monk and, to the reviewers' unwarranted surprise, acquits himself very creditably. Don't the reviewers know that vaudeville and burlesque have always been admirable preparatory schools for wistful, tender, and affectionate acting? Have they forgotten Denman Thompson, Dave Warfield, Lew Fields, Ben Welch, George Sidney, Frank Bacon, Alexander Carr, and George M. Cohan, among others? Also, they may remember, there is a little fellow named Charlie Chaplin.

*

In these pages, at the beginning of the season, I ventured a measure of skepticism as to those playwrights who had been spending some years in Hollywood and who were about to seek to rehabilitate their reputations in the theater. It was, as you recall, my conviction that almost all the truants would regrettably demonstrate the contamination they had suffered, and that their plays would clearly indicate that it was impossible for a man successfully to straddle the two stools of movie writing and dramatic writing. The season is, as I write, half over, and it may be entertaining to scrutinize my prophecy.

Up to the moment, eleven residents of

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Hollywood, ten of them former playwrights and one of them a scenario writer who had hitherto not contributed to the theater, have offered themselves to the stage. Let us consider them in the order of their appearance. Laurence Stallings, who made a name for himself some years ago with *What Price Glory?* and other plays, tried to return with a collaboration on the book of an historical musical romance, *Virginia,* and did so poor a job of it that, dire failure immediately threatening, his work had to be largely edited out and another hand called in to do the rewriting. But it was too late, and the show was withdrawn after a staggering loss. Valentine Davies, who had had two plays to his credit, came back from the studio lots with *Blow Ye Winds,* which self-consciously leaned so far back from film writing that it completely lost its dramatic balance, landed squat on its rear in a swamp of actionless multiloquence, and shortly afterwards landed with an equal thud in the storehouse. Ben Hecht, whose very first play, *The Egotist,* years ago hinted at a droll and original mind and whose *The Front Page* and *Twentieth Century,* written in collaboration with Charles MacArthur, are remembered for their fecund humors, proved in *To Quito and Back,* unanimously thumbed down by the critics and the public, that Hollywood had taken a once valuable dramatic talent and wrecked it, at least temporarily, on the hoals of Brown Derby thought and Dave Chasen grillroom verbosity.

Allan Scott, co-author of that merry comedy, *Good-bye Again!,* returned from the California Corinth with *In Clover,* a comedy so garbled in moods and so footless and silly that it was removed from the stage after a few performances. Jules Eckert Goodman, a successful playwright of two decades ago best-known for his amusing dramatizations of the Potash and Perlmutter stories, though never otherwise notable for any quality, reappeared with *Many Mansions,* which was not only a stale restatement of the stale theme of the defeat of the spiritual young idealist in the field of modern pragmatic faith, but which was dramatized so closely after the movie formula that it promptly flickered itself into an encompassing tedium. Clifford Odets, who went to Hollywood only a year ago and therefore has not yet been unduly infected, came back with *Golden Boy,* the tale of an idealistic James Cagney film pug, which hinted at no corruption of his dramatic talents, but which certainly indicated no slightest advance in them. Let Odets, accordingly, despite the status quo, be nominated a temporary exception to the rule. Aurania Rouverol, who doesn't count one way or the other but who belongs in the record, brought on *Places, Please!* which was carted off to the dump after three performances. Dore Schary, a simon-pure scenario writer who had not had a play produced previously, offered *Too Many Heroes,* a lynching melodrama, which showed that he knew next to nothing of the demands of character interpretation and dramaturgy, and which was mercifuly removed from the scene in apple-pie order. As for *The Bough Breaks,* by James Knox Millen, known antecedently for a play of some power, *Never No More,* suffice it to say that it was laughed off the stage by its sparse audiences and retired to the ashcan after a couple of days. And Henry Meyers, represented in the theater in the past by two plays, returned with a comedy called *Work Is For Horses,* which

George Jean Nathan looks over Broadway's latest miracle man, Al Shean as Father Malachy

was so bad it was similarly hooted off the boards after a few showings.

Sidney Howard was, up to press time, the most recent remigratory apostate. And in *The Ghost of Yankee Doodle* he proved so conclusively what long residence in Hollywood can do to a once fairly likely dramatic competence that his case may be studied at somewhat greater length. It seems that, when a whilom ambitious playwright who has sacrificed himself to cheap movie money becomes contrite and heads East and toward the sun again, he buoyantly views the theater as an escape from either Will Hays or Harry Cohn *et al.,* that is, as a liberation from moral censorship or editorial restrictions. And it also seems that so askew has he become from his Hollywood confinement that he loses all his erstwhile conception of values, whether dramatic or personal.

Take Howard. In this latest play of his he, like Hecht, imagines that he breaks free from Hollywood and ingratiates himself with theater audiences as a fellow of superior mind and culture by thickly raisining his exhibit with allusions to various writers, economists, philosophers, architects, poets, statesmen, and painters. Like someone loftily putting Sam Briskin or Hal Roach in his place, he baronially tosses off in dazzling succession references to Thomas Jefferson and Karl Marx, quotations from Ruskin and Milton, citations of Socrates and Booth Tarkington, titbits about Mark Twain first editions and the etchings of George Bellows, casual remarks on Stanford White and *Othello, u.s.w.,* all in the unmistakable belief that such references are doubly valuable and impressive because if he tried to put them into a movie, the studio bosses would throw him out on his ear. Like other of the returned prodigals, he seeks further to attest to his divorce from Hollywood by incorporating into his play a lofty derogation of the movies, in this instance a slap at little Shirley Temple. He childishly tried to persuade his audience that he belongs heart and soul to the tradition of the theater by sentimentally and nostalgically recalling a song sung by Julia Sanderson in *The Dollar Princess.* (More usually, it is Lillian Russell and *My Evening Star.*) He essays, like Hecht and others before him, to prove that Hollywood, with its boy-meets-girl, divorcée-meets-first-husband and Zola-meets-an-Aryan-Dreyfus stories, has not diminished the pristine magnitude of his cerebrum by filling his play with so much talk about liberalism, communism, fascism, unemployment problems, and other such topics that all that differentiates it from Union Square is its greater windiness. And he seeks to hint that he is a very serious and sober fellow, even when in Hollywood, and that the Trocadero and the Clover Club know naught of such as he by including in his exhibit at least one disdainful sneer at the kind of loafer who stoops to mundane pleasures and diversions, in this instance a diplomat who likes to dance. (Shades of Washington, Jefferson, and Hamilton!) As a consequence, his play, if only he knew it, is left-handed Hollywood with a vengeance.

Now let us await the Hollywood per-

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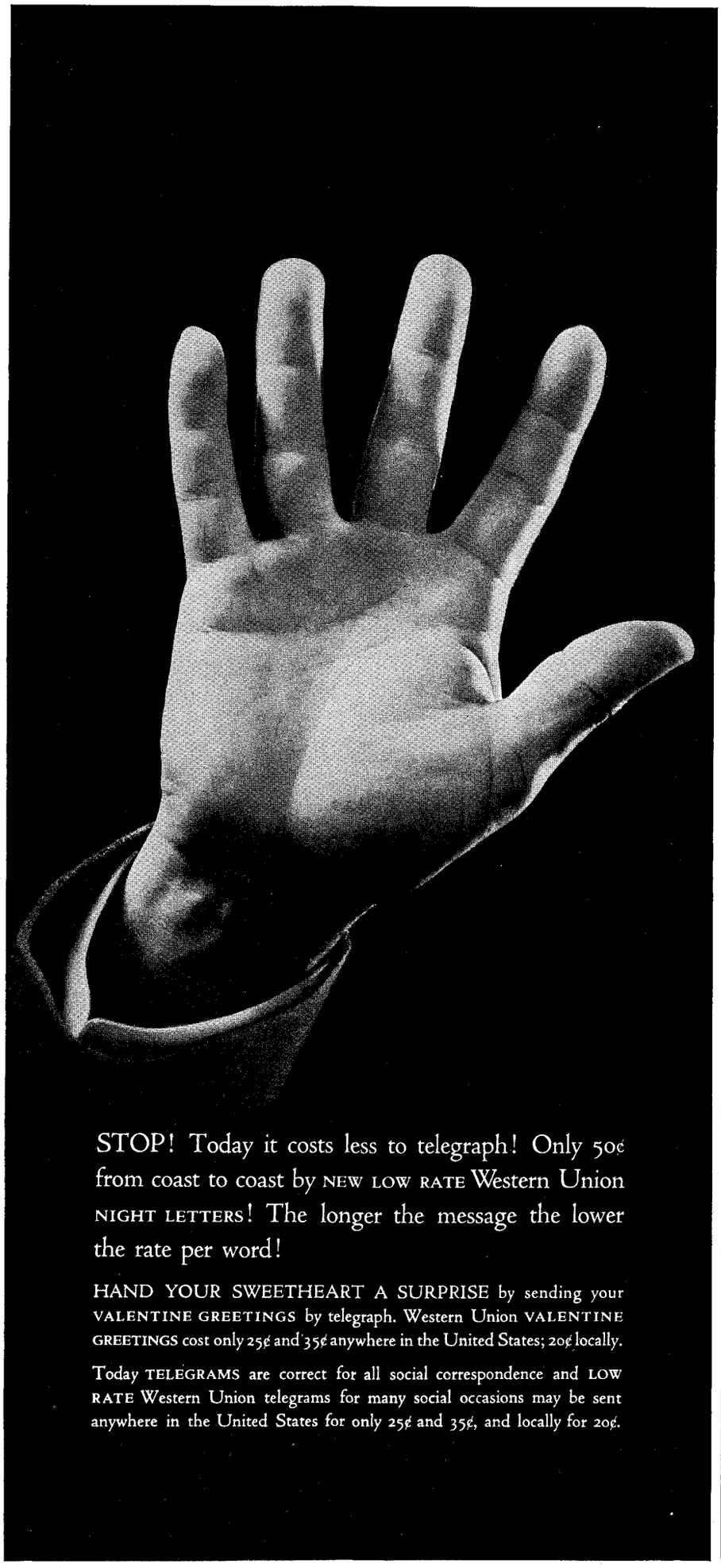
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formances of the season's second half!

The newly founded Mercury Theater of the Messrs. Welles and Houseman is so potentially promising in the way of enterprise and imagination that one sincerely hopes the hysterical critical endorsement which was visited upon its initial offering, *Julius Cæsar,* will not—presuming it didn't intelligently snicker at it—turn its head. The chief enthusiasm of the critics proceeded from their exceptional conviction that the Mercury stage had at last clarified the play, as if Shakespeare's readily intelligible and very simply understood tragedy needed clarification. Far from clarifying the already perfectly clear, the Mercury company actually beclouded and garbled the play in its endeavor to give it the flavor of a modern parable. It not only beclouded and garbled it, indeed, but made it slightly ridiculous, as witness an attribution of the totalitarian philosophy to Shakespeare, the temporary conversion of the hypocritical Antony into a bogus saint and of the intelligent and contemplative Brutus into a debatable foghead, the propaganda against dictatorship with dictatorship at the end magnificently and unassailably triumphant, etc., etc. The next greatest critical enthusiasm was for the additional clarification that modern dress afforded the play. Just how lines read in serge suits become automatically clearer than the same lines read in togas, except perhaps for movie fans, is hard to make out. Since modern clothes never helped the critics appreciably to grasp, let us say, Pirandello, and if it is all merely a matter of costume, why wouldn't it be a good antithetical idea for future producers to help matters by putting Pirandello's characters in ancient Roman dress? In fact, I have a much better idea. To make everything completely clear all around for the boys, why not play all plays stark naked? The third biggest critical enthusiasm was for the staging, only bare walls, platforms of different levels, and lights being used. This, it was proclaimed, was imagination and originality plus! As for a similar employment of lights, let the critics be reminded of the productions at least twenty years ago of Linnebach and Pasetti in Munich. As for a similar employment of platforms of different levels, let them be referred to the productions of Jessner and Pirchan in Berlin at about the same time. And as for the bare walls, let them be prompted on the earliest productions of the celebrated Habima troupe.

Good luck, Mr. Welles and Mr. Houseman, and don't let 'em hear you chuckle!

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Books

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

MR. ARBUTHNOT, as the cliché expert, will you describe James M. Cain's *Serenade* (Knopf, $2.50) for me in a word?"

"Why, certainly. *Serenade* is the most sheerly unlaydownable book that has come this way in many moons. Not since Hemingway has anything so vigorous, so . . ."

"Never mind, Mr. Arbuthnot, I get the idea. As a matter of fact, you are quite right, and there is no use consulting Roget for new ways to say 'unlaydownable.' But do you think the story is phony?"

"Why, absolutely. The plot is riddled with coincidence. While the style is lean, hard, athletic, and clipped, it masks a tender . . ."

"But, Mr. Arbuthnot, you don't get the idea. I'm not talking about coincidence and suppressed romanticism. I'm talking about . . ."

. . . well, what am I talking about? I'm talking about the main theme of *Serenade,* the theme of what might be called personal imperialism, the need of one person to dominate another, whether related to sex, motherhood, jealousy, or whatnot. Mr. Cain's John Howard Sharp, the busted baritone who picks up a chippy in Mexico City and discovers he has a great love and a great tragedy on his hands, lost his voice when a moneyed dilettante, Winston Hawes, commenced to take too great an interest in him. John Howard Sharp wasn't aware of any sexual pull toward his rich benefactor, yet his psyche was sufficiently disturbed to affect his vocal cords. Mr. Cain's story is the story of an escape from thralldom; the broken-down Mr. Sharp drifts to Mexico, gets thrown out of the local opera, and meets his destined inamorata in Juana Montes, a *muchacha* with a proud lift to her Indian profile and a graceful line from her waist to her ankle. In contact with such beauty, Mr. Sharp naturally regains his voice; the *toro* note reappears miraculously in the middle register. But when the baritone drifts back to civilization (*i.e.,* New York) with his little Mexican, the sinister Mr. Hawes appears once more. By a coincidence—the coincidences are terrific in this book, as Mr. Arbuthnot has indicated—Mr. Hawes is able to do something very important for Mr. Sharp; through his banking connections he is able to save him from the consequences of breaking a Hollywood contract. But accepting the good turn has its penalties: Mr. Sharp's voice begins to go once more, and Juana KNOWS. (A psychic girl, Juana.)

All of this seems pretty far-fetched, a downright auctorial disregard for the laws governing the physiology of the throat. Yet Mr. Cain, I think, has got hold of something: he is tackling a problem that has never been adequately treated in literature. I am not referring to the homosexual overtones of his story; they are familiar enough to any reader of Proust, Lawrence, or Thomas Mann. I am referring to the helpless fury, the mingled shame and anger, the feeling of artistic or professional impotence, that overcomes a person when he realizes that he has been sponsored, courted, or praised for the wrong reasons—say, for his smile when he thought he was convincing by sheer weight of logic, or for his influence as a name when he thought it was his ideas that counted. Being fundamentally the most self-sufficient of men, John Howard Sharp must have felt degraded in the extreme when he realized that his voice was only the excuse for Mr. Hawes's voracious interest. No man can actually like being tied to a Maecenas. But when the Maecenas is

"Over here I want you to make the floor creak"

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not disinterested in his fostering tactics, when praise or aid or teaching comes all fudged up with ulterior motives, then the spiritual damage to the protégé can be incalculable. This damage can take the form of smoldering hatred, or it can express itself in a feeling of inferiority. With John Howard Sharp, the main conscious feeling is one of uneasiness. But deeper than that lie feelings of inferiority and fear. Juana realizes as much—and the result is a dead Mr. Hawes, stuck through with a bullfighter's *espada* in as tense and grisly and fantastic a scene as any in recent fiction.

Aside from its exploitation of a personal problem that is seldom made the basis for drama, Mr. Cain's book *is* a wee bit phony. Mr. Cain's John Howard Sharp keeps protesting that he can't stand Mexico, yet Mr. Sharp's evocation of the sights, sounds, and smells of Mexico could only have been produced out of love. The two miraculous escapes of the baritone and his Juana—one from the clutches of a coast-town *politico,* another from the New York police—are engineered by a music-loving black Irishman, a sea captain named Connors who is Johnny-on-the-spot out of space and time when needed. Obviously, no Irishman named Connors ever succeeded in so repeating himself as a *deus ex machina.* But, after all, who cares about the trickery in a narrative primarily designed for smacko hokum beguilement? Mr. Cain uses all the tricks to make you sit up far into the night. He jerks you around, now portraying his amazing baritone as a modern Captain Macklin (remember Richard Harding Davis?), now bringing him straight from the pages of the decadent Frenchman, Joris-Karl Huysmans. Many of Mr. Cain's effects are gained by substituting impious ritual where ecclesiastical ritual is appropriate. As, for example, when the baritone rapes Juana below the altar of a church in the Mexican West Coast hot country. Or, again, when he pours the sacramental sherry into the iguana soup. We are still close enough to the ancient pieties to get a *frisson,* if not a shock, out of such scenes.

*

Speaking of imperialistic domination, three recent and diverse nonfiction books —Paul B. Sears's *This is Our World* (University of Oklahoma Press, $2.50), Walter Prescott Webb's *Divided We Stand* (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50), and Ferdinand Lundberg's *America's 60 Families* (Vanguard, $3.75)—all go to reinforce the thesis of Mr. Cain's novel: that power corrupts and absolute power corrupts utterly, or at least tends in that direction. Mr. Sears's book is the work of an ecologist—which means that it is the work of a student of man in his environment. As in his now-famous *Deserts on the March,* Mr. Sears tries to show that the human race occupies too exalted a position in the world for its own good. Before long, he tells us, the resources that we have ravaged are going to prove a boomerang unless we take warning. Mr. Webb's thesis is that the northern section of the U. S.—which he defines as the quadrangle bounded at the four corners by Maine, Minnesota, Missouri, and Maryland—is getting richer while the South and West are getting poorer. (So London got rich at the expense of the rest of the world in the nineteenth century.) Mr. Lundberg's book substitutes a class analysis for Mr. Webb's sectional analysis; his theory, which he documents to the hilt, is that a few great families and their interconnected relations are scooping up more and more of the titles to wealth, while the majority in the middle class and the proletariat tend more and more to end up in depression without their shirts. It is interesting to note that most of Mr. Lundberg's ruling families live in the North, which at least superficially corroborates Mr. Webb.

The Webb book is truly tantalizing. It consists of a host of true facts. But whether there is a cause-and-effect relationship between Mr. Webb's facts and his conclusions is a question whose subtleties are all snarled up by conflicting economic theory. It is true that the open frontier acted as an American safety valve from the time of John Quincy Adams to the time of Grover Cleveland's second administration. It is true that the safety valve continued to exist even up to the World War, what with U. S. farmers pushing out into Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. It is true that the closing of the frontier eliminated an important variable from our economic equation. It is true that titles to wealth and capital are concentrated in the section which Mr. Webb calls the North. The North has the bank deposits, the insurance companies, the majority of the 200 corporations that own one-half of the nonbanking wealth of America. You might say that the North deserves them, inasmuch as a majority of the American people live in the North. But the point to be made here is that, per capita, the North still has considerably more than its share of the income. Especially when we consider that the raw materials which are the foundations of our wealth are concentrated in the West and South.

From this complex of facts Mr. Webb proceeds to his conclusion: that the underlying populations of the South and West are getting gypped, too, but they at least are near the master's table and can snap up the crumbs and bones. Mr. Webb suggests that a more even geographical diffusion of titles to the wealth would fix things up to some extent.

The suggestion is plausible, but a reading of Mr. Lundberg does not necessarily buttress the Webb contention. It is true that proximity to the factory gates makes for worker-opportunity. But Mr. Webb has not gotten down on his hands and knees and wrestled with the problem of population-fluidity in this country. The automotive industry is a Michigan-Ohio-Indiana industry—which should mean that Michigan, Ohio, and Indiana farm boys get the cream of the assembly-line jobs. Actually, however, a great many of these jobs are held by ex-hillbillies who have rambled in from Kentucky, West Virginia, and Arkansas. General Motors and Ford have been suspected, not without reason, of encouraging an influx of labor from the South; they have evidently believed (to their sorrow) that Southerners, knowing less than their Northern brethren about trades unionism, would prove to be more tractable.

Now, if the automotive industry were to pack up bodily and move to Texas or Georgia, would the opportunity for Texans and Georgians be increased? To some extent, yes. But Northern mechanics would assuredly tend to move South and compete for the jobs. And the titles to the automotive surplus and dividends would still be vested in a small segment of the population, which would still get the dividends whether it lived preponderantly in Kamchatka or Key West or Locust Valley, Long Island. What difference does it make to mechanic Joe Jones whether Alfred P. Sloan lives in New York or El Paso? Or that Mr. Ford spends his winters in Georgia rather than along the River Rouge? Mr. Webb has not proved that a geographical diffusion of U. S. industry would lessen the shock of depression for farmers, miners, loggers—for all of those who are, in fact, the footballs of an industrial economy *no matter where they live.* The fact that chemical plants are moving South to be close to cheap TVA power, or the fact that textile machinery is drifting from Massachusetts and Pennsylvania to the Southern Piedmont, does not help a majority of Southerners as long as the titles to the wealth are stored in the safe-deposit vaults of Mr. Lundberg's sixty families. The sixty families could all live in Idaho and still

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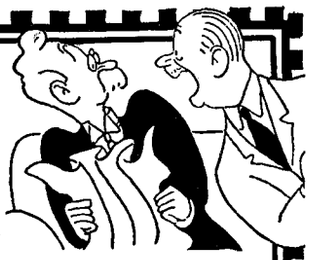

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the economic class or group balance would be unredressed.

What Mr. Webb has proved, however, is that people who actually dig or grow the basic materials on which our civilization rests deserve a better break. And the fact that the diggers and the growers are mostly Southerners and Westerners makes the problem of tipping the balance in their direction a sectional problem from the standpoint of relevant *political* action. But this political action will ignore economic realities if it is merely directed toward getting Northern industries to move their plants into the South and West. The problem is not to shift some of Mr. Chrysler's plants from Detroit to Oklahoma or Arizona. The problem is to get a bigger share of the spending money into the hands of growers and diggers, no matter where they live. Mr. Lundberg recognizes this problem more clearly than does Mr. Webb. Hence his book, however much it may appear to be overwrought in its tone, is fundamentally sound and clear.

Book Notes

To John Steinbeck we are indebted, up to the hilt, for an incident illustrating what an author thinks of his publicity.

With his short novel *Of Mice and Men* now going great guns, both critically and popularly, as a play on Broadway; *Tortilla Flat* being reissued in two inexpensive editions; and Modern Age Books reprinting an earlier novel, *The Pastures of Heaven,* we had a hankering to know where the author himself was hiding out, what he was up to—*i.e.,* we wanted news, but not press-release news. We got back a post card.

"I just work," says Mr. Steinbeck from Los Gatos, California, "and that isn't very interesting. In fact if you want really interesting material, the press material you disparage is the most likely source for it. Sometimes, reading the releases, I am utterly astonished at the things I'm doing. I was at Fulsom Prison one time looking into a cell where a man was under psychiatric observation. Suddenly the bells of the outer gate rang and a car came in the 'yard.' The prisoner looked up and said—'Hear that? That's me coming back. I been to a party. I had a whale of a time.' That's the way this publicity makes me feel."

*

Eugene Lyons, whose *Assignment in Utopia* is one of the best-selling nonfiction books of the fall, is working with Nat Ferber on a play tentatively called *Caviar for the Comrades.* It's to be a farce take-off on the penthouse variety of communists. Mr. Lyons has received several hundred letters from readers of *Assignment,* ranging from U. S. ambassadors to factory workers. "This correspondence," Mr. Lyons says, "indicates the extent to which the Soviet Russian experiment has become a symbol of hope and a test of faith for Americans of the most diverse social and political backgrounds. A more intelligent attitude toward the Russian Revolution is gradually taking shape: instead of blind adoration of everything Bolshevik or no less blind vilification, there is a tendency to look at the facts with open eyes."

*

Much too far back in Marquis James' latest book, *Andrew Jackson: Portrait of a President,* under the heading "Personal Acknowledgments," and in very fine print, there are as penetrating a few pages on the writing of biography as we have ever been permitted to see. We could wish that it had been given a more prominent place; that all people interested in the history of letters would be sure to read it.

To quote just a little from it:

"The confusing truth is that biographies are available which, despite an average of one error of fact per page, attain a sort of truth beyond the facts, giving a fairly faithful representation of the subject as a human being. There are biographies that approach factual perfection but leave the reader with a less adequate idea of the kind of *human being* the writer was trying to tell about than the average person could pick up in a fifteen-minute face-to-face conversation; and subjects of biography were human beings before they were soldiers or presidents or whatnot. Further disconcerting circumstances are that so many good writers who now and again dash showily into the biographical lists are careless, lazy, and shallow about their research, whereas most of the honest and competent researchists can't write for sour apples. Though in the minority, the good writers, being easier to read, spread the greater number of submarginal ideas about the personnel of history. Yet one should not condemn them too roundly. Submarginal ideas may be better than none.

"I have heard biographers imply that the public's preference for novels is a reflection on its taste. I am inclined to think it a reflection on the biographers."

All that comes before and all that comes after is well worth reading, and makes one glad that there has been a man as sane, perceptive, scholarly, and talented in this same field of biography. I say "has been" alas, advisedly. For in a letter he writes us:

"As a matter of fact I am hardly any longer an eligible subject for writing up because this last Jackson book marks my retirement from the loftier branches of the tree of letters. The way I got wound up in biography, working from original sources—40,000 manuscripts gone over in connection with that last book alone—well, one would have to be either a history professor or a man of independent means to keep that sort of thing up and not starve to death, so I have decided to go back to commercial writing.

"Looking back over the twelve years I spent with biography—all as a result of an impulsive desire to try to show Eastern folk that Sam Houston was something more than a local Texas hero, and which I expected to have over and done with in six months—looking back over these years, I would like to see just one thing: biography and history elevated to a place in the art of letters."

Nothing has done more to put it there than the writings of Marquis James.

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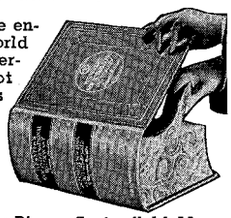

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1. The Prodigal Parents, by Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

Fred Cornplow, of the older generation, and a motorcar dealer in Sachem Falls, N. Y., at long last refuses to take the selfishness, the hard-boiled unimaginativeness, the self-satisfaction of the younger generation.

2. Winter in April, by Robert Nathan. Knopf. $2.

As usual, a lot of Mr. Nathan's own philosophy and ideas on modern life find their way into this short novel about a grandfather and the young granddaughter whom he is bringing up.

3. The Tyranny of Words, by Stuart Chase. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

Two articles in *Harper's* have given a foretaste of the interest in this book which goes a long way to prove that we don't know what we mean by what we say.

4. Forever Ulysses, by C. P. Rodocanachi. Viking. $2.50.

A modern Greek goes through all manner of adventure, mostly dishonest, and ends up as armament king in America. Possesses a quality no one seems able to resist. Book-of-the-Month for January.

5. The Hidden Lincoln, edited by Emanuel Hertz. Viking. $5.

The letters and papers of William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, published for the first time in full. Herndon spent the last twenty years of his life searching out facts about Lincoln.

6. Labor on the March, by Edward Levinson. Harper. $2.75.

The story of labor in the United States, with special emphasis on the struggle between the CIO and the AFL which Mr. Levinson feels is deciding the future course of labor organizations in this country. By the labor editor of the New York *Post*.

7. Transgressor in the Tropics, by Negley Farson. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

Any reader of *Way of a Transgressor* will know what to expect of this story of Mr. Farson's South American adventure.

8. History of the Business Man, by Miriam Beard. Macmillan. $4.

A biography in general terms, of the business man through the ages. By the daughter of Mary and Charles.

9. The Family of Nations, by Nicholas Murray Butler. Scribners. $3.

A collection of lectures and speeches on world peace and allied subjects, delivered by the President of Columbia University during the last several years.

10. A Son of Scotland, by R. H. Bruce Lockhart. Putnam. $3.

The story of Mr. Lockhart's own boyhood till the time he was seventeen, including a lot of clan history of the Macgregors, his mother's people. Mr. Lockhart is the author of *British Agent*.

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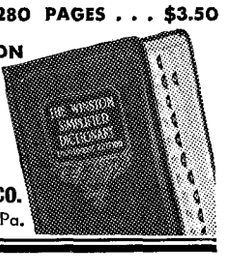

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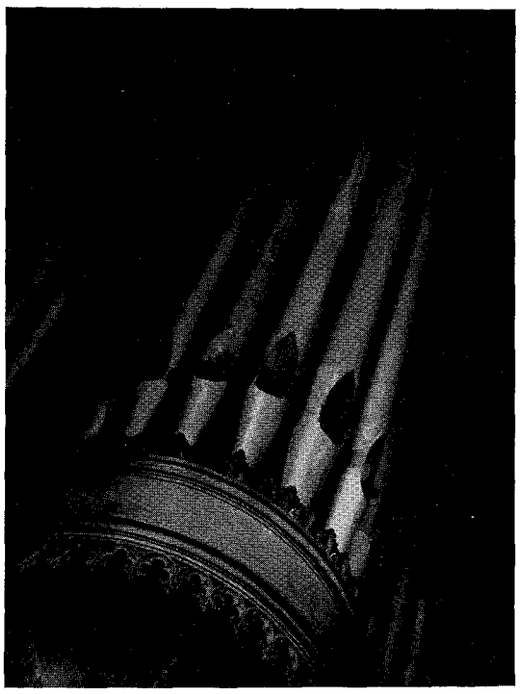
Music and Records

RICHARD GILBERT



FLO D. HILL

About ten years or more ago, critics began to observe that modern music had lost contact with "the people." Some circles contended that the art never had any contact with them, if by "the people" was meant those whose musical education was not more than rudimentary. Today, optimistic spectators indicate the radio, the phonograph, and, in rare instances, the sound film as tremendously important agencies for raising the standards of musical education in practically all classes of society. They also cite the appearance of many books aimed to improve musical appreciation of the masses, and the incalculable benefits to be derived from fortuitous dialings that transport Toscanini, Stokowski, Barbirolli, and a host of other well-known interpreters to the "exclusive" sanctum of your living room. These good folk are referring, of course, to the opportunities for hearing the "Sacred Repertoire of the Classics," and of learning a number of "stories behind the world's great music." They are not concerned with music of today or tomorrow; their unimaginative retrospection seldom penetrates beyond the age of Bach and Handel if, indeed, it goes that far.

Lamentable as it is, it must be admitted that there is today no vital traffic between the progressive composer and the lay public. Despite all the marvelous inventions of recent years, the great technical advances in music, the unprecedented largesse of the broadcasters, and the incessant chatter about art, people are in danger of rapidly developing into musical illiterates so far as their understanding of a significant music reflecting their own time is concerned. Beyond their unwillingness to challenge the antiquated practices of the concert hall, the opera house, and, more specifically, the radio, they are not really to blame. The responsibility of applying new principles of work and thought to music in a manner comparable to the accepted standards that prevail in other fields of contemporary endeavor remains with those whose jobs are to create, interpret, produce, educate, and criticize. And, until these parties to the musical act get together to determine what is progressive in terms of our age, our economic and social requirements, emphasis will continue to be placed on the dead masters and the ruinous conception of "art for art's sake."

As for the premise that music never had contact with "the people" outside of limited circles of highly cultivated enthusiasts, in the case of some composers (principally of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries) this is undoubtedly true, but in the case of an equally imposing number of great musicians it is altogether false. If the audiences of Mozart, Haydn, and Bach in their own times appear infinitesimal in the light of our modern community, the fact must be kept in mind that audiences have grown in exact proportion to the increased facilities for the dissemination of music.

And this leads me to a number of recordings I have to review this month of works from the first half of the eighteenth century, in every instance economically and socially prescribed. Composers wrote music then for their communities, and their communities were prepared to accept their efforts. There was no creating for an imaginary public, nor was posterity particularly thought of. A new work may have been "enjoyed," but first of all, it was useful. A Bach sacred cantata was composed for a specific Sunday, and after the congregation of the Thomaskirche in Leipzig had heard it at one, two, or three services it was put aside forever. It was not "prized" but simply used, and that was completely satisfactory to Bach. Within a fortnight he would have written a new cantata for another particular Sunday of the church calendar.

In fact, the only exceptions to Bach's rule of abstaining from the composition of music not required by the conditions of his office are the Brandenburg Concertos, the *Musikalisches Opfer* (dedicated to Frederick the Great) and, as Terry suggests, perhaps the funeral music for Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cöthen. The *Inventions,* the *Well-tempered Clavichord,* and the *Art of the Fugue* were written to serve definite pedagogic purposes. That these as well as practically everything else Bach wrote turned out to be "works of art" or priceless masterpieces is, as Alfred Einstein claims, "a great miracle, but it is not essential to their nature."

*

A generous glimpse of Bach cavorting on the village green in true Pieter Breughel fashion, hands on hips and his curled wig thrust back from his brow, may be had from the Victor set of the

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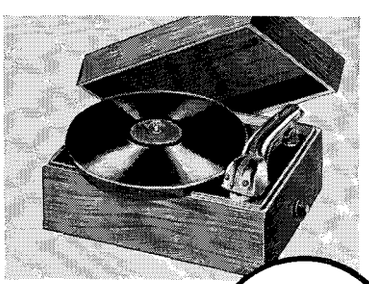

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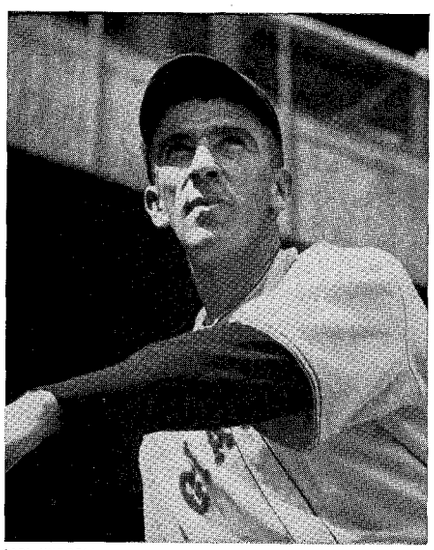

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In the March

SCRIBNER'S

"Peasant Cantata" (*Mer hahn en neue Oberkeet*), performed in an abbreviated modern French edition of Gustave Bret by Jeanne Guyla, soprano; Martial Singher, bass; and chamber orchestra conducted by the arranger (set No. M360). Domestic comedy played, perhaps, in Bach's own household may be observed in the Musicraft recording of the "Coffee Cantata" (*Schweigt stille, plaudert nicht*), performed in its original version by Willian Hain, tenor (Narrator); Benjamin de Loache, baritone (Schlendrian); Ethyl Hayden, soprano (Schlendrian's daughter, Lieschen); and an instrumental ensemble directed from the harpsichord by Ernst Victor Wolff (set No. 5).

These as well as the other secular cantatas Bach wrote did not come within the regular routine of his official duties, as cantor and organist, consequently his output in this form was both small and sporadic. Yet, like the rest of his music, these occasional pieces were designed to serve a practical purpose whether it was to welcome visiting royalty, honor public officials, decorate wedding festivities, or to embellish public ceremonies. The "Coffee Cantata" is one of the very few works which do not fall into one or the other of these categories. It was evidently intended for the amusement of Bach's own family, inasmuch as his daughter's pet name is used for the character who cannot be induced to give up coffee under threats of permanent spinsterhood. For once Bach gave his musical household a score the intent of which was humorous and recreational rather than technical and educational.

The "Peasant Cantata" was composed in 1742 in honor of the appointment of Carl Heinrich von Dieskau as Lord of the Manor (Gutsherr) of Kleinzschocher. The piece abounds in dance tunes, robust and merry measures ingeniously contrived but thoroughly popular in style. Among the number of zestful folk melodies paraded throughout the work is a famous one which provides the setting for the peasant's "Ten thousand golden ducats." This tune appears as a religious hymn, *Green Fields*, in every old American fasola book published in the South during the first half of the nineteenth century.[1]

There is a musical treat of a rare order in store for those who will investigate the recordings of the "Coffee" and "Peasant" cantatas. All the information, including synopses and translations of the texts, that one needs to know for full enjoyment is contained within the excellent booklets which accompany the sets. It is a pity that the latter work is not given the authenticity and completeness which distinguish the former; but the employment of a piano for the recitatives in place of the traditional harpsichord, the use of a French translation, and the cuts do not seriously affect the fundamental flavor or interrupt the continuity of the music. Both recordings are realistically achieved, the Musicraft enjoying an edge in matters of balance and tone quality.

Other examples of Bach's secular vocal music will be found on Ria Ginster's disc containing two soprano arias: "Hört doch! der sanften Flöten Chor," from the birthday cantata for August III, *Schleicht, spielende Wellen* (No. 206), and "Schafe können sicher weiden," from the cantata in honor of Duke Christian's birthday, *Was mir behagt* (No. 208). Both arias are exquisitely sung, accompanied by piano with flute obbligatos (Victor No. 14385).

Two beautiful tenor arias from Bach's church cantatas Nos. 65 ("Nimm mich dir zu eigen hin") and 85 ("Seht! was die Liebe thut") are sung (in French) by Georges Thill (Columbia No. 9135M). The orchestral accompaniment, directed by Gustave Bret, is of authentic proportions. With respect to both vocal and instrumental style this disc marks a distinct improvement over another recent Bach record by Thill:

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[1]The recently published *Spiritual Folk Songs of Early America*, by George Pullen Jackson (J. J. Augustin, 1937), contains the tune as it appeared in Walker's *Southern Harmony*. Mr. Jackson's history of the tune in the text that follows is incomplete and confusing as he says, "The earliest form of the tune seems to have been 'Es nehme zehn-tausend Ducaten' in Johann Sebastian Bach's cantata *Mer hahn en neue Oberkeet*. . . . The earliest printed form of the Bach tune [sic] in England, according to Baring-Gould, was in the *Tragedy of Tragedies*, or *Tom Thumb*, 1734 [sic], as the setting of the song 'In Hurry Posthaste for a License.' The earliest occurrence of the tune with the 'Both Sexes' text was in *The Lady's Evening Book of Pleasure*, about 1740." Mr. Jackson errs in attributing priority to Bach, as the above dates indicate. As a matter of actual record, reference to Spitta's *Johann Sebastian Bach* shows that the melody in question was known in Germany at least eighteen years before Bach wrote his cantata (1742), having been popularized with the words "Frisch auf zum frohlichen Jagen" which were written in 1724 by a Silesian named Hanke. The tune itself is of French origin and belongs to the hunting song, *Pour aller à la chasse faut être matineux*. All of which is eminently worth noting, as it affords a striking example of the hardiness of folk tunes, their adaptability to a variety of uses, and their tendency to leap so-called national barriers. Incidentally, Mr. Jackson's collection of 250 religious ballads, revival spiritual songs, and folk hymns of early America, together with much valuable information concerning what he terms their "ancestry and progeny of text and tune," is a beautifully printed addition to literature on a fascinating subject.

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the "Benedictus" from the *Mass in B minor* (Columbia No. 4162M).

Bret also conducts the *Concerto for four pianos* (originally claviers) that Bach arranged from Antonio Vivaldi's concerto for as many violins (Victor set No. 366). This curio is of little importance except as an illustration of Bach's omnivorous study of other composers. The odd side contains a gem of the first water: a plaintive sonatina that opens the austere cantata, *Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit* (No. 106). This ineffably moving fragment, intoned by flute and strings, more than compensates for the pedestrian quality of the concerto.

As cantor of the Thomaskirche, Bach was frequently obliged to furnish music for the funerals of departed citizens of Leipzig. His motets are all of a funerary character. It is likely that *Jesu, meine Freude,* recorded by The Madrigal Singers (Gamut set No. 1), was composed in 1723 for the commemorative services of Frau Käse, the wife of Leipzig's chief postmaster. That this occasion was "rather less auspicious than the work adorning it" needs no argument in the face of Bach's magnificent setting of the text prescribed, no doubt, by the bereaved official. Lehman Engel's group (a creation of the Federal Music Project) misses something of the fervor and variety of execution essential to the full-throated character of this difficult but sublimely virile motet; but the otherwise meticulous performance never obscures the details in the musical fabric Bach weaves around the old chorale of Johann Crueger, nor dims the subtle tone-painting that illuminates the text (six verses of a hymn by Johann Franck, interspersed with excerpts from Romans viii). The recording is excellent.

Another Bach motet appears on a Victor list, but I cannot recommend the stylistically distorted and vocally blurred recording by the Westminster Choir of the prodigious, eight-part *Singet dem Herrn* (sung in English). Whether the greatest fault lies with John Finley Williamson, the conductor, the recording engineers, or the singers themselves, I cannot determine; but that everyone contributes something deleterious I have no doubt (Nos. 1845 & 14613).

The most important Bach recordings of recent months will be found in the albums containing thirteen *Chorale-Preludes,* played by Dr. Albert Schweitzer, famed Bach authority, organist, physician, and missionary (Columbia set No. 310); *Trio-Sonatas (No. 5 in C; No. 6 in G),* played by Carl Weinrich (Musicraft set No. 6); and the great *Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor,* also played by Weinrich (Musicraft set No. 10). That Bach found in the organ the medium most responsive to the deepest emotions that swayed him; and that the mass of music he wrote for it is permeated with his most intimate thoughts, no less than his supreme virtuosity, are scarcely points which need to be enlarged upon here. Nor is it necessary to emphasize the deeply religious aspect of the *Chorale-Preludes,* or the architectural grandeur of the brilliant *Passacaglia.* Thanks to Stokowski and Respighi most music lovers are familiar with the latter work in orchestral transcriptions. (The conductor and his Philadelphia Orchestra have recently re-recorded the *Passacaglia,* giving it all the sumptuous but spurious benefits of platinum-orchestra-plating. This is part of an album that also contains other of Stokowski's Bach transcriptions, not heretofore available on discs—Victor set No. M401. I have already put my thoughts concerning this sort of thing on record, but that won't stop this vividly recorded collection from becoming one of the best-sellers of 1938.)

The Schweitzer and Weinrich performances are exceptionally valuable—not alone for the loftiness and purity of the music itself, but because of the care taken to display this music in as pure and lucid a manner as possible. One of the few organs based on seventeenth- and eighteenth-century principles of tone color to be found in America (the Aeolian-Skinner Organ of the Westminster Choir School, Princeton, N. J.) was selected by Mr. Weinrich for his recordings. Dr. Schweitzer elected to play on the Silbermann instrument of Ste. Aurélie, Strasbourg, in his native Alsace. Both musicians consider these organs as ideal instruments for the music of Bach. The smaller Princeton organ seems better suited to the microphone, and its tone is decidedly more brilliant. Weinrich, who inherited his style from the late Lynwood Farnam, employs his registers resourcefully; his technically secure playing achieves balance and clarity. Dr. Schweitzer inclines to be somewhat pedantic, but his interpretations of such esoteric music as the *Chorale-Preludes* cannot be questioned.

The records of the *Trio-Sonatas* and the *Passacaglia* should go a long way toward convincing those who have been sceptical of organ recording that, with the selection of an instrument approximating those in use during the days of Bach, the organ becomes peculiarly phonogenic; and its ancient literature springs to life in all its original and meticulous splendor.

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THE ROB ROY

Two parts Scotch whiskey
One part Italian vermouth
One dash angostura bitters

THE DRY BACARDI

One part lemon or lime juice
Three parts Bacardi
Small spoonful of sugar

THE DAIQUIRI

Jennings S. Cox, inventor of the famous "Daiquiri," was strongly opposed to calling the drink a cocktail. From long years spent in Cuba, he held strongly to the theory that the wise traveler should, so far as possible, confine himself to the food and drink native to the country in which he chanced to be. And "The Daiquiri," for that reason, was, in his opinion, the ideal Cuban drink. But we still hold it to be an appetite-promoting cocktail.

Mr. Cox was meticulousness itself in the care with which he prepared "The Daiquiri"—one part lime, two parts sugar, and three parts Cuban rum. The ingredients having been thoroughly mixed (the lime juice and sugar separately), the fluid result was poured over finely cracked ice packed in a champagne glass.

MONA

One part Jamaica rum
One part dry gin
One part French vermouth

Recipes for "Cocktail-party Cocktails" will be found on page 85

Wines, Spirits, and Good Living

G. SELMER FOUGNER

DESPITE the claims of France and England, no one will deny today that the cocktail is distinctly an American drink. Furthermore, most authorities agree that it dates from Revolutionary times when, most certainly, stimulating concoctions were sorely needed.

We may dismiss the statement of a French writer that the name cocktail is derived from "Coquetels," said to have been a famous beverage for centuries in the south of France. And we may reasonably disregard the English claim of Rober Keable who says that the mixed drink, if not the cocktail as we know it, goes back to Roman times, when a court physician made the first one to stimulate the wabbling nerves of the Emperor Commodus, "who may be allowed, without controversy, to have required pick-me-ups as often as any man alive."

Having endeavored in preceding articles of this series to debunk the cause of wine, I am now faced with the necessity of debunking the cocktail—a task which consists of selecting, from a list of over three thousand concoctions invented during the past few years, the baker's dozen worthy of the name.

Prohibition has been blamed for many things and, among others, for most of the weird mixtures which appear in recipe books under the classification of cocktails. The dry years are not to blame. For of the three thousand-odd recipes which I have been able to trace, fully twenty-five hundred have been invented since repeal.

The process was simple enough. The foreign manufacturers of alcoholic beverages were told after repeal that Americans wanted nothing but cocktails and would never drink anything else. All of these manufacturers of products known for centuries immediately proceeded to turn their products into cocktail ingredients, each bottle sent here being accompanied by a book of recipes invented for the sole purpose of inserting the name of a particular ingredient into the drink formula.

Some of the world's greatest specialties were threatened in this manner with the loss of every vestige of individuality. And for what?—For the purpose of creating drinks which were mostly unpalatable, and unworthy of the appellation "cocktail." Most of these newly invented drinks have already passed into the limbo of forgotten things.

Not all of the newly invented mixtures are unwholesome, by any means. Quite a number will remain as party drinks, provided, however, that the line of demarcation is clearly drawn between the cocktail, which is intended to be served immediately before a meal as an appetite stimulator, and the drink which is served at what is generally known as a cocktail party. Obviously, cocktail-party drinks are not intended to stimulate appetite for dinner, inasmuch as all sorts of foods—canapés, hors d'oeuvres, tidbits, and whatnot—are served alongside. Hence the cocktail-party drink must be listed in a class by itself and not, strictly speaking, as a cocktail.

In these pages, I have listed the few cocktails which may be considered as appetite stimulators, following that list with another covering those suitable as cocktail-party drinks.

To make the point clear, however, let us first glance quickly over some of

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the best-known cocktail recipe books and select a few typical samples of barbarous concoctions.

The time-old warning against mixing drinks seems to have been entirely disregarded by these prescribers of a new era who do not hesitate to recommend the most appalling mixtures in a cocktail. No sane drinker would think of following a glass of gin with a tumbler of rye, and preceding it with a pony of brandy; yet that same combination is recommended as a cocktail by a supposedly competent bartender under the alluring name of "Miss 1937." Heaven help her!

One of these bright books has a cocktail called "The Millionaire," and justly so, for a small fortune in doctor's bills should follow this mixture of sloe gin, lime juice, apricot brandy, Jamaica rum, and grenadine.

May I submit that you stay away from the "Apricot Cocktail"? It is made of French vermouth, gin, apricotine, peach bitters, and apricot jam. And let no one induce you to try a "Booster," for it contains brandy and gin mixed with curaçao, the white of an egg, and nutmeg.

To compare any of these wild mixtures to the few which I am naming today in our perhaps too-conservative list is an insult to mind and palate as well. But surely no one will question the necessity for the clear division mentioned above, namely, between the cocktail, strictly speaking, and the cocktail-party drink.

"The Side Car," said to have been the only new cocktail created since the advent of prohibition in America, is a most delightful drink. But you will find it in the party drink list because it is made of brandy and Cointreau—one of the loveliest of after-dinner liqueurs—and is not a cocktail.

The "Doctor Cocktail," which gained such tremendous popularity just as prohibition was coming on, is a combination of gin, Swedish punch, and lemon juice—once again a most pleasing drink, but not a cocktail.

And surely the same applies to the "Red Lion" made with Grand Marnier—another magnificent after-dinner liqueur.

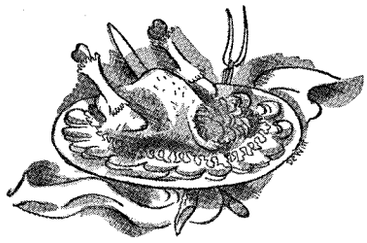
And, above all, the exceedingly popular "B and B." The initials, of course, stand for benedictine and brandy, and there are no two ingredients which belong more together, inasmuch as benedictine has a base of brandy. Yet palatable as it is, the drink is not a cocktail. It will help you to digest your meal, but will not stimulate your appetite.

Frank Meier—unquestionably one of the world's best-known barmen—whom we have watched for years presiding over the Ritz Bar in Paris, lists only ninety cocktails in his *Artistry of Mixing Drinks,* and even in that small collection there are quite a few courtesy concoctions named after favorite patrons.

My list is infinitely smaller. It covers, of course, cocktails only, and excludes all recipes calling for the use, as one of several ingredients, of one of the well-known apéritifs in which some foreign countries specialize. A typical example is Byrrh, a splendid appetizer made of wine; another is Dubonnet; and a third, Amer Picon. All three are fine by themselves, but are no earthly good when mixed with gin or other potent beverages.

The French consume yearly several million bottles of Byrrh, but it would never occur to a Frenchman to mix the drink with gin or whiskey. Yet when sold in America, it must, perforce, become just another cocktail ingredient. The same holds true for Russian vodka, and the Scandinavian aquavit. Drink them alone, say we, but never as a cocktail mixed with other strong drinks.

Here, then, is the list. After adding to the three standards—"The Martini," "The Manhattan," and "The Bronx," for which recipes were given last month—three more drinks which are worthy of belonging in their class as appetizers, I find less than twenty worthy of inclusion among my first choice for cocktail-party drinks.



First, a few hints on cocktail mixing:

Ice—All cocktails must be thoroughly iced. The ingredients should be poured into the shaker before the ice is added. An experienced mixer tastes the mixture before adding the ice.

Shaking—There are two schools of cocktail mixing: one favors shaking and the other stirring. It is this writer's belief that the only cocktails in the making of which shaking is positively barred are those of the effervescent variety, and also a few of the cocktails made with sherry or port wine. All other cocktails should not only be shaken, but the operation should be done in a most vigorous manner.

Sour and Sweet—In the mixing of all cocktails calling for both sour and sweet ingredients, one should be balanced by the other. In other words, there should be an amount of lemon or lime juice sufficient to equal the amount of grenadine or other similar sweetening mixture for which the recipe may call.

Accessories—A standard measuring glass or beverage compounder is used by many, but I prefer the customary jigger of one and one-half ounces, in addition to the ordinary shaker. The cocktail mixer should have at his disposal a large-size mixing glass and a muddler. The latter is a wooden instrument used to break up the sugar in mixing an "Old-fashioned."

Measurements—The regulation jigger, as previously mentioned, contains one and one-half ounces. A wineglass holds four ounces. A pony holds one ounce. A dash represents about one-third of a teaspoonful.

General Instructions—*Frappé* is a French word which when used for drinks means to make cold. When cocktails are to be frappéd, the cocktail glass should be filled with shaved ice and the usual portion of liquor poured over it.

When the recipe calls for a twist of lemon peel, slice a small piece of peel from the side of the lemon, and slice it very thin. Wherever the use of bitters is prescribed, be sure to use them very sparingly.

"The Martini," "The Manhattan," and "The Bronx" cocktails are old-favorite before-dinner drinks. Each serves as an excellent appetite stimulator. Many variations of these drinks have been invented, but the standard recipes are:

THE MANHATTAN

Equal parts of Italian vermouth and rye whiskey
A dash of orange bitters
Ice and serve with maraschino cherry

THE MARTINI

Two-thirds dry gin
One-third French or dry vermouth
Green olive

THE BRONX

One-half gin
One-fourth French vermouth
One-fourth Italian vermouth
A slice of orange
Ice and shake well

[Complete information on the Manhattan, Martini, and Bronx cocktails was given in the January issue.

—The Editors]

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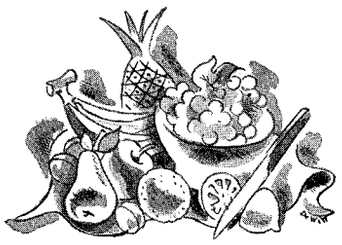
Mr. Fougner Recommends:



Cocktail-party Cocktails

ALEXANDER

Two parts of gin, one of crème de cacao and one of fresh cream. This may be improved, according to taste, with a dash of French vermouth.

CLOVER CLUB

Two-thirds gin
Add the white of one egg
The juice of half a lime
Dash of grenadine

RED LION

One-third dry gin
One-third Grand Marnier
One-sixth orange juice
One-sixth lemon juice
Lemon juice and sugar around rim of glass

ROSE COCKTAIL NO. I

Two parts gin
One part cherry brandy
One part French vermouth

PINK LADY

Three-fourths gin
One-fourth grenadine
White of an egg

THE BOOMERANG

Equal parts of rye whiskey, Swedish punch, and French vermouth—and a dash of angostura bitters

ANNIE RYE

One part gin
One part rye whiskey
One part anisette

BLACKTHORN SPECIAL

Two parts of rye and one each of Italian vermouth and sloe gin. Ice well and shake

ROBERT BURNS

Three-fourths Scotch whiskey
One-fourth Italian vermouth
One dash orange bitters
One dash Pernod or Ojen

SILENT THIRD

One-third Scotch whiskey
One-third Cointreau
One-third lemon juice
Sugar to taste

DOCTOR COCKTAIL

One-third Swedish punch
One-third dry gin
One-third lemon juice

THE SIDE CAR

Two-thirds brandy
One-third Cointreau
Add a few drops lime juice
Ice and shake well

JAMAICA CHEER

Two parts Jamaica rum
One part anisette
One part lemon juice
Two dashes grenadine

PLANTER'S PUNCH

The juice of one lime
Two spoonfuls powdered sugar
One jigger Jamaica rum

WHITE LADY

Two-thirds Cointreau
One-sixth crème de menthe
One-sixth brandy
Stir well and strain

JACK ROSE

One jigger of applejack
Juice of half a lime
Half-jigger of grenadine

CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL

The only real champagne cocktail is, to my way of thinking, a drink into which nothing has been introduced to alter or mar the taste of the wine. At a party in New York a short while ago, at the home of Major Edward Bowes, I prepared what he considers the best of champagne cocktails. The recipe is simple: a glass of well-chilled champagne, to which nothing else is added but a small twist of lemon peel.

[Because of the comprehensive list of cocktails, the customary recommendations on foods and party snacks are omitted in this issue, will be resumed in March. In next month's article Mr. Fougner will present a complete collection of canapés, hors d'oeuvres, and various tidbits to be served at cocktail parties. An additional list of cocktail-party drinks will also be presented.]

Make the evening complete with

MYERS'S RUM

What better on a winter's evening than pleasant companions, a cheery fire, and a highball that has that *seasoned-in-the-wood* mellowness of the Jamaica rum?

MYERS'S RUM

"Planters' Punch" BRAND

100% FINE OLD JAMAICA
ALL OVER 8 YEARS OLD—
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For free booklet containing many delightful recipes for making cheery Winter drinks write to—

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SANDEMAN

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There's a Sandeman Sherry and Port to suit every taste—a Sandeman Sherry and Port correct for any occasion.

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PORTS — Alcohol 19% to 21% by Volume

Mr. Fougner will be happy to offer suggestions in the planning of dinners, parties, and special occasions. Write him, explaining your needs, in care of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

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★ *YOUR ANSWER TO THE QUESTION THAT MILLIONS HAVE ASKED* ★

"How Can I Help Fight Infantile Paralysis?"

SEND ONE DOLLAR OR MORE TO THE ADDRESS BELOW

Over every home in America a grim shadow is cast... the shadow of that dread disease that twists and cripples the bodies of children. Every mother and father is asking the question, "How can I help fight Infantile Paralysis? . . . how can I protect and preserve my home from this deadly ravager?"

President Roosevelt answered that question by founding the new national Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and saying:

"The purpose of the new Foundation is to lead, direct and unify the fight . . . to ensure that every research agency is adequately financed . . . to eliminate improper care and needless after effect... to disseminate knowledge to the practicing physician who is the front line fighter of the sickness."

How will you answer this great nation-wide appeal? What will be your response to countless thousands of children who cry out: "Please help protect me from Infantile Paralysis?" Certainly your reply will be swift—sure.

"Protect your children against infantile paralysis"

THEY know you will send in one dollar... five... ten... a hundred... what ever you can afford... to help found the great new national Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Please "do your bit."

Write your check or money order with your heart as well as your pen. Send in what you can today.

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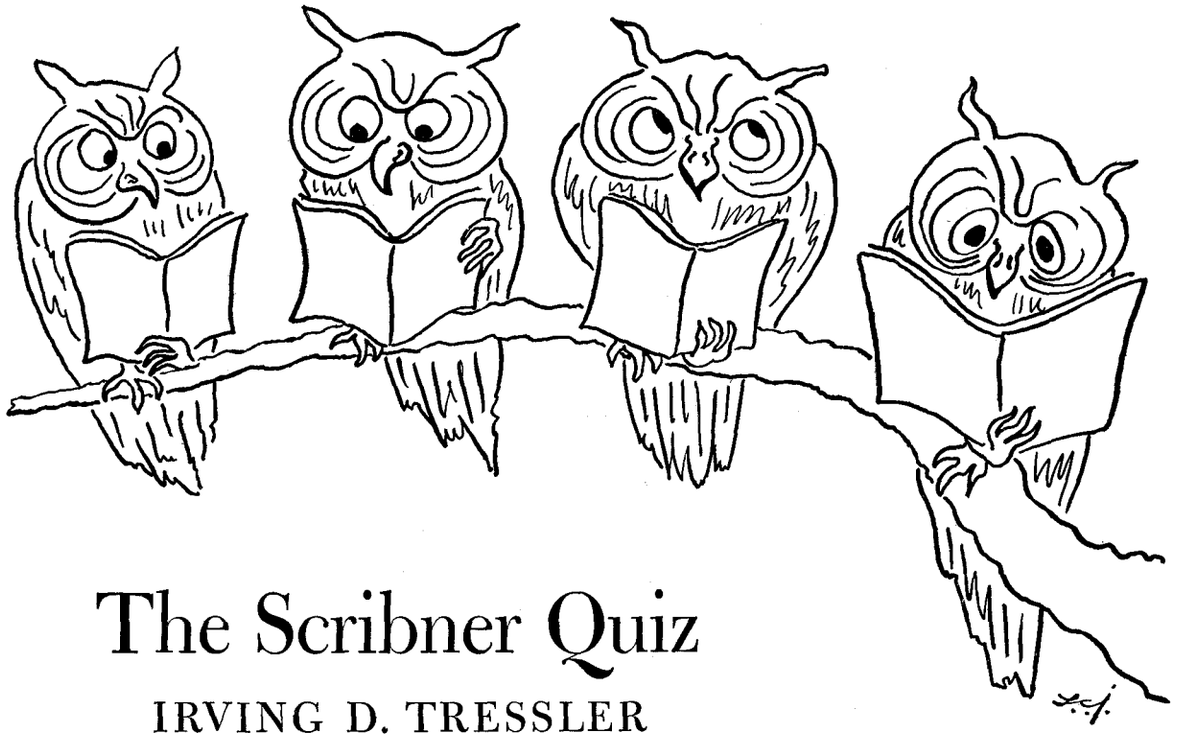

The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

THE SCRIBNER QUIZ plays no favorites. College professors have flunked it, newspaper editors have failed to pass—yet many average readers have come through with honors. The true SCRIBNER scholar must not be a specialist; he must possess a store of book learning, a knowledge of the news of the day, and a quick wit. Any vacant spots in your education are sure to be exposed. In short, "The Scribner Quiz" maketh a full man, a ready man, and an exact man. . . . It also maketh for good fun.

I. How Much Do You Know?

To determine your S. Q. (*Scribner's Quotient*) on this section of the Quiz, read each question and the answers following, then check the answer you think is correct. After you have completed all fifty questions, look up the correct answers in the back of the issue. Deduct two points for each error (12 questions missed means 24 points deducted from 100, or a score of 76). A score of 70 is fair, 80 is good, and 90 is excellent.

(*Correct answers on page* 101)

1. If California is famous for her redwoods and Utah for her Salt Lake, then ..... is famous for her Glacier National Park:

Washington *British Columbia* *Idaho*
Montana *Oregon* *Colorado*

2. With China so steadily in the news, you should know that Lin Yutang is:

the Chinese ambassador to the U. S.
an author who writes of modern China
the highest Chinese army officer
a notorious Chinese-American tong

3. If you have watery eyes, a bad cold, a harsh cough, and a rash of bright-red spots on your face, it is probable that you are coming down with:

communist's fever *mumps* *smallpox*
typhoid fever *measles* *scarlet fever*

4. There is a well-known motion-picture producer among these:

Thomas W. Lamont *Isidor Lubin*
Walter Wanger *Marriner Eccles*
Harold Dahl *Arnold Bernstein*

5. That instrument used by eye doctors to examine the interior of your eye is called:

laryngoscope *gastroscope* *craniascope*
bronchoscope *ophthalmoscope* *wider-scope*

6. President Vargas of Brazil has recently:

undergone an appendicitis operation
vetoed the Brazilian suffrage bill
made himself dictator
made a 10-year peace pact with the U. S.

7. The name Mayerling is usually associated with the:

great German summer music festival
heir apparent to the Dutch throne
death of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria
mountain retreat of Premier Mussolini

8. Some of the big air lines are putting on huge, four-motor planes this spring, and they are worried over:

the runway lengths at the major airports
the effect on passengers of the new speed
finding pilots competent to fly them
the gas available for such engines

9. If you were a manufacturer and wished to place a large order for steel, one of these companies could handle it for you:

Park & Tilford *G. F. Heublein & Son*
J. Walter Thompson *Jones & Laughlin*
Farrar & Rinehart *N. W. Ayer & Son*

10. Which one of these is a tree:

zodiac *hackmatack* *ticktack*
alasalack *knicknack* *curlew*

11. There is a sentence here that is known as a palindrome:

Andrew aided all Australians asking aid.
Love is a tomato—it can't last forever.
"Minny," said the ninny, "why not whinny?"
Joe hates Mabel because Mabel hates Joe.

12. Mexico has been stirring up trouble for foreign countries by:

high tonnage taxes on cruise liners
forbidding imports to rise above exports
expropriating leases of oil lands
absorbing all business profits over 15%

13. The correct spelling of the Persian poet's name is:

Omar Khayam *Omar Khayyam*
Omar Khayamm *Omar Kayyham*

14. In the event that no presidential candidate receives a majority of the electoral votes, the President is chosen by:

the Senate *popular applause in theaters*
the House of Representatives
the Supreme Court *the Cabinet*

15. Leopold Stokowski has recently not only been divorced by his wife, but he has also:

arranged music for a Mickey Mouse film
been sued for breach of promise
signed up for the Lydia Pinkham program

16. The name of the government yacht on

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which the President takes many of his vacations is:

Mayflower *Indianapolis* *Potomac*
Ranger *Mississippi* *Wyoming*

17. The Japanese Army finally took Shanghai by:

a concentrated 24-hour bombardment
closing in from both north and south
landing a huge force from the north
attacking with vacuum-cleaner salesmen

18. Next time you visit ..... stop in and visit the Ringling Museum of Art:

Sarasota, Fla. *Worcester, Mass.*
Sacramento, Calif. *Atlanta, Ga.*

19. In South Seas stories authors often refer to *sarongs,* which are:

the cloth headdresses worn by women
the breechcloths worn by the men
the skirtlike garments worn by both sexes
the kimonolike wrappers of the women

20. Though you may not have any idea of the present enlisted strength of the U.S. Army, take a guess:

162,000 *800,000* *84,000* *27,000*

21. According to the Bible, the unpardonable sin is:

adultery *violation of justice*
blasphemy against the Holy Spirit
murder *talking aloud at a play*

22. So far as the tail is concerned, one of these cats hasn't much:

tortoise *Maltese* *tabby* *manx*
civet *Persian* *Siamese* *black*

23. The Bridge of Sighs is in:

London *Vienna* *Rome* *Naples*
Florence *Venice* *Nuremberg* *Basle*

24. All of these, save one, are famous contemporary U.S. polo players:

Cecil Smith *Tommy Hitchcock, Jr.*
Eric Pedley *Allan Hale* *Stewart Iglehart*

25. The well-publicized Mexican artist, Covarrubias, has lately published a book on:

modern art in Spain *the fourth dimension*
the island of Bali *Japanese cubists*

26. To use the word *expatiate* correctly, select one of these sentences:

"The captain expatiated on our danger."
"He never expatiates for good work."
"The doctor expatiated my wound today."
"He expatiates me beyond endurance!"

27. Insulin can now be taken in tablets instead of injections—great news for all suffering from:

diphtheria *diabetes* *bronchitis*
malaria *tuberculosis* *meningitis*

28. Considerable publicity has been given the Fromm brothers of Wisconsin because of:

their school of primitive art
their remarkable ski-jumping abilities
their efforts to start a third party
their enormous silver-fox farm

29. One of these could be described as "cutting a dido":

doing the Big Apple on Fifth Avenue
giving a dress a fancy notched edge
making a tri-cornered infant's garment
making a master pattern for a dress

30. Oldest member of the U.S. Supreme Court and famed for his liberal decisions is:

Chief Justice Hughes *Justice Butler*
Justice McReynolds *Justice Brandeis*
Justice Sutherland *Justice Stone*

31. *Mein Kampf* is important to Germany because it is:

the motto of the Nazi party
Hitler's autobiography
the key region bordering on Russia
its great system of border military camps

32. In cold weather a motorist would use one of these products for his radiator, but not the others:

Freezone *Peptone* *Frostilla*
Ovaltine *Prestone* *Musterole*

33. If you were a muskrat living in the northern half of the U.S., you would now:

be heading southward
be living in a domelike heap of reeds and grass
be hibernating in an old tree trunk

34. In addition to political disturbances for six years, Brazil has also been upset by:

the boll-weevil pest in her bananas
the migration of Bolivians to her lands
growing too much coffee and burning it
labor riots on the rubber plantations

35. You have heard of Sonja Henie, but another woman figure skater almost as prominent is:

Rosa Bonheur *Adele Astaire*
Maribel Vinson *Katherine Rawls*
Magda de Fontanges *Frances Farmer*

36. "60 Second Workout" is the ad slogan used by:

Williams Shaving Cream *Listerine*
Schick Electric Razor *Vitalis*
Alka-Seltzer *Tek toothbrushes*

37. Of all these states only one has a name not of Indian origin:

Wisconsin *Alabama* *Arkansas*
Illinois *Iowa* *Massachusetts*
Utah *Vermont* *Connecticut*

38. Oxford University in England is famed for its method of education, copied in the U.S. and known as the:

hit-or-miss system *tutorial system*
Ayrshire system *multiple exam system*

39. That famous painting, *The Blue Boy,* was done by:

Millet *Sir Joshua Reynolds*
Thomas Gainsborough *Whistler*
Vincent van Gogh *Cézanne*

40. Just one of these is not a prehistoric monster:

brontosaurus *thesaurus* *ichthyosaurus*
dinosaur *mastodonsaurus* *atlantosaurus*

41. Harold S. Vanderbilt would make a top-notch partner not only for yachting, but for his famed specialty:

contract bridge *geological writing*
tennis *bowling* *backgammon*

42. The U.S. leads the world in oil production, but in second place comes:

Mexico *Russia* *Netherlands* *Indies*
Venezuela *Iran* *Rumania* *Chile*

43. There is one correct statement here:

Antarctic refers to the North Pole area.
An archipelago is a peninsula.
A fingerling is a chemist's measure.
A molecule is larger than an atom.

44. "Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds" is the well-known inscription on:

the New York Central building
the United Air Lines main offices
the New York City post office
the buses of the Greyhound Lines

45. Jeeter Lester is an old reprobate character in:

the Lunt-Fontanne play Amphitryon 38
the four-year-old play Tobacco Road
last year's success Dead End
Gilbert & Sullivan's Mikado

46. Closest in length to a six-foot man is:

a fathom *one meter* *a league*
100 inches *the average doorway's height*

47. One of these isn't a Greek or Roman god or goddess:

Mercury *Jupiter* *Plato*
Juno *Neptune* *Diana*

48. Californians will always connect the name Sutter with the:

exploitation of Southern California
building of the Union Pacific Railroad
gold rush of 1849
first irrigation-minded settler

49. Thomas Dixon wrote a book called ....., from which the movie *The Birth of a Nation* was adapted:

Riders of the Purple Sage
The Confederate Cause *The Southerners*
The Hooded Devils *The Clansman*

50. One of these is not the first name of a Dionne quintuplet:

Cecile *Emilie* *Marie*
Yvonne *Annette* *Irene*

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The Scribner Quiz

H. ALLAN CLAY

II. How Well Do You Read?

To test your quick comprehension of the meaning of words, your understanding of situations, and your knowledge of human conduct, this section of the Quiz is presented to you. It is not to ascertain what you yourself would do in a given situation, but what you believe the person described would do.

You may not agree with the answers which are published in the latter pages of this issue, but a jury of SCRIBNER readers has decided upon them after careful deliberation. On second thought, you may find them more accurate than you supposed. Questions prepared by readers are welcomed by the Editors. Five dollars will be paid for each question which is accepted for publication. Questions must be brief and the word meanings accurate. Address: QUIZ EDITOR, SCRIBNER'S.

SCORING: The perfect score is 100. Deduct ten points for each question you answer incorrectly. Your score on this set should be better than 70.

(*Correct answers on page* 101)

Here is an example:

Puny Jim Peddy, vain, conceited, and single-minded, in an effort to make a hit with the girls, plans his vacation. Would Jim:

- ☐ *Go to the Seashore?* [No. Not heroic in a bathing suit]
- ☐ *Go to a Dude Ranch?* [No. Insignificant on a horse]
- ☐ *Go to a hotel famous for its golf?* [No. Not with an eighty-yard drive]
- ☐ *Go to a sedate family hotel?* [No. Not enough girls]
- ☐ *Go to a hotel famous for its orchestra?* [Yes. Dancing is Jim's best bet]

The questions which follow are as easy—or difficult—as the one above.

1. Peter Johnson, an abnormally vain gentleman who has always lived blandly and lavishly on his inherited fortune, suddenly loses most of his money. Everything in his wardrobe perfectly fits Peter Junior, the apple of his eye, who is meticulously correct in dress and equally bland, but lazy. Upon the near depletion of the wardrobe, would Peter:

- ☐ *Become shabby and let Peter Junior remain a model of fashion?*
- ☐ *Monopolize the best, rely on Peter to earn money for his own clothes?*
- ☐ *Take a job as a hotel host, sufficiently augment his income to meet sartorial needs?*
- ☐ *Stay home when Peter Junior goes out, go out when Peter Junior stays home?*
- ☐ *Go into debt to prolong the old standard for both?*

2. Marion's serious-minded hero worship is rapturously satisfied when sailing with John in his cranky boat. Bailing for life when suddenly caught in a violent storm, she falters, hysterical with fear, until John's laughter steadies her. Safe ashore, she tells him with inevitable romanticism, "I love you for laughing at Jupiter himself!" "Gosh," says John, "I laughed because you looked so darned funny bailing!" Would Marion:

- ☐ *Offended at first, forgive him on second thought?*
- ☐ *Say to John, "Laughter for any reason is still proof of your bravery?"*
- ☐ *Rhapsodically order him never to see her again?*
- ☐ *Love him for his sense of humor?*
- ☐ *Burst into tears?*

(Suggested by
Frances Conklin, Newark, N. J.)

3. Released from Mrs. Upton's subjection, Lewis Upton has reverted to type. Disembarking from the *Queen Mary*, he is absorbed in cementing a shipboard flirtation with Audrey Fairfield. Vainglorious and fatuous, ostentatiously busy with Audrey's luggage, he sees his domineering wife, presumably in California, obviously searching for him on the dock. With discovery imminent, hypnotized by Audrey's acceptance of his devotion, would Lewis:

- ☐ *Hastily excuse himself, sneak back to his stateroom, stay there until hunted down by his wife?*
- ☐ *Leave Audrey flat, make off with Mrs. Upton?*
- ☐ *Welcome his wife, introduce the two women, praying that Mrs. Upton has changed?*
- ☐ *Welcome his wife, introduce the two women, relying on Audrey's ability to finesse Mrs. Upton?*
- ☐ *Fall into a taxi, board the first train for California?*

4. Gloria's jealous husband furiously breaks up the party when Herbert, boisterously tipsy, spills wine on her dress and extravagantly promises to buy another, with vehement protestations of his adoration. Next day a ravishingly becoming dress arrives with Herbert's card. Vain, and a diplomatic strategist, Gloria loves her superficial husband in spite of his inability to provide the luxuries she craves. Would Gloria:

IMPROVES YOUR APPEARANCE 100%

Have that healthy

TAN

that Men and Women Admire!

IT'S the first impression that counts! Get that healthy, vital appearance that opens the door to success! Many a man has lost his big chance because his appearance didn't "click". Social as well as business success depends on your looks .. . and the pale, weak, pasty-looking chap won't get to first base.
Now a daily "sun bath" in the privacy of your own home, will keep you *looking* like a Million Dollars —and *feeling* as physically fit as you *look!*

LOOK SUCCESSFUL—BE SUCCESSFUL!

■ A good, healthy coat of tan has a surprising effect on your appearance. Salesmen find their sales actually increase after they have acquired a real bronze *tan!* And you will become more popular, for women, too, admire that healthy outdoor look!

IMPROVES HEALTH AS WELL AS APPEARANCE!

■ Frequent exposure to the ultra-violet rays of the sun tones up the entire system, stimulates the body into energy and vitality, increases gland activity, builds up resistance to colds . . . and aids in clearing up many skin diseases.

4 TIMES AS POWERFUL AS SUMMER SUN!

■ You know what a glorious tan your skin would acquire if you could spend an hour every noon sun-bathing. The Health Ray Sun Lamp has been tested by the well known Electrical Testing Laboratories of New York. Their report indicates that this inexpensive Sun Lamp gives the same amount of beneficial ultra-violet rays in 15 minutes in your home that you would get in one hour's exposure to the mid-summer sun!

INEXPENSIVE HEALTH INSURANCE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY

■ Build up resistance and vitality. Insure yourself against illness the sunshine way!

FULLY GUARANTEED! MAKE THIS FREE TEST!

Test this lamp at our expense NOW! Compact, easy to use, tested and approved . . . it is yours for 7 days FREE trial! This *genuine* carbon-arc lamp, fully guaranteed by The Health Ray Mfg. Co., Inc., Deep River, Conn., will be one of the greatest health investments, you ever made.

SEND FOR DETAILS OF OUR 7-DAY FREE TRIAL! Let us mail you our FREE book containing valuable information on sunshine, complete details of the Health Ray Lamp and our 7-day trial offer.

OR

If You Want YOUR SUN LAMP AT ONCE . . . Simply mail $1 with the coupon. Use it for 7 days. Then either pay $6.95 balance or return the lamp and get your dollar back.

$1.00 DOWN PAYMENT BUYS IT!

HEALTH RAY MFG. CO., INC.
962 Elm Street, Deep River, Conn.
(Check below for free literature or Sun Lamp)

☐ Send full details of FREE trial offer.
☐ Send Health Ray Lamp at once. I enclose $1. In 7 days I will either pay $6.95 or return the lamp and receive my dollar back.

Name .....
Please write Mr., Mrs., or Miss
Address .....

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☐ *Send the dress back?*
☐ *Destroy the card and, wearing the dress, greet her husband with effusive thanks for his generous thoughtfulness?*
☐ *Show the dress with the card to her husband and ask if she may keep it?*
☐ *Sell the dress, buy another with the proceeds?*
☐ *Ask her mother's advice?*

(Suggested by
Emmeline Grieder, Newark, N. J.)

5. Handsome young Percival conceals his corroding diffidence under an assumption of dignity appropriate to his superb physique. He buys a correct swimming suit for a house party in the Adirondacks, discovering in the bath house that a careless clerk has given him a one-piece horror designed for a short, corporeal man of middle age. Would Percival:

☐ *Face the oversolicitous attentions of his hostess by pretending sudden illness?*
☐ *Stage a comedy act and wear the dreadful suit?*
☐ *Chart a roundabout course in his bathrobe, swim out nude, and pray for a chance to get back?*
☐ *Risk wearing his tiny host's scanty ensemble?*
☐ *Leave unobserved and walk three miles to the station, carrying his luggage?*

6. Bossford's champion setter flushes a cock pheasant. Pompous president of a game-conservation league, self-styled crack shot, Bossford misses an easy one. Furious, he wheels, runs a twig in his eye, shoots instinctively as another bird is flushed, brings down a hen. Emerging from nowhere, an ambitious, obdurate warden arrests punctilious Mr. Bossford. It is unlawful to shoot hens. Would Bossford:

☐ *Claim that he shot when momentarily blinded, hit the bird by accident?*
☐ *Attempt to bribe the warden?*
☑ *Without protest surrender his license, pay a fine as the law provides?*
☐ *Demand special consideration as president and sponsor of the league?*
☐ *Blame it on the dog for retrieving a bird he didn't shoot?*

(Suggested by
John Vassos, Silvermine, Conn.)

7. Chedwick relies in business entirely upon unerring ability to read men accurately. Ruthless liar, his statements always fit immediate needs. He tells Smith, an habitual liar who judges others by himself, that a shady stock is a highly profitable purchase if its product is approved by a city official whom Smith erroneously believes to be crooked. By agreement, Chedwick interviews the official, approval is refused. Would Chedwick:

☐ *Tell Smith that the official has approved?*
☑ *Tell Smith that the official has not approved?*
☐ *Tell Smith that the official will approve if bribed?*
☐ *Tell Smith approval has been obtained by bribery, ask reimbursement for the bribe?*
☐ *Tell Smith that he could get no decision but that all available stock, except enough for Smith, has been bought by the city official?*

8. Mrs. Josephus Gallup's social ecstasy reaches its most garrulous height at her own reception in honor of Geoffrey Sarnop. Recently from England to lecture modestly on economics, and distinguished for nothing beyond his genial, tolerant nature and sympathetic perception, Geoffrey is dumbfounded to hear his hostess introduce him as, "Mr. Sarnop, the prize-winning novelist, you know!" with whom she has characteristically confused him. Would Geoffrey:

☐ *Set Mrs. Gallup right when at last she loses breath?*
☐ *Decide to correct the situation at his first lecture?*
☐ *Bank on the nervously resigned Mr. Gallup's connivance in living up to the situation while in town?*
☐ *Spot Mrs. Gallup's social rival, ask her help?*
☐ *Go back to England, cancel the lectures?*

9. By the tenets of his underworld, pickpocketing is criminal only under prejudiced, persecuting laws designed to protect grosser depredations by the rich. Reared under this code, simple Kraley, adroit pickpocket, is loyal, generous, ethical. Leaving prison penniless, he accepts an unlucrative job, intent upon "going straight" for his infant son's sake. With sudden illness threatening his child's life unless treatment by a remote specialist is promptly obtained, would Kraley:

☐ *Borrow from the underworld he desires to leave?*
☐ *Pick pockets again, confident he can thus meet the emergency?*
☐ *Seek assistance in the, to him, mysterious field of organized charity?*
☐ *Rely on discouraged local medicos to do their best?*
☐ *Extort money from an enemy criminal by threat of disclosing evidence to the police?*

10. Mitchell pauses in the club car of the last train that gets him to work with his invariably efficient promptness. Five friends, enjoying his exuberance, mindful of his success, motion him to sit beside them. They are Kitty, his dancing partner Saturday nights, Pondex, influential old bore, Laura, the silent, gentle authoress, Powell, his old college roommate, and Ogden, his busy senior partner. Would Mitchell:

☐ *Sit with Kitty, exchanging gay witticisms?*
☐ *Sit with Pondex, hoping to make a helpful contact?*
☐ *Sit with Laura, in desultory conversation?*
☐ *Sit with Powell, content in a perfect companionship?*
☐ *Sit with Ogden, discussing the business of the day?*

Life in the U. S... Photographic

(*see page* 47)

1. F. S. Lincoln, 114 East 32nd Street, New York, N. Y. Mr. Lincoln took this picture in Williamsburg, Va., a little before noon on a bright summer morning, with a Linhof 4 x 6 camera, Ramstein 2x filter. Aperture f.45. Exposure 2 sec.

2. B. Telkamp, 3548–82nd Street, Long Island City, N. Y. This embarrassed Eskimo boy "posed" for Mr. Telkamp in an abandoned mud igloo near Wiseman, Alaska, a small trading post 80 miles above the Arctic Circle. At five P.M. on a cloudy summer afternoon, there was still enough light coming through a hole in the wall to allow this picture to be taken with a Summar lens. Aperture f.3.2. Exposure 1/30 sec.

3. Louise Dahl-Wolfe, 58 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y. This picture was made on a Florida beach, about ten-thirty in the morning, with a Rolleiflex camera. Aperture f.11. Exposure 1/100 sec. Eastman S. S. Pan.

4. Ray V. Davis, Carlsbad, New Mexico. Credit, Agfa-Ansco Corporation. The desert near Carlsbad is the scene so meticulously portrayed in this print. Mr. Davis used a Graflex camera with a K-3 filter. Aperture f.16. Exposure 1/75 sec. Agfa Super Pan.

5. J. George Birkett, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Mr. Birkett took this winter view of New York harbor with a Graflex camera, Kodak Anastigmat lens, using Defender XF Panchromatic film.

6. Both of Mr. Eisenstaedt's pictures were taken with a Leica camera, Summar lens. Aperture f.4.5. Exposure 1/8 sec. Eastman S. S. Pan.

[We would like to correct a mistake in last month's issue. Mr. Rothstein's picture of a New England watchmaker should have been credited to the U. S. Farm Security Administration.

—The Editors]

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DRAWINGS BY OTMAR GAUL

NIGHT IN BUDAPEST

GEORGE BRANDT

If you believe, as a good many people do, that life should be more like the movies, you should spend an evening in Budapest. Here is a city that might serve admirably as a set for a Cecil B. DeMille historical epic or for a Warner Brothers super-musical. Here the atmosphere has the spirited Lubitsch touch. The conversation is dialogue by Molnar. The costumes by Orry-Kelly. The lights . . . music . . . action . . . And the show begins promptly at nine.

The scene opens on the Corso, the street facing the Danube, which contains the best of the city's hotels and cafés. The characters, in colorful dress, are strolling along the promenade . . . stopping in at the open-faced cafés . . . talking . . . laughing. Gypsy music tinkles in the air; lights brighten the night and the dark river surface. You saunter along with the crowd until you come to the Hungaria Café, then, threading your way through the sidewalk tables, you go inside and find a place near the frenzied Hungarian orchestra.

You order a glass of Tokay and, as you sip the drink, you stare openly around the room. The effect of the scene blends perfectly with that of the strong wine. At an adjoining table sits a comic-opera general wearing fabulous mustaches and uniform. With him is a fascinating Hungarian wench who keeps whispering bits of gossip which make the general's walrus mustaches wiggle amazingly.

Across the room, a distinguished man of about fifty, with a monocle and waxed mustache, is carrying on a spirited conversation with a beautiful blonde, probably in her twenties. Suddenly the blonde sees a tall, imposing woman of perhaps forty-five advancing toward the table. Excitedly, she tells her companion of the onrushing matron. He frowns, whips out a maroon silk handkerchief and gives his mustache a quick polish. The couple waits. The older woman reaches the table, pauses, then smiles ingratiatingly. With stiff dignity, the man rises, bows, and the three sit together talking. In from the street dashes a slim, dark young man. He makes a beeline for the table, where all three greet him with evident relief. The older woman rises, kisses the older man, and, with the slim, dark young man in tow, swishes out into the night. With a rueful smile, the older man says to the blonde: "My wife's latest love. Dreadful, isn't it?"

You start to applaud the performance, but catch yourself guiltily, finish off your Tokay, and stroll out onto the promenade. You've always been skeptical of the report that Budapest is like an operetta—all wine, women, and laughter—but now your logical American mind begins to waver. You walk along, your cynicism melting as you watch the parade of people . . . evening gowns and opera cloaks . . . sailors . . . cowboys in sombreros and multicolored shirts . . . women in balloonlike skirts of flamboyant hue . . . the river's black surface speckled with pin points of reflected light . . . the carnival of the Corso . . .

By now you are completely under the spell of the city. You feel vaguely like an extra in a Grace Moore super-operetta. With a lilt in your stride you march into the restaurant Hangli Sorozo. Here the walls are like Dr. Caligari's cabinet in technicolor, the music is gypsy, the menu is bewildering. You decide on *Illik Fishcsarda, fogas,* and *tokany*—which is fortunate, as all this turns out to be a fragrant soup flavored with fish, a portion of fish (freshly caught in Lake Balaton, cooked by a creative chef), and a symphony of meat, mushrooms, and vegetables. You accompany this food with a bottle of *bikaver,* finish off with a brandy called *barack,* and suddenly find yourself singing . . . To cover your baritone, the gypsy musicians play louder.

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Great White Fleet

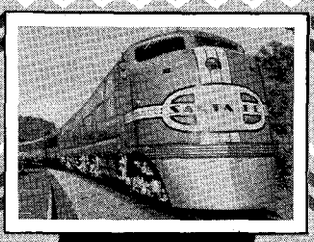
Your mood is too gay for even a Hungarian café. You need a livelier supporting cast—a chorus of girls . . . music . . . spotlights . . . You go out into the streets in search of a cabaret. And a genie-like taxi driver fulfills your wish magically. He delivers you swiftly to the famous Arizona Club. Still singing, you stride in and, before you, you see a lovely chorus of Hungarian blondes and brunettes . . . you hear a sparkling medley of gypsy tunes intermingled with American jazz in musical miscegenation.

The Hungarian beauties share the spotlights with American singers. This diversity of mood and tempo does not clash; it offers an exciting Hungarian rhapsody in blue. Tokay . . . a torch singer . . . gypsy folk songs . . . the ravishing chorus, especially the blonde on the left . . . more Tokay . . . The vi-

vacity of the place fits your lively mood. You join in the singing and drinking. The night hurries by . . .

The next morning you wake up—surprisingly enough—in your hotel room. The furniture weaves slightly, the air is hazy. A hammer is slapping the back of your neck, your eyes are clouded with the haziness. Instinctively—for you are half asleep—you find your way to the public bath in the hotel. The steam replaces the cloudiness before your eyes; the hammer blows on the back of your neck turn out to be an efficient beating-down by a masseur. Through the steam, you see a Hungarian gentleman (on the next table) being shaved. Another one is dictating business letters to a nude male secretary. You feel bewildered but better. You know now why Budapest is not habitually overhung. Bathed, shaved, massaged, you march out into the bright Budapest morning.

Back in the lobby of the hotel, a lovely blonde girl addresses you by name. You play twenty questions with her and dis-



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cover that you made a date with her last night to see the old city today. She is in the chorus of the Arizona Club.

You depart to the old city of Buda, across the Blue Danube. Here is the DeMille touch. The sheer face of Mount St. Gellert rising up from the river and topped, as with a daub of whipped cream, by the white-stone citadel . . . the graceful span of the suspension bridge . . . the fortress-palace of the Hapsburgs . . . the soldiers in peacock livery . . . the feudal atmosphere. . . .

Night comes again, and the show is on. The Moulin Rouge Cabaret, with its gaudy entertainment . . . the tiny cafés along the waterfront with their crowds of sailors and peasants . . . and everyone with music . . . sound, lights, action. The perennial party that is offered every night in Budapest . . .

As finally you board the train to depart, you gaze at the colorful mob milling about the station. The whistle blows, and you expect the crowd to break out into the rousing chorus of the finale. But they don't. They are, after all, real people—not a motion picture.

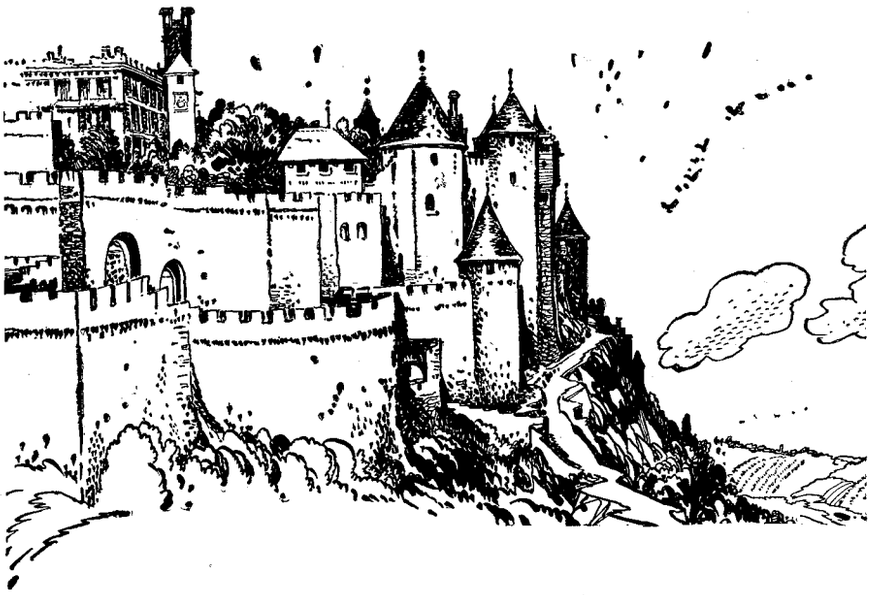
Travel Notes

For Ski Enthusiasts: Races for visitors, in *March:* Lech und Zürs am Arlberg (Vorarlberg); Mariazell (Styria), Seefeld (Tyrol); Kitzbühel (Tyrol). International ski events, in *March:* Hochkitzbühel (Tyrol); Schneeberg near Puchberg (Lower-Austria); Zell am See (Salzburg); St. Anton am Arlberg (Tyrol). *April:* Obergurgl (Tyrol). *May:* Adamek Hut near Gosau (Upper-Austria); Heiligenblut (Carinthia).

Museums: Vienna, I., Augustinerbastei 6: Exhibitions of Chinese and Japanese Graphics (*March*); New Acquisitions, especially of the Austrian Baroque (*March–April*). Vienna, Künztlerhaus: Association of Formative Artists, Spring Exhibition (*middle of March to May*). Vienna, I., Burgring 7, Museum of Natural History: Special Exhibitions, *e.g.,* "Animals as Technicians" (*up to mid-April*). Vienna, I., Burgring 5, Museum of Art: "Gothic Art of the Austrian Danube-Land" (*opens in May*).

Events of Special Note: Vienna International Spring Fair (*March 13–19*). Vienna, Great Exhibition "Austria in History and Culture" on the occasion of the 1000-Year-Celebration of Austria (*all through May*). Vienna and Federal Provinces (*May 30–31*) Catholic Culture Week with exhibitions of ancient and modern Christian Art, Mystery Plays, concerts, etc. —K. K.

TO CARCASSONNE



BY MOTOR CAR

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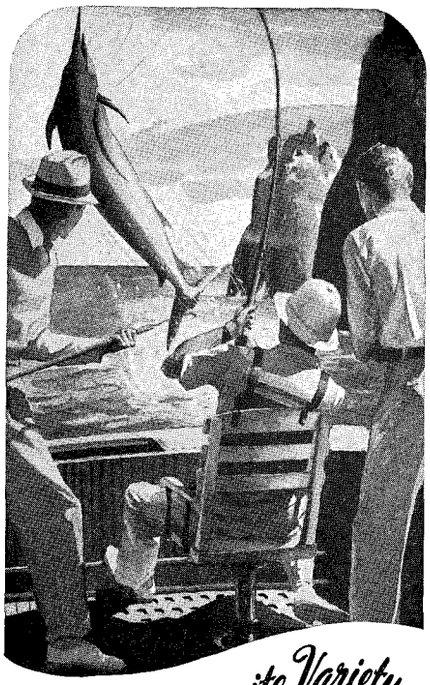

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New Zealand
A WORLD IN ITSELF

Billion-Dollar Service Station

(*continued from page* 18)

been organizing additional National Guard units, and during the past few months officers have been seen on each island, developing the Service Command above described and at the same time organizing "home guards."

All this may sound hysterical to Americans on the mainland. They think of Hawaii and hulas and don't understand either. The Army out there thinks of war and understands its job as being ready not for what is certain, not for what is likely, but for the worst that could reasonably be expected to happen.

VI

PRESS the Navy into a corner and it will admit that Pearl Harbor's defenses are better developed than Pearl Harbor itself. The Army prepares to defend the base under almost the worst conditions war could possibly bring, but the base is not prepared to operate under certain conditions war would probably bring. Pearl Harbor should have a channel wide enough, deep enough, and straight enough to permit entry of any warship at any time. But Pearl Harbor's channel is not deep enough for the entrance of a battleship limping back from an engagement in which it has taken severe punishment. Nor does Pearl Harbor have a dry dock capable of taking such a ship. The dry dock there can take battleships, but not after enemy shells have caused it to draw considerably more water than normal. In other words, not at the vital moment.

These two shortcomings, and other lesser ones, will apparently be removed if the Navy is granted the $37,000,000 called for in a six-year program for Pearl Harbor. But not until 1944 at best will Pearl Harbor be ready to provide all the aid the Navy may require. In any case, the need of developing Pearl Harbor for wartime operations seems more apparent when one ponders the nature of a war in the Pacific. There is altogether too much talk about Pearl Harbor enabling our fleet to defend the West Coast and the Panama Canal. Every officer writing, testifying, or being interviewed refers to it as a defensive base. Ask them about the value of Pearl Harbor as an offensive base and most of them give you a cold, silent stare. But the facts are these:

Pearl Harbor is of wartime value only if the war is in the Pacific; if we are

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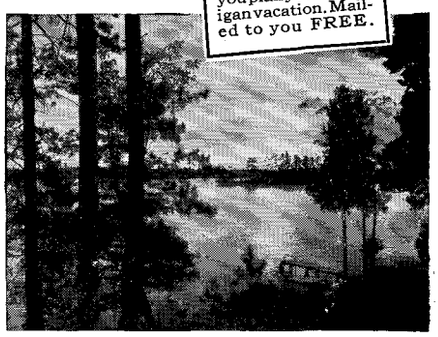

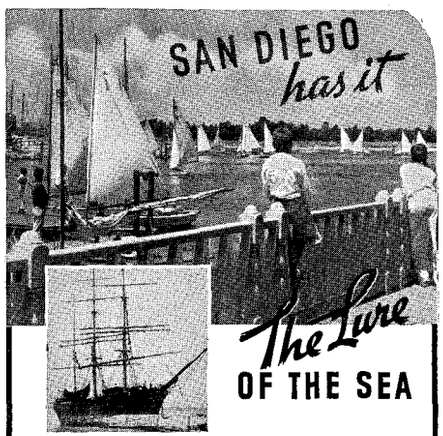

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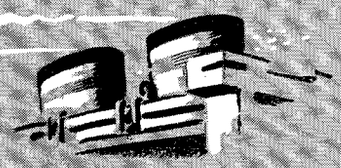
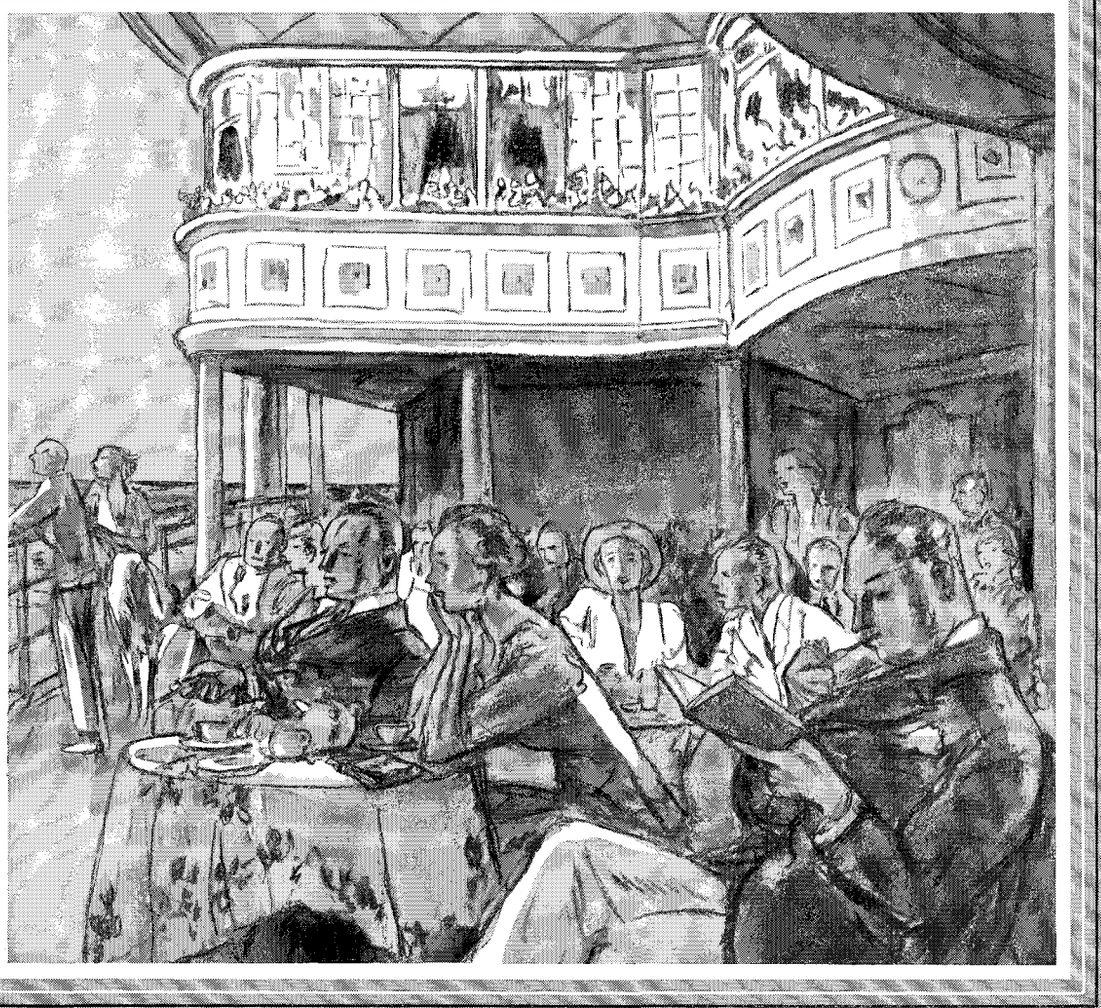
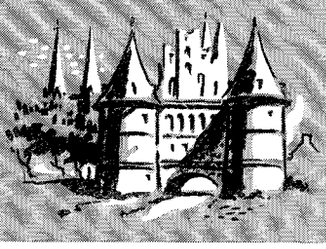




Flower banked Veranda Cafe on the flagship NEW YORK of the Hapag "Famous Four" expresses; sketched by Wallace Morgan

The Holstentor of 12th Century Lübeck, in easy excursion distance of the Hapag home port, Hamburg.



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SUNSHINE PLAYGROUND OF THE BORDER

fighting in the Pacific, it will be against an Asiatic power; until there is a tremendous change in Asia, that power can only be Japan; and the nature of a Japanese-American war will be determined by its origins. War will come not because Japan dislikes what we are doing on our side of the Pacific, but because we dislike what Japan is doing on her side of that ocean. If we fight, it will probably be to prevent Japan from doing something over there. And to prevent her, we shall have to go over there. We shall not be able to sit over here and wait for the Japanese to walk into our trap.

For example, if the Japanese take the Philippines and if we choose to go to war about it, then we'll have to fight on that side of the Pacific. There will be no more occasion for Japan to attack our mainland than there was for the United States, taking Cuba from Spain, to attack the Spanish mainland. Japan might send over some isolated raiders, but major operations in this direction would be futile as well as uncalled for. She couldn't blockade our ports; she couldn't strike at our essential commerce (for it moves over the Atlantic rather than the Pacific); she couldn't send an expeditionary force; and if circumstances compelled her to pit her inferior fleet against our superior one, she certainly wouldn't want to try it in our home waters.

In essence, all the talk about Japan coming over here and much of the talk about Pearl Harbor defending our coastline is simply a combination of wishful thinking and appropriation-getting camouflage. (The same may possibly be said for the great Army air base being built at Fairbanks, Alaska, and for the Navy's highly secretive activities at Dutch Harbor, in the Aleutians.) If we fight Japan, we'll have to move in that direction, just as Spain, protecting what she considered her rights in Cuba, had to move in this direction. Pearl Harbor's mission, as stated, is to provide the fleet with additional mobility. It doesn't provide enough for operations against either Japan proper or her vital trade routes. In wartime our fleet will have to work out from Pearl Harbor, establish bases farther west. And from these bases conduct whatever operations the national policy demands and the military situation permits.

The Amazing Mystery at Storick, Dorschi, Pflaumer, Inc.

(continued from page 24)

Ginger Rogers felt deeply unhappy that she was unable to convince him, but he seemed lost in sad reflection and she felt it would be unkind to disturb him further. So she kept quiet and, along with everyone else in the cabin, she fell asleep.

The airplane droned cozily along. Even in his drowsiness Pattinger had a disturbing feeling that stayed with him like a cloud as his mind returned to the prospect of the next morning. Then he would have to face Mr. Dorschi to be fired, and later would come his mother demanding explanations for his bank account. He tried to drive these distressing thoughts away, but the cloud persisted, no matter how fully he lost himself in the wonderful dreams he was manufacturing about Ginger Rogers and himself (seated in the modernistic café). And with the minutes the plane was coming closer and closer to the Newark airport, to home and Mr. Dorschi and his mother.

*

Baldy was detained in Mr. Dorschi's office, and the eighteen girls in the collection department of Storick, Dorschi, Pflaumer, Inc., were exhibiting the telegrams. They were sophisticated New Yorkers who refused as a matter of principle to be impressed, and now they tried hopelessly to explain the wires. One girl said there was an agency which sent telegrams from distant points for people who had their reasons. She had a girl friend who was led to a divorce by the disclosure of this fact.

Another stenographer said: "Supposing it's all true. Suppose Baldy performed a miracle and actually sent those telegrams himself, my question is simply this: So what?"

But no matter how they tried to explain or dismiss the wires, the fact was the eighteen girls were mystified. Pattinger was a sensation, and they were so bewildered that they had all grown very angry with him.

"Just to make an impression," said Mildred Mosser. "Human nature is certainly the craziest thing."

Then Pattinger came out. He closed the door carefully behind him and strode without a word down the aisle of

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desks to leave the firm forever. Today he had satisfied his ambition and yet he did not feel at all jubilant. It was just Friday. Yesterday had been Thursday, and the day before that, Wednesday. It all made no difference now that it was over.

"Hey, Baldy," Mildred Mosser said. "What do you think you're doing now?"

"I quit," Pattinger said with great dignity. "I've had more of this place than a man could stomach."

"What kind of a remark do you call that?" Mildred Mosser asked. The seventeen other girls stood in suspense. "Don't you think you fooled us with those phony telegrams."

"Oh, ignore him, Mildred," said the so-what girl. "That's just what he wants—he wants attention. You're just playing right into his hands, Mildred."

"How much did you pay the agency?" asked the girl with the divorced lady friend. "You're a baloney artist."

"There is no law to force you," Pattinger said. "Nobody's asking for your comments."

"Never mind," Mildred Mosser said. "You weren't in Chicago, Salt Lake, or California. A man can't be all over America and back in one day. I know my geography."

"Oh, yes?" Pattinger asked. "That is very interesting." He brought out the photographs of himself with the far-city date lines. He placed them on Mildred Mosser's desk, quietly, with sureness in his manner.

She inspected them, and the girls grouped themselves around her with their mouths open.

"What is this James Joyce business?" Mildred Mosser asked, but she spoke in the thin voice of wonder, to herself. "Since when are you an author? And, look, he's got twins in Chicago."

Pattinger waited a moment or two to relish the full force of his triumph, before he swept the pictures off the desk. Now the girls were completely upset, naked in their wonder. The so-what girl, the agency girl gave in. Respect filled their faces, and with the respect came a pitiful, human plea for the answers. They stood still, making little noises as they cooed and gasped, hoping that Pattinger would speak. But he kept his silence, looking into their blank faces, refusing. Then he moved to the door, but Mildred Mosser rushed up to stop him.

"Ah, Baldy," she cried. "It's a crazy riddle, and I'm dying. What's it all about?"

Pattinger would not stop staring, and as he stared, he remembered the months

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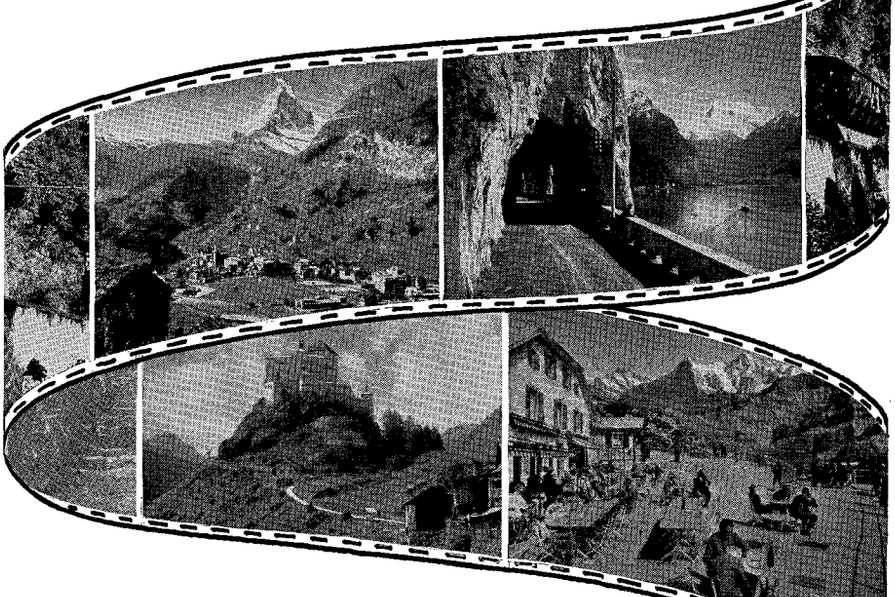

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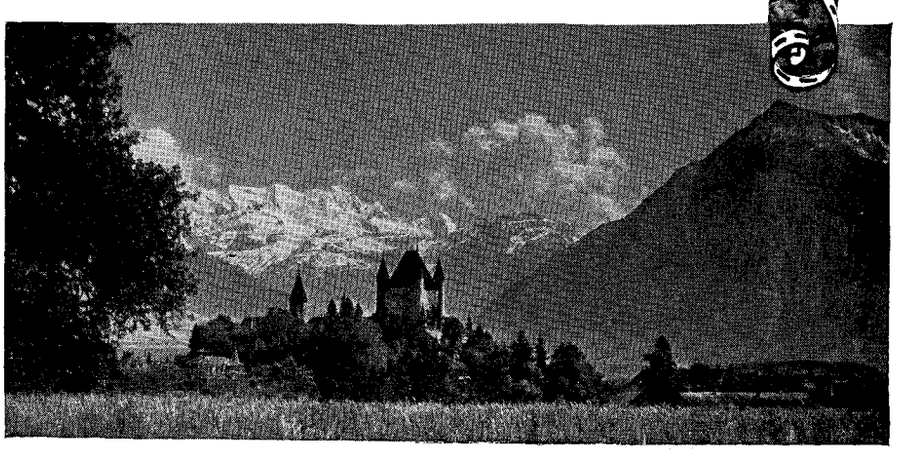

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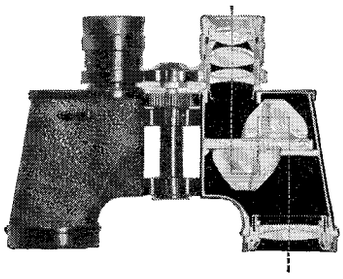

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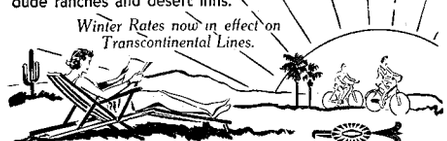

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of indifference and insults. He might have been an article of furniture. Pattinger remembered the days when he moped around the office and none of the girls had ever given him a tumble.

"Bust," he said softly and walked out of the office.

There wasn't a sound in the place.

Downstairs in the lobby of the building, Pattinger paused at the newsstand and asked himself, what did I need to do all this for? He was out of a job, his bank account was gone, and he still had to face his mother. The thought that he had been in California only yesterday was incredible. Who, now, and where, were Tanya and Mrs. Brussels, the man from Buffalo and Ginger Rogers? Had they really ever existed? Perhaps he was tired with the constant traveling. He bought a newspaper. Pattinger knew that upstairs he had created a legend that would last as long as Storick, Dorschi, Pflaumer, Inc., existed; he was sincerely grateful for his sensation, but somehow it now brought him little consolation. He opened the page to Marion Dixie's column, "The Friendly Counselor to Those Perplexed":

URGENT!

To Baron H——

Wherever you may be:

I dread to think that I may be too late. If by happy chance there is still time, I pray you heed my words most attentively! Stop at once in this mad state of mind. You are emotionally unbalanced. Your present despair will surely pass if you do not allow it to ruin everything.

Old at forty-seven? Do you think, my dear Baron H——, that you are the first to feel that? No! In every person's life there come moments when all the world seems black and gloomy. Do not let them conquer you! If I can read a person's character in his letter, and I believe I can, I can say you are one with a strong, indomitable will which has temporarily been distorted by your unfortunate condition. You must find new interests in life, new associations, new friends, new pleasures. Have you traveled? It is only a suggestion. I recommend to you the scenic wonders of my own country, Baron H——. You are obviously a man of means. I can think of nothing more stimulating, more exhilarating than a trip through America. May I suggest travel by air for a new outlook on life?

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(Mrs.) Marion Dixie

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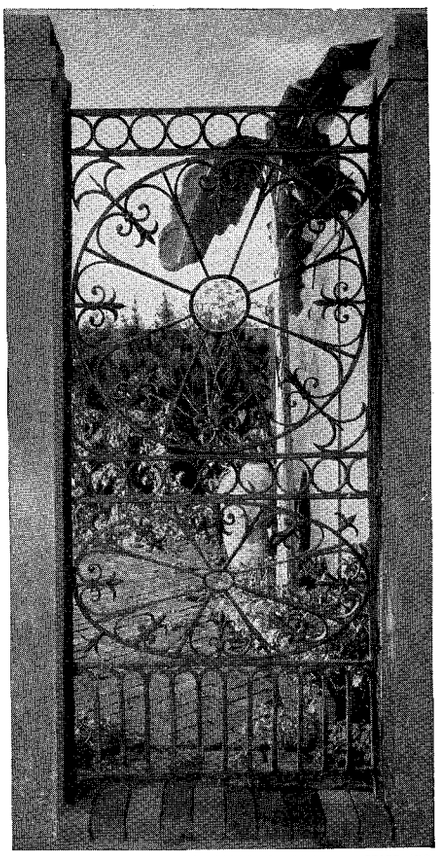
The Cutting Garden From the Inside Out

KATHERINE KENT



COURTESY OF FEDERATED GARDEN CLUBS OF N.Y. STATE, INC.

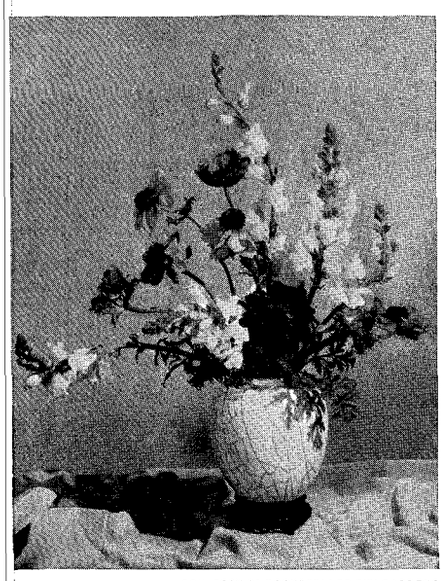
With no one do trends, whimseys, and gadgety ideas find less weight than with the garden lover. True, a new strain, a new hybridization causes a stir among eager ones, but happily the garden as a whole goes on as before. Now far be it from me to inject a serpent voice into this Eden, where alone among the domestic arts a comforting stability abides. Yet there is one question that grows insistent upon me with each February thaw. What will the garden do for the home?

Time was when all houses looked more or less alike. Differences were matters of degree rather than of kind. It was logical that all gardens be of the same pattern. It was decoratively right that the same sorts of flowers, in similar containers and in similar arrangement, should appear inside each house. But now, even in the least pretentious suburbs, marked variations in architecture appear, and even greater differences in decorations within. Accompanying this change has come great interest in planning the garden to complement and enhance the architectural spirit of the house. Yet despite this forethought for the external aspects of the garden as a whole, too little concern goes into the problem of planning the *cutting* garden with an alert eye to the decorative scheme *within the house*.

Flowers, however lovely in their growing row, may, when brought indoors, spoil the decorative harmony of a room. The reasons are not far to seek. *Color* is a frequent fault. For this reason the wise gardener plans carefully so that blooms of at least one dominant hue, selected to enhance the color scheme of her main rooms, are flowering all through the growing season. A blue room, for instance, calls for a different flower scheme from that of a rose room. A room with busy, highly patterned chintz needs especial care so that the flowers which should catch its gaiety are not reduced in competition to confused nonentities.

No less important are the matters of arrangement, and of container. Just as a lovely woman can turn herself into a distasteful creature by an incongruous coiffure and outlandish or ill-fitting clothes, so flowers may be made to lose their rightful charm because of tasteless and ill-judged treatment.

The problem of container has two aspects: *First*, adaptability to the flowers in point of size and color. *Second*, functional relation to the room. For example, a Dresden vase may suit beautifully its dainty burden of lily of the valley, snapdragons, and larkspur. All the requirements of color and arrangement may be met, but—put this vase in a modern-glass-and-chromium room, set it in a stark New England cottage, or in a warm, rich Spanish setting, and you have decorative chaos. The con-



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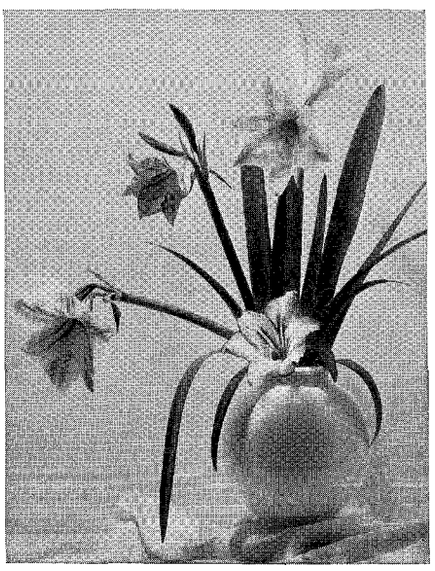

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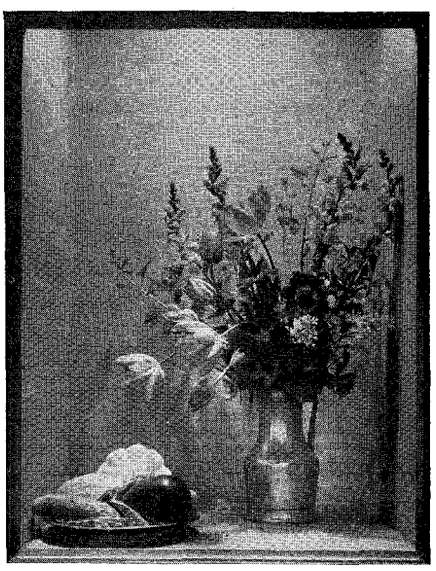

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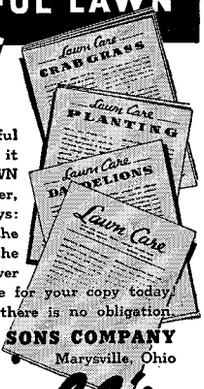

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tainer sticks out like a sore thumb; the flowers become alien intruders; the harmony of the room is shattered.

In planning your cutting garden, then, take careful stock of your fundamental decorative scheme, noting both color and style. Assemble containers to suit, but *never to dominate,* that scheme. Then ask yourself not what flowers you'd enjoy growing most, but rather what flowers will most effectively fill these containers—or to put it in another way, what flowers may be put into these containers, and into this or that room, without losing an iota of their native charm. The greater your skill at arranging flowers, the more latitude is yours in making the final decision.

*

In a general sense, the architectural spirit of your house should play an important part in the kind of flowers you choose for cutting, and the sort of arrangement used. Let's say the house is modern and that the interior in every aspect carries out this feeling. Here, flowers that are dramatic, that lend themselves to simple line arrangements give the most effective results. In frost-free regions, such plants as bird-of-paradise (*Strelitzia reginae*), amaryllis, and staghorn fern (*Platycerium*) can be garden-grown. Farther north, these must, of course, be nursed in a hothouse. All the erect lilies (*e.g., Concolor, Croceum, Elegans, Philadelphicium*), the strange and lovely foxtail lily (*Eremurus*)—a challenge to the most skilled hand at arrangement—old favorites such as delphinium, hollyhock, hyacinth, tulip, and narcissus lend themselves to excellent modern treatment in skillful hands. In the modern home, dramatic foliage, leaves of vegetables, and oddly angled tree sprigs offer wide possibilities.

For the true colonial house, a far wider range of flowers opens up. Mixed bouquets and artless arrangements work in easily so long as the color tone of the room is preserved. All the old-fashioned flowers are yours to choose from. Here are but a few: daylilies, true lilies (for example, *Lilium martagon*), crown imperial, single hollyhock, English primrose, and such ancient favorites among the roses, as cabbage, moss, sweet brier, York and Lancaster, and cinnamon. Red and white peonies (especially the old varieties like *Paeonia officinalis, albaplena,* and *rubraplena*), lilac, flowering almond, mock orange are but a few of the shrubs that offer not only a delightful and authentic old-time touch to the garden as a whole, but are as charming for indoor decoration. Then there are the bulbs familiar to our forefathers —squill, grape hyacinth, snowdrop, and such iris as *Germanica florentina.* An herb garden, essential to every colonial house yard, offers a number of lovely cutting members like carnation, lavender, nasturtium, pot marigold, and rose geranium.

*

The period point of view is only one of many avenues to decorative harmony. A different and fascinating approach, for example, is to select one family of flower as focal (though not necessarily single) decorative interest during some portion of the growing season. Let us say the *lily* does well in your rooms. Careful planning will insure wide variety from June through August in temperate climates and a far longer season in most frost-free regions. In color, your choice ranges from pure white through all the delicate shades to regal reds and burning orange, from clear hues to varicolors and the spotted types. In size, the

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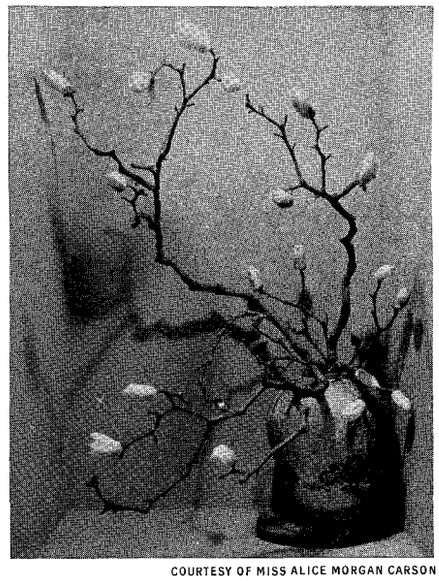

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range is great; and in line, the lily, with its nodding, drooping, erect forms, offers manifold opportunities for charming arrangements.

No less absorbing is the problem of flowers to provide secondary interest for grouping with these lilies when contrast in color and greater complication of line is desired. For the earliest lilies, French hybrid lilacs, Japanese iris, Dutch iris, and the simpler peonies; a little later, delphinium, giant snapdragons, and gladioli are a few that offer possibilities in arrangement.

*

While certain flowers, and certain arrangements, suggest better than others definite periods and feeling tones, let me hasten to say that I hold no brief for any set lists to be collated in hard and fast fashion with definite decorative schemes. Once taken from its garden row, the flower, as a decorative problem, assumes protean form—setting, background color, companion flowers and foliage, container, and terminal arrangement all play modifying rôles. When unity in color and spirit within a room is maintained, when blooms and foliage are given a chance to reveal themselves in full beauty, then and only then are the basic requirements of flower lover and decorator met.

Photographs of Garden Club flower arrangements reprinted through courtesy of the Federated Garden Clubs of New York State, Inc.

Answers to "The Scribner Quiz"

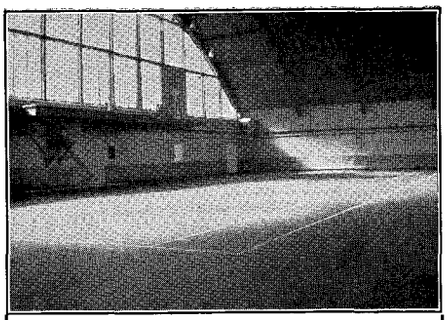
(*see page* 87)

1. Montana
2. An author who writes of modern China
3. Measles
4. Walter Wanger
5. Ophthalmoscope
6. Made himself dictator
7. Death of Crown Prince Rudolph
8. The runway lengths at airports
9. Jones & Laughlin
10. Hackmatack [tamarack]
11. Joe hates Mabel because Mabel hates Joe.
12. Expropriating leases of oil lands
13. Omar Khayyam
14. The House of Representatives
15. Arranged music for a Mickey Mouse film
16. *Potomac*
17. Closing in from both north and south
18. Sarasota, Florida
19. The skirtlike garments worn by both
20. 162,000
21. Blasphemy against the Holy Spirit
22. Manx
23. Venice
24. Allan Hale [movie actor]
25. The island of Bali
26. "The captain expatiated on our danger."
27. Diabetes
28. Their enormous silver-fox farm
29. Doing the Big Apple on Fifth Avenue
30. Justice Brandeis
31. Hitler's autobiography
32. Prestone
33. Living in a domelike heap of weeds and grass
34. Growing too much coffee
35. Maribel Vinson
36. Vitalis [hair tonic]
37. Vermont
38. Tutorial system
39. Thomas Gainsborough
40. Thesaurus [a book of synonyms and antonyms]
41. Contract bridge
42. Russia
43. A molecule is larger than an atom.
44. The New York City post office
45. *Tobacco Road*
46. A fathom [six feet]
47. Plato
48. Gold rush of 1849 [discoverer]
49. *The Clansman*
50. Irene

*

The correct answers to Section II of "The Scribner Quiz" (page 89) are:

1. Go into debt to prolong the old standard for both
2. Rhapsodically order him never to see her again
3. Hastily excuse himself, sneak back to his stateroom, stay there until hunted down by his wife
4. Destroy the card and, wearing the dress, greet her husband with effusive thanks for his generous thoughtfulness
5. Leave unobserved and walk three miles to the station, carrying his luggage
6. Without protest surrender his license, pay a fine as the law provides
7. Tell Smith that the official has not approved
8. Bank on the nervously resigned Mr. Gallup's connivance in living up to the situation while in town
9. Pick pockets again, confident he can thus meet the emergency
10. Sit with Ogden, discussing the business of the day



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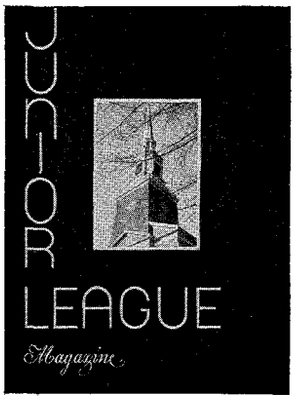

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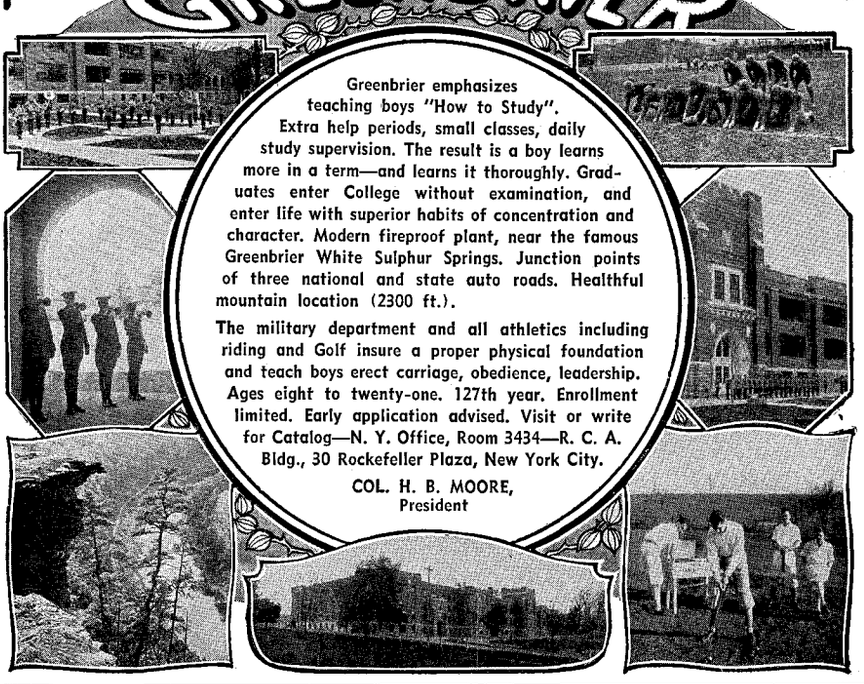

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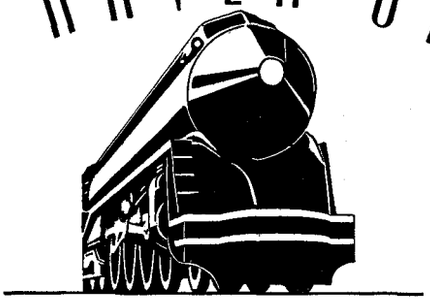

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